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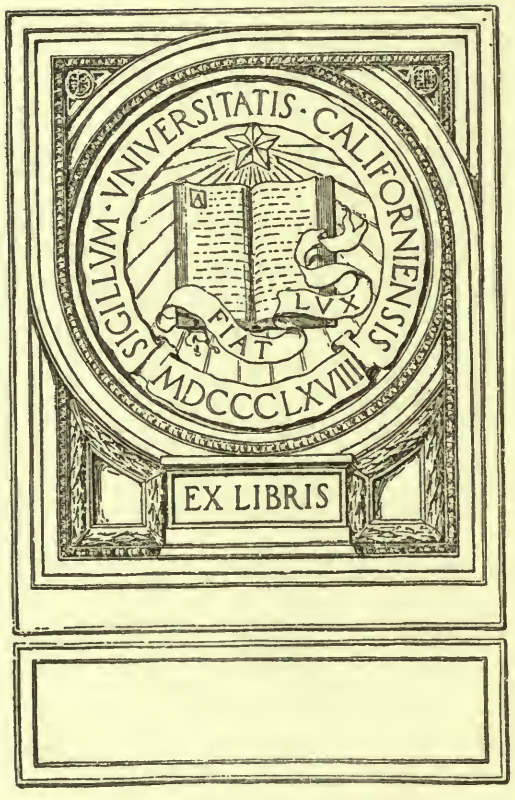
NATURE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

FANNY SNOW KNOWLTON.

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway."
—Riley.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NATURE SONGS

FOR CHILDREN.

FANNY SNOW KNOWLTON.

There is ever a song somewhere my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway.
Riley.

1917
MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY,
Springfield, Mass.
NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. ATLANTA. SAN FRANCISCO.

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To my little boy

DONALD

My critic, counselor and most
appreciative listener these songs are
lovingly inscribed by his

MOTHER.

479080

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THE MONTHS.

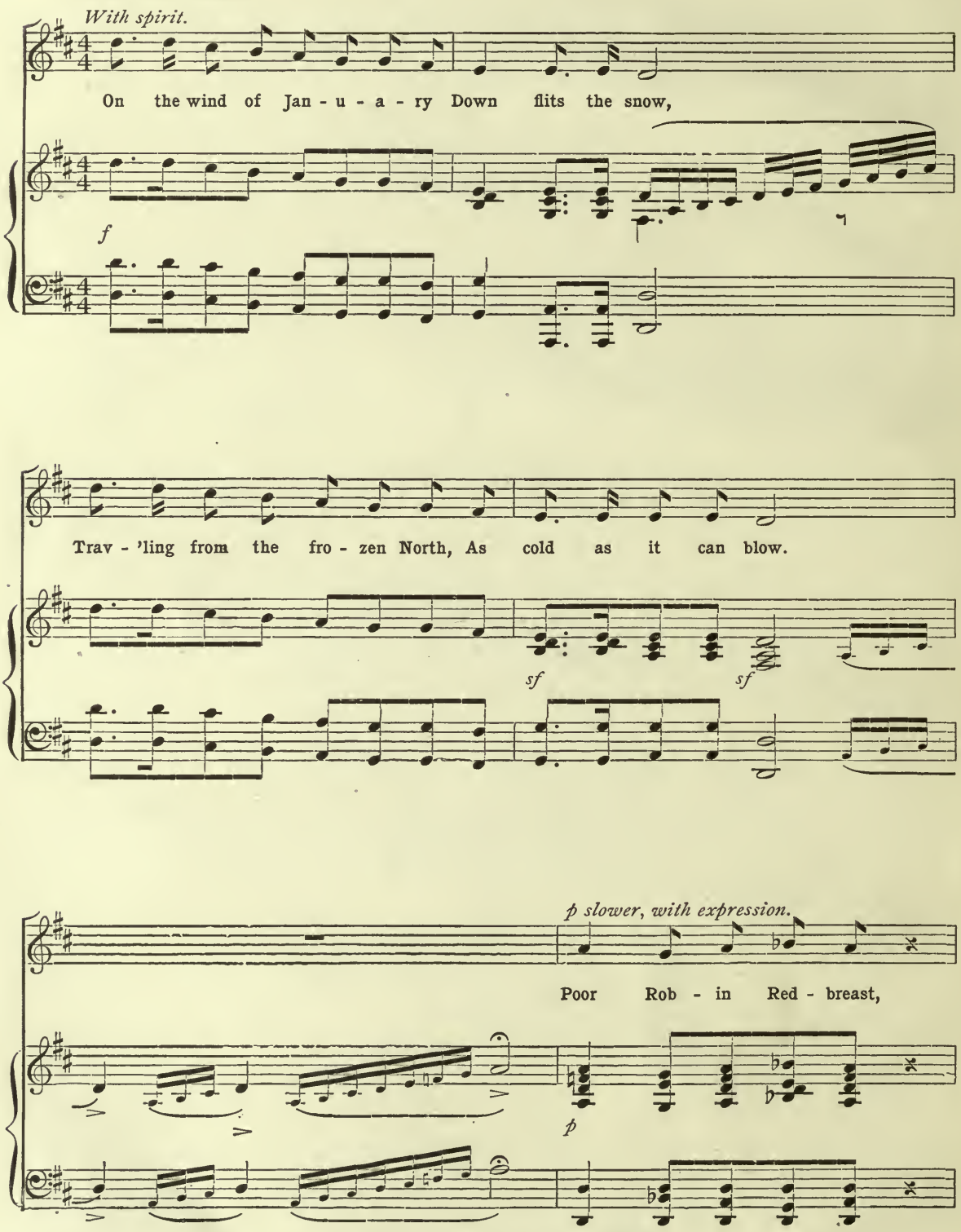
Said the Child to the youthful Year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose."

CELIA THAXTER.

JANUARY.

*Christina G. Rossetti.



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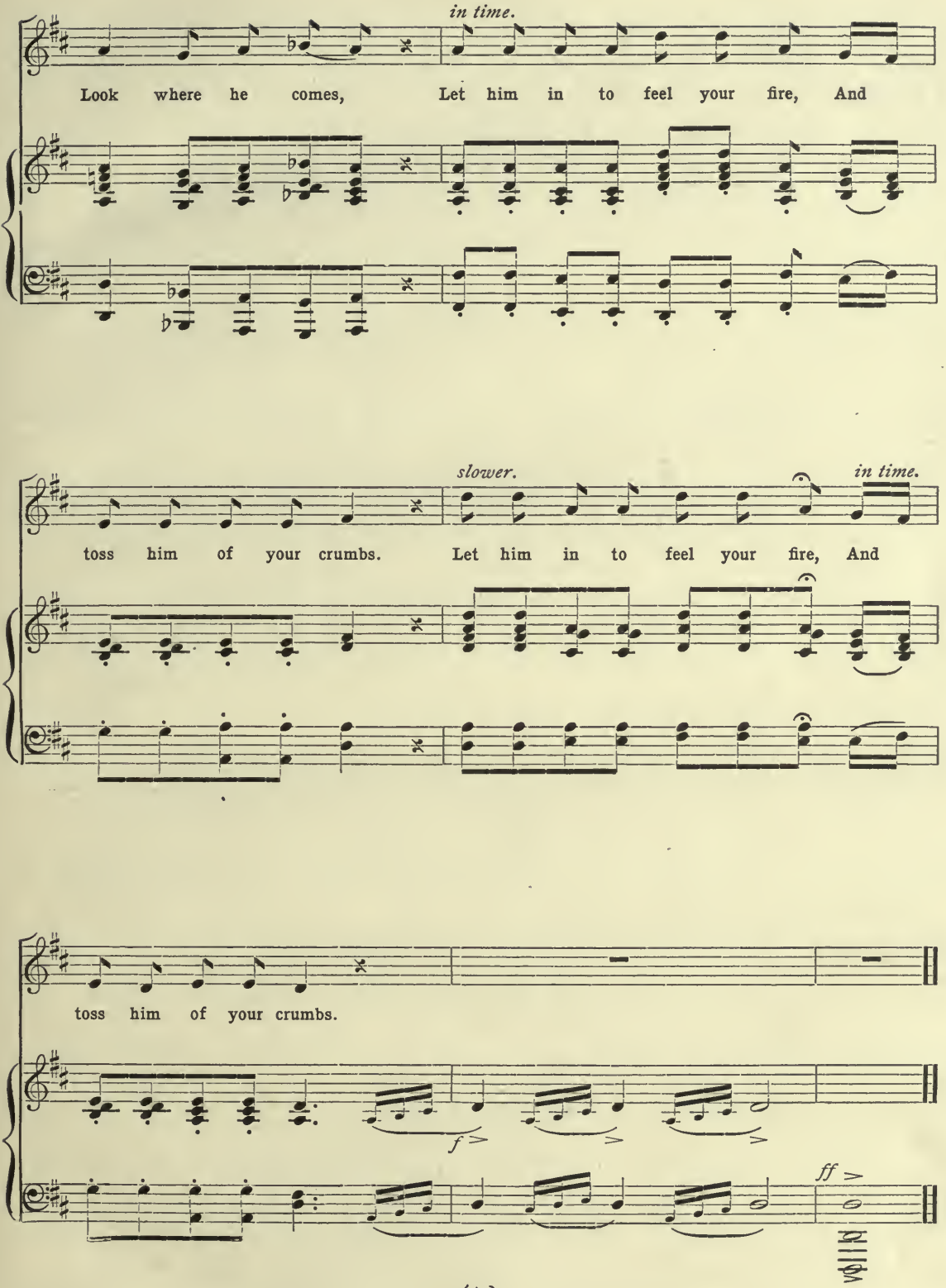
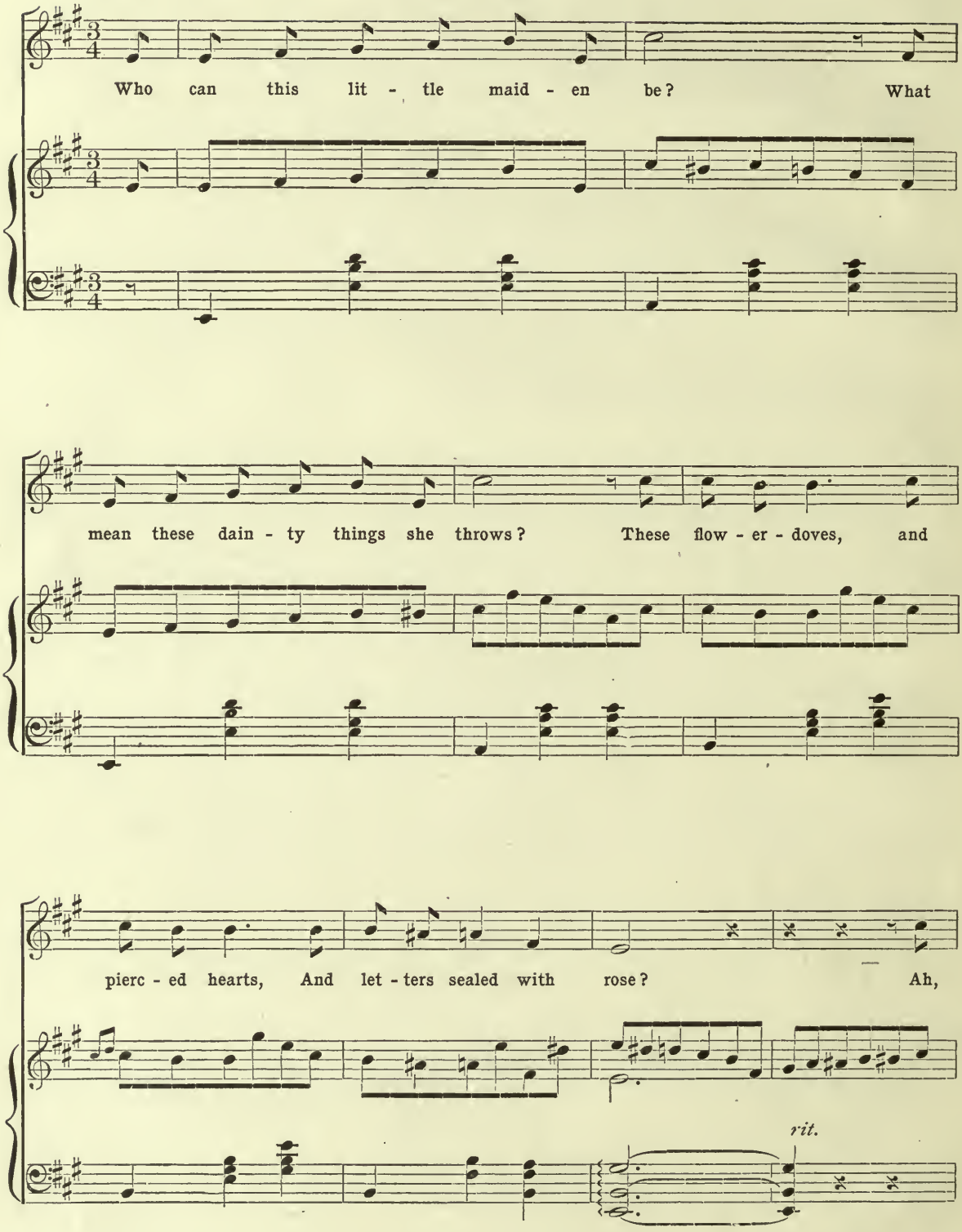

in time.
Look where he comes, Let him in to feel your fire, And
slower.
in time.
toss him of your crumbs. Let him in to feel your fire, And
toss him of your crumbs.
f
ff

FEBRUARY.

* Lizbeth B. Comins.



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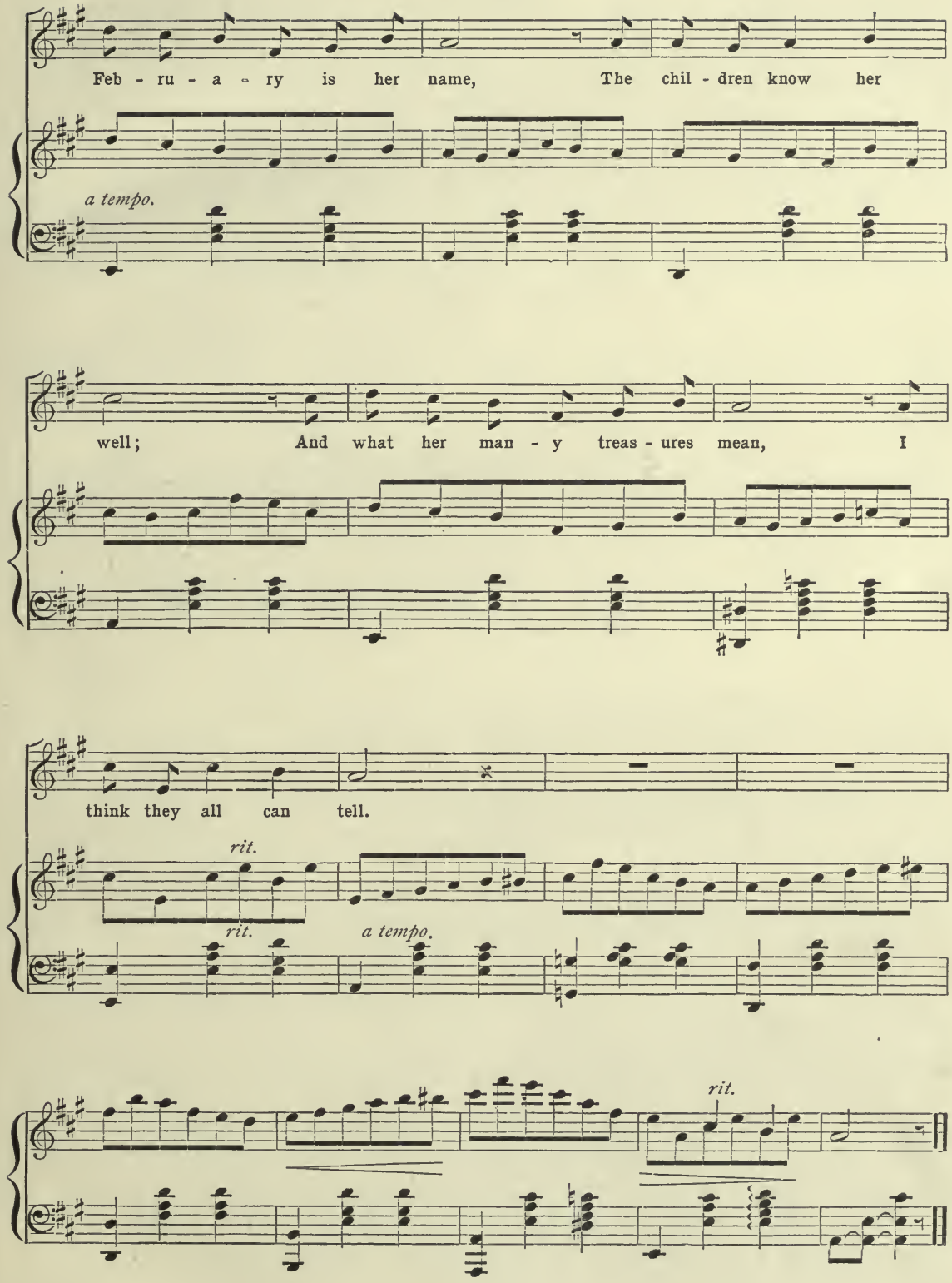
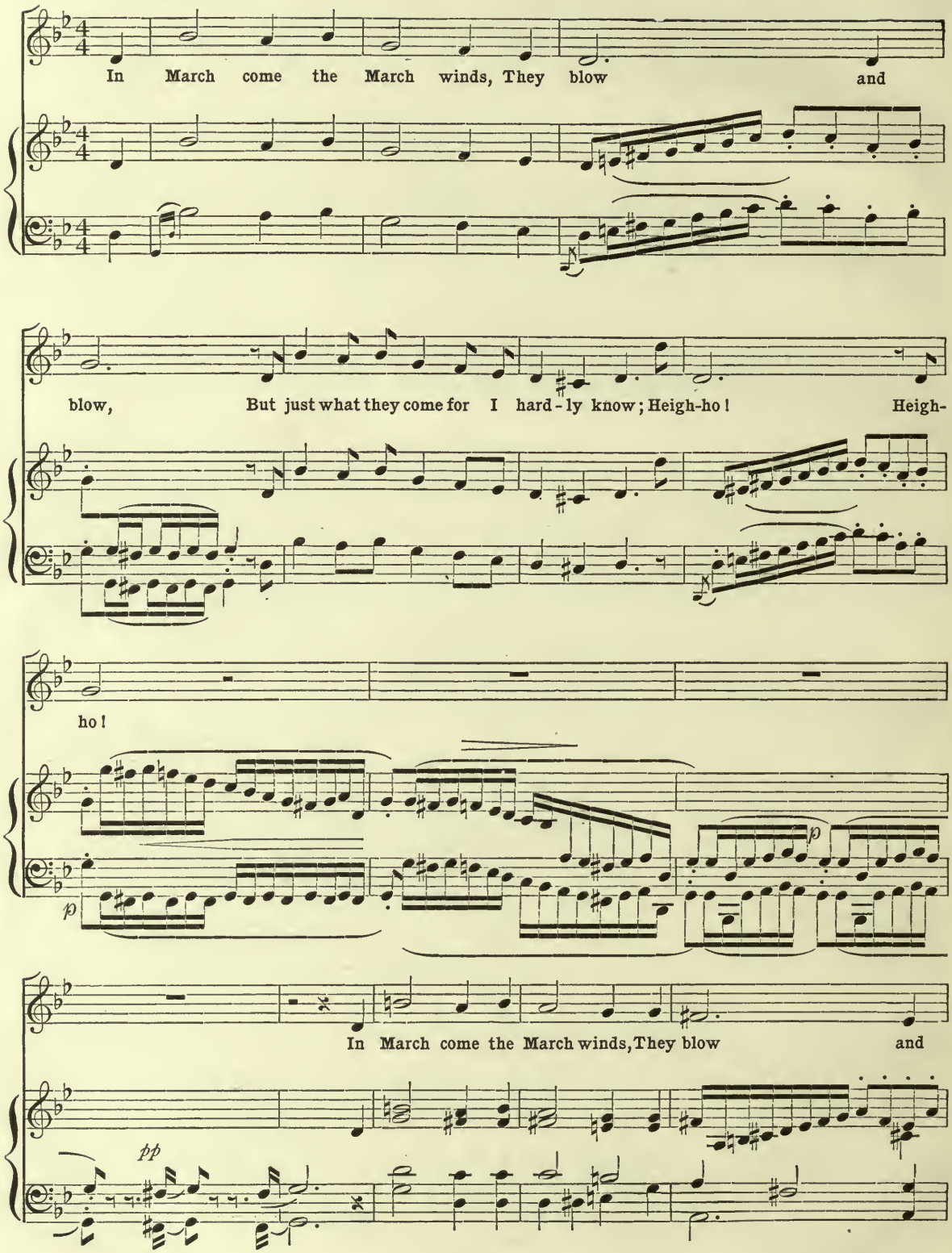
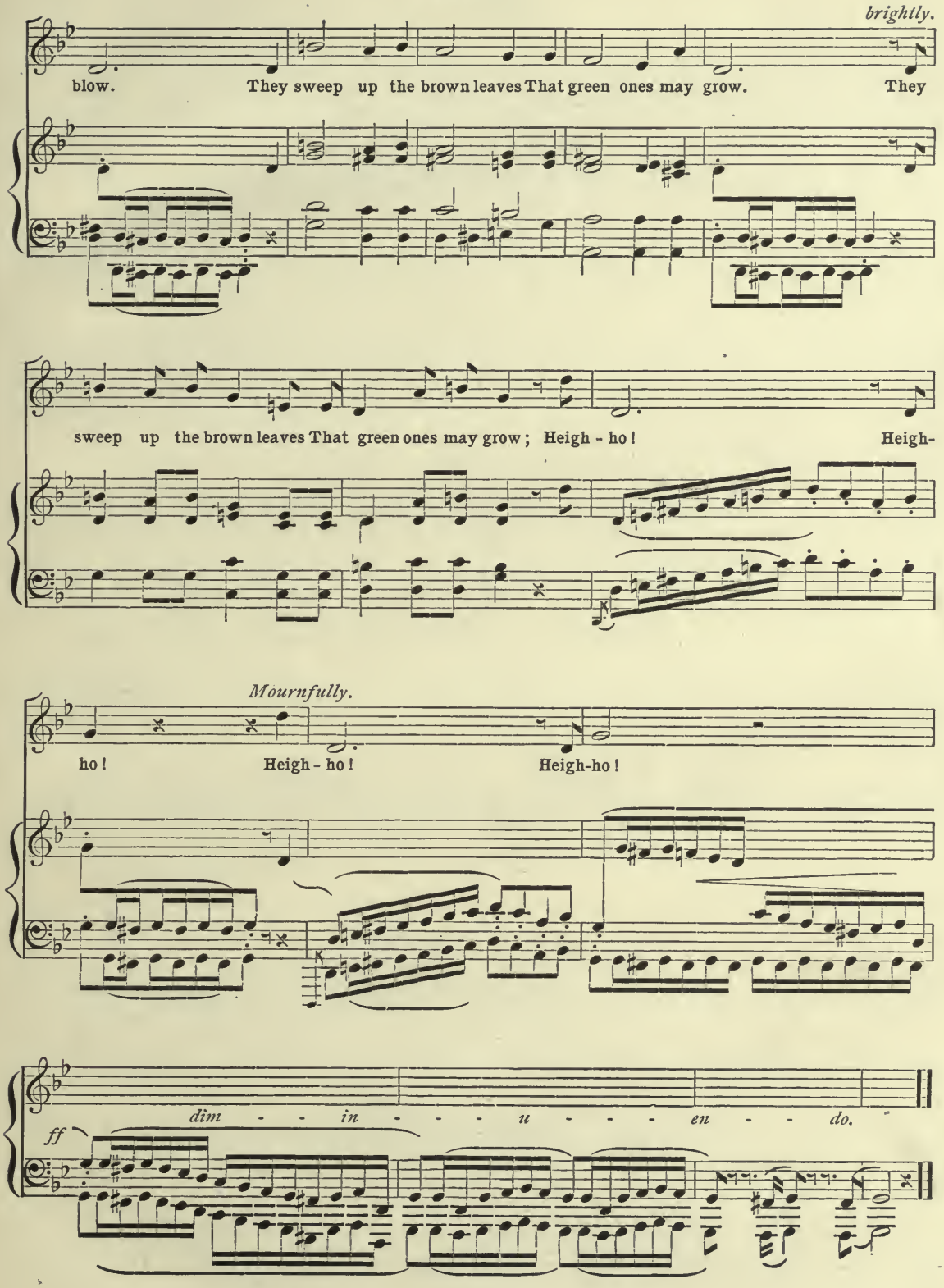

Feb - ru - a - ry is her name, The chil - dren know her
a tempo.
well; And what her man - y treas - ures mean, I
think they all can tell.
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
rit.

MARCH.

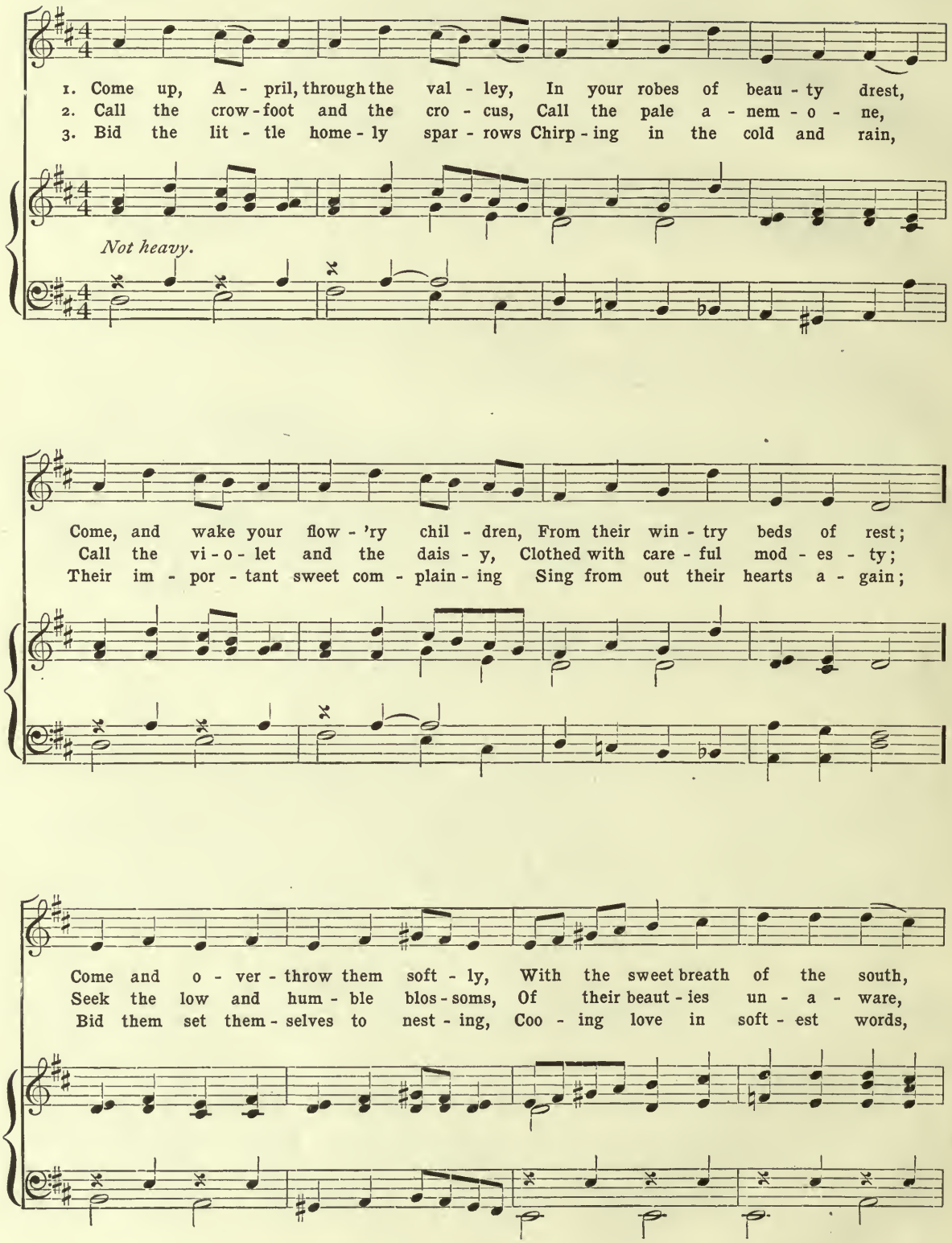
G. W. W. Houghton.

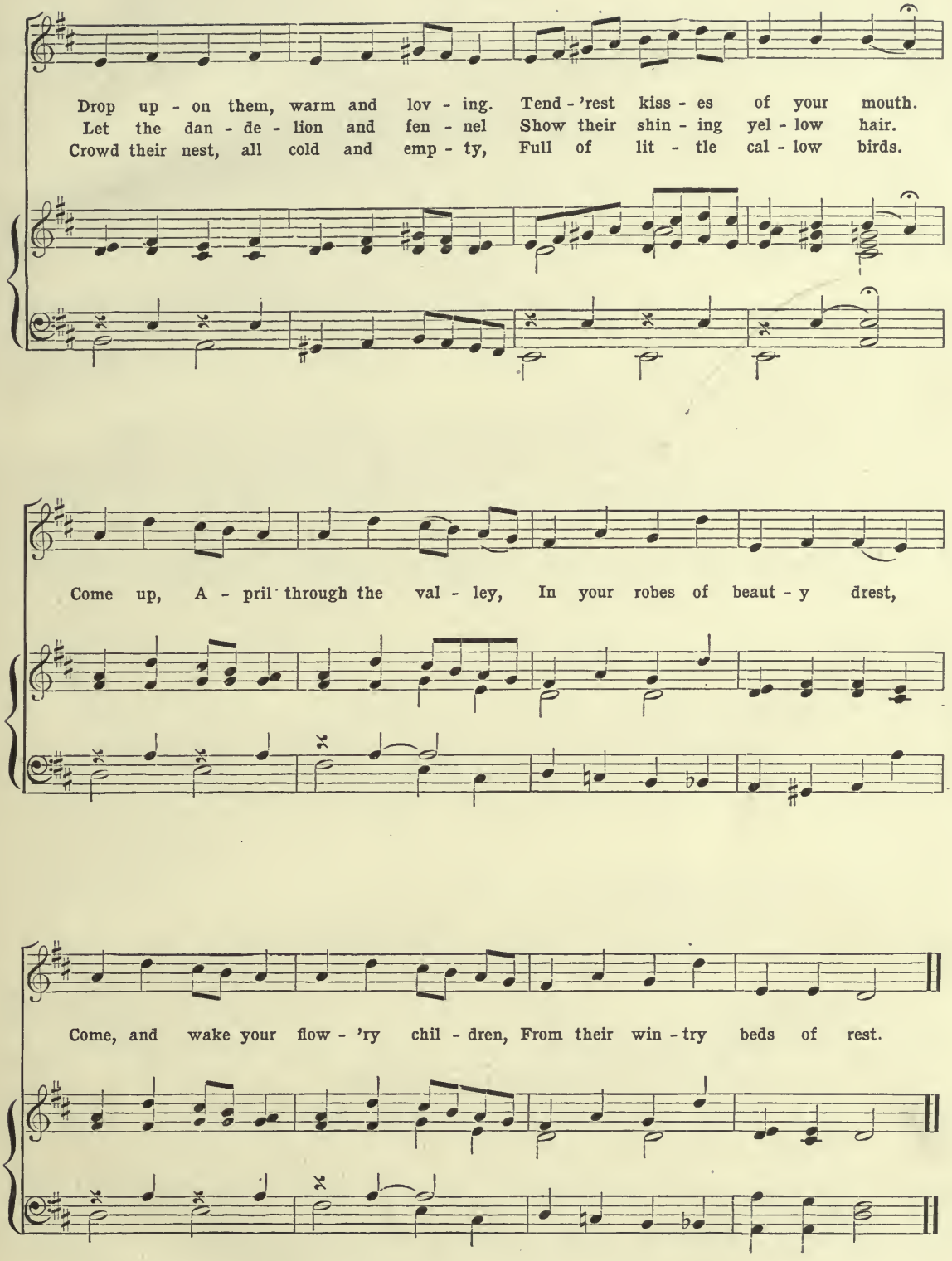



brightly.
blow. They sweep up the brown leaves That green ones may grow. They
sweep up the brown leaves That green ones may grow; Heigh - ho! Heigh-
Mournfully.
ho! Heigh - ho! Heigh-ho!
ff
dim - - in - - - u - - - en - - do.

APRIL.

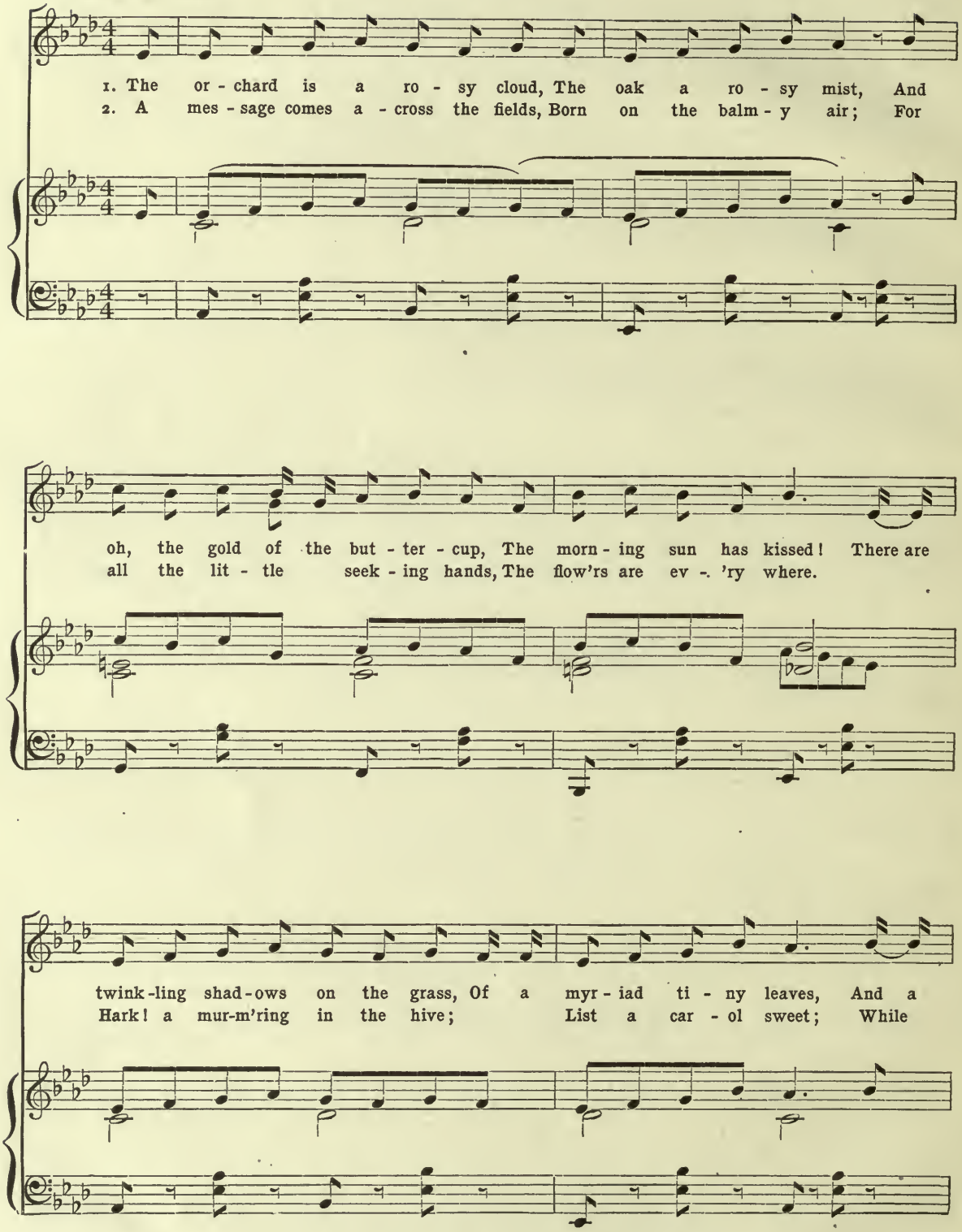
Phebe Cary.




Drop up - on them, warm and lov - ing. Tend - 'rest kiss - es of your mouth.
Let the dan - de - lion and fen - nel Show their shin - ing yel - low hair.
Crowd their nest, all cold and emp - ty, Full of lit - tle cal - low birds.
Come up, A - pril through the val - ley, In your robes of beaut - y drest,
Come, and wake your flow - 'ry chil - dren, From their win - try beds of rest.

MAY.

* Anna. M. Pratt



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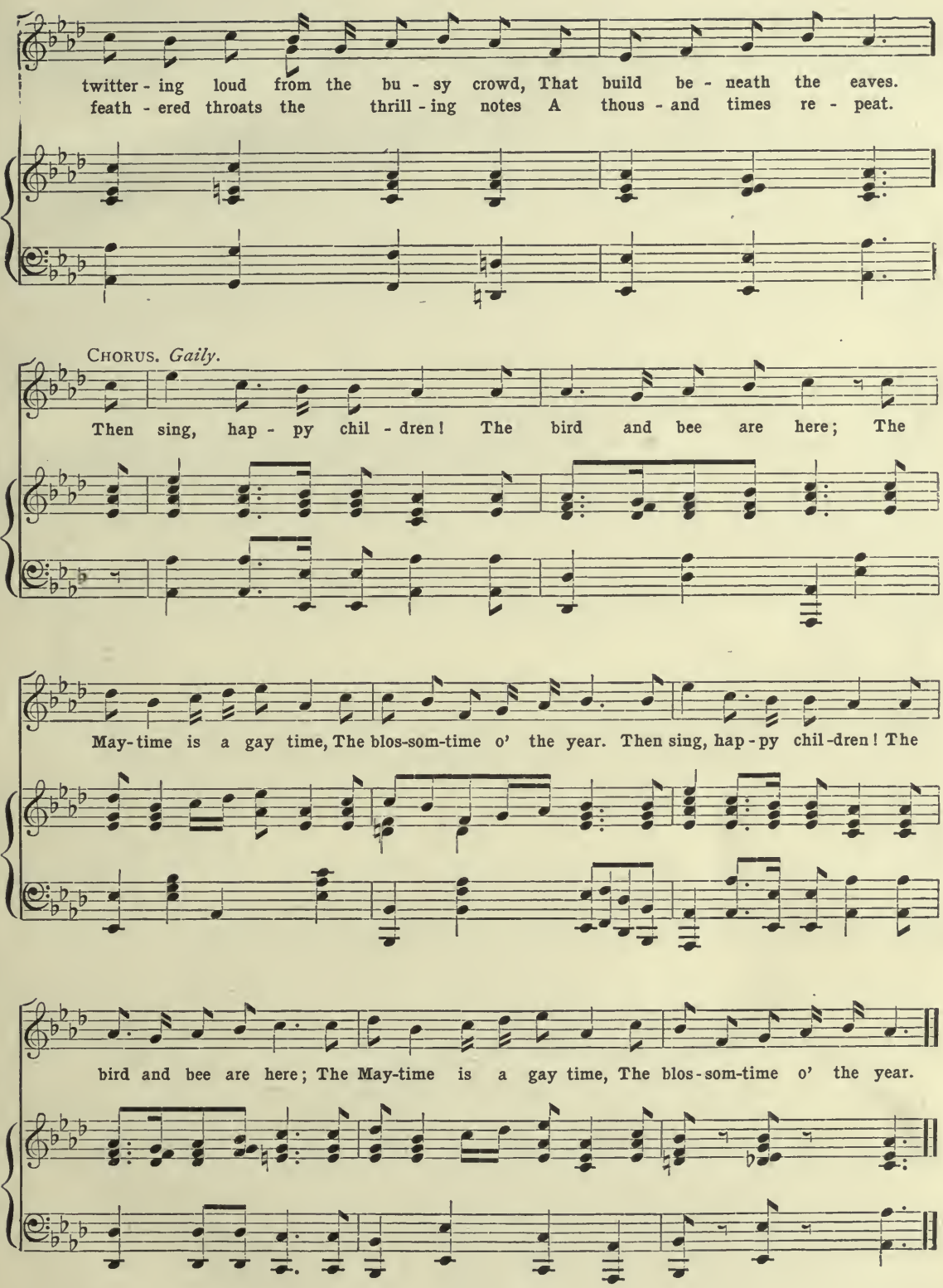
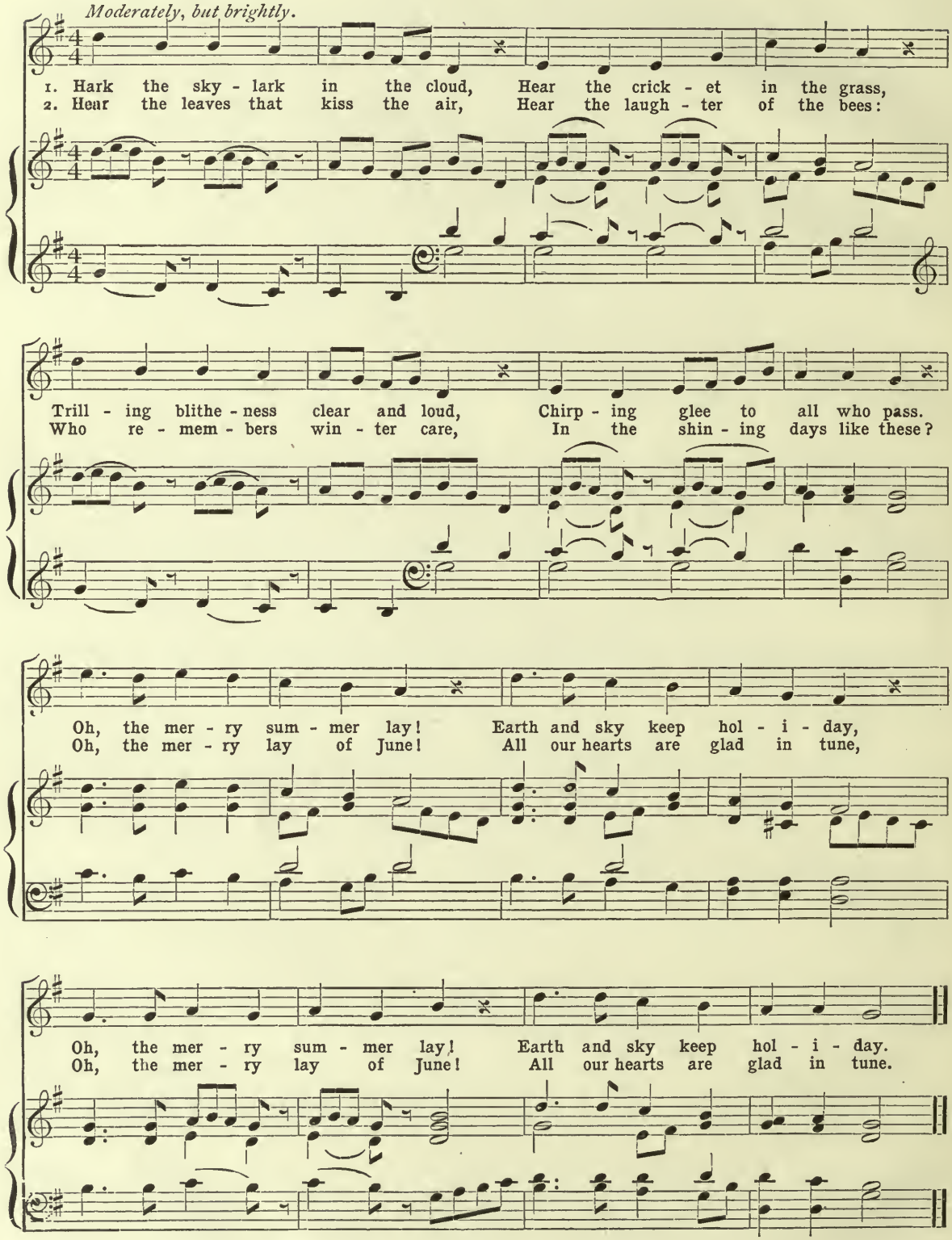

twitter - ing loud from the bu - sy crowd, That build be - neath the eaves.
feath - ered throats the thrill - ing notes A thous - and times re - peat.
CHORUS. Gaily.
Then sing, hap - py chil - dren! The bird and bee are here; The
May-time is a gay time, The blos-som-time o' the year. Then sing, hap - py chil-dren! The
bird and bee are here; The May-time is a gay time, The blos - som-time o' the year.

OH, THE MERRY LAY OF JUNE.

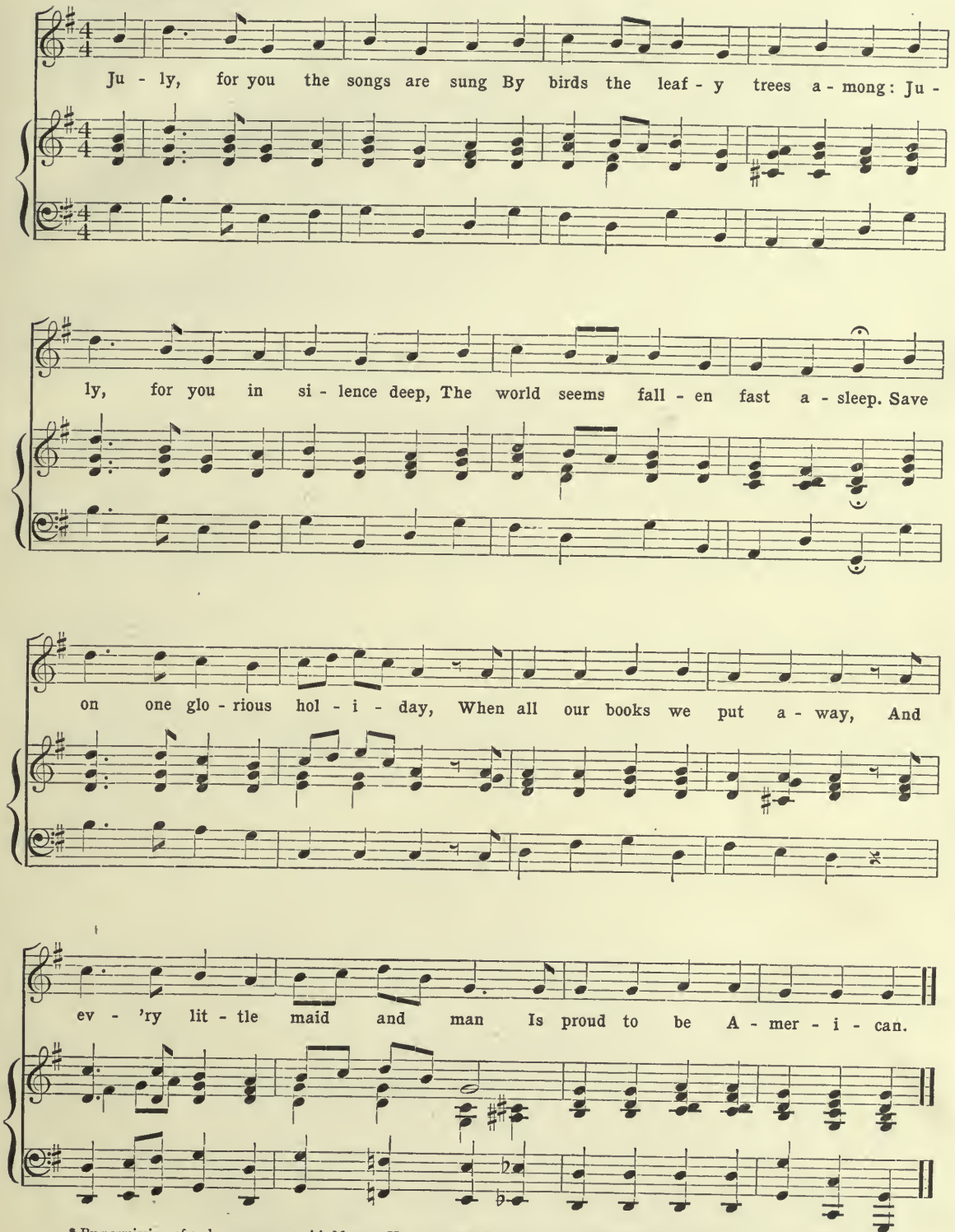
Augusta Davies Webster.

Moderately, but brightly.



JULY.

* Frank Dempster Sherman.



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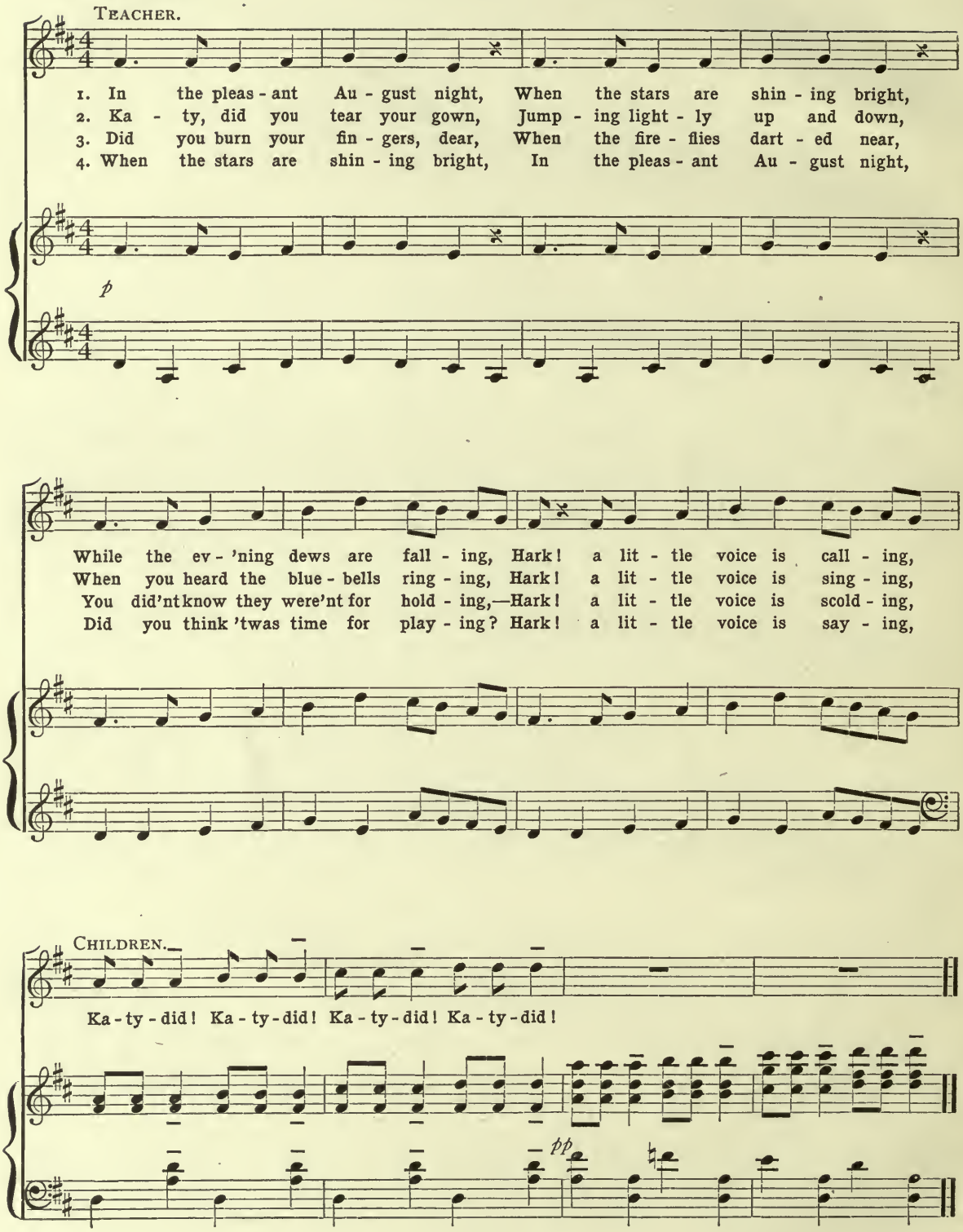
AUGUST.

(KATYDID SONG.)

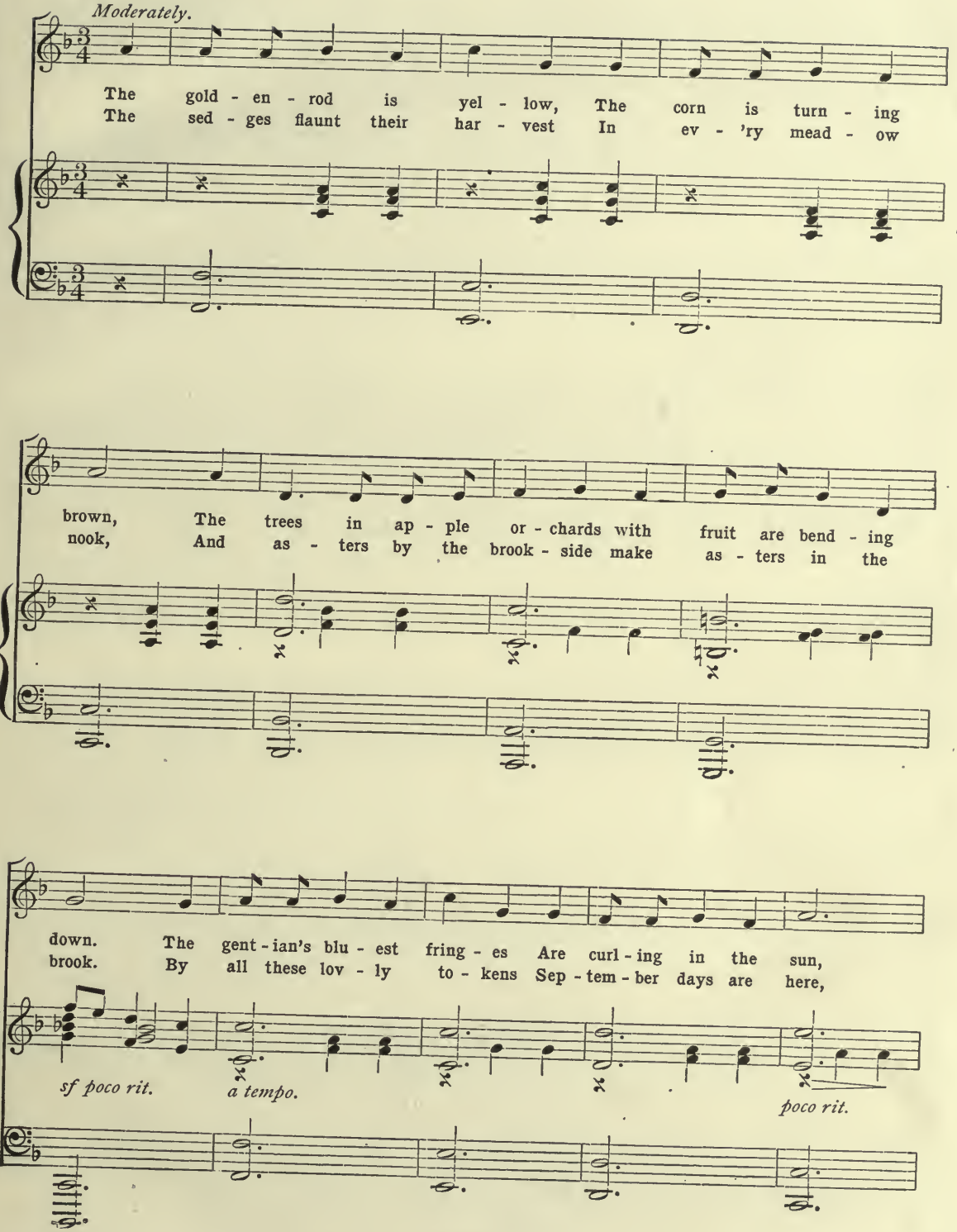
Anna M. Pratt.

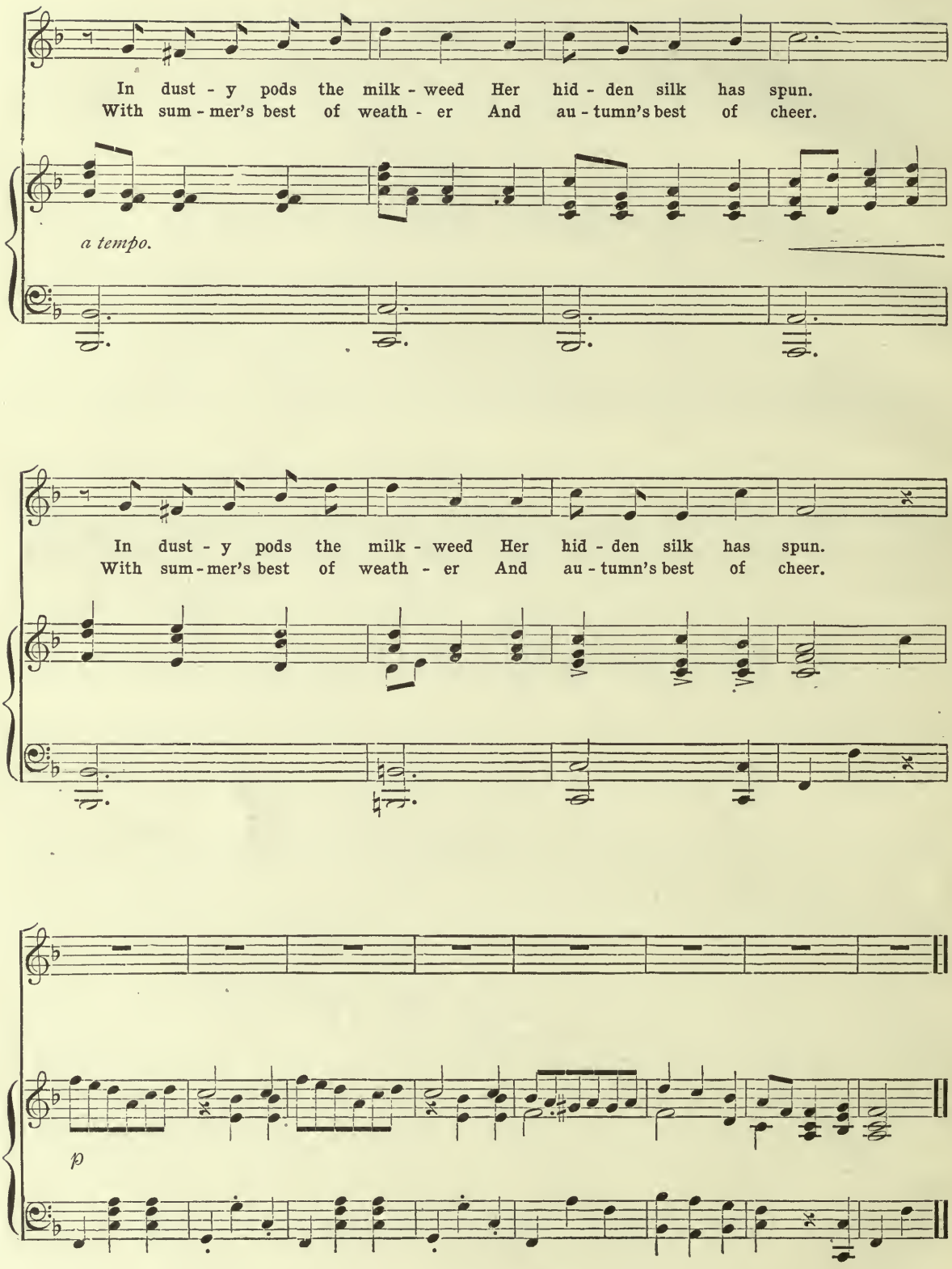


SEPTEMBER.

H. H.

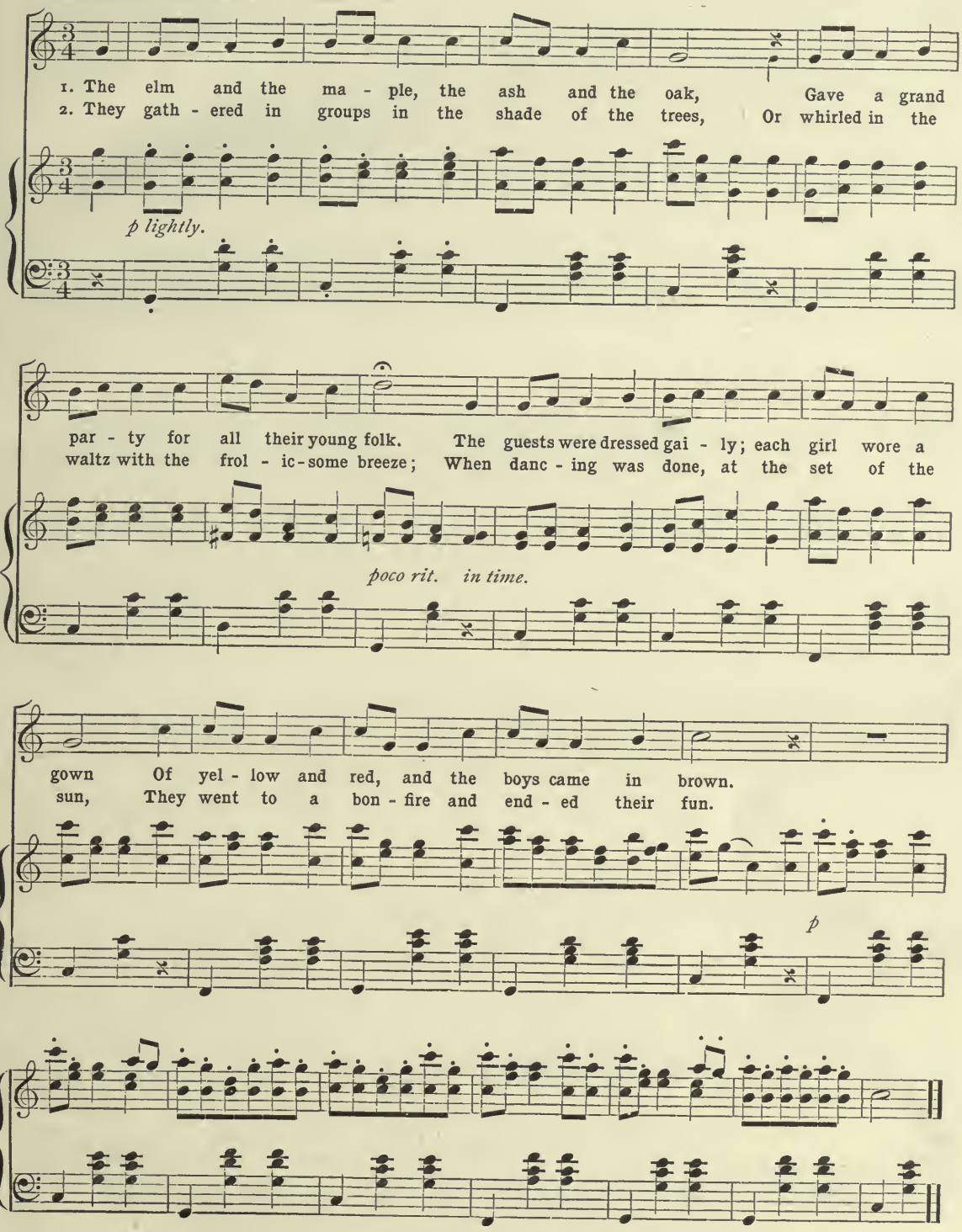
Moderately.




In dust - y pods the milk - weed Her hid - den silk has spun.
With sum - mer's best of weath - er And au - tumn's best of cheer.
a tempo.
In dust - y pods the milk - weed Her hid - den silk has spun.
With sum - mer's best of weath - er And au - tumn's best of cheer.
p

OCTOBER.

Anna M. Pratt.*



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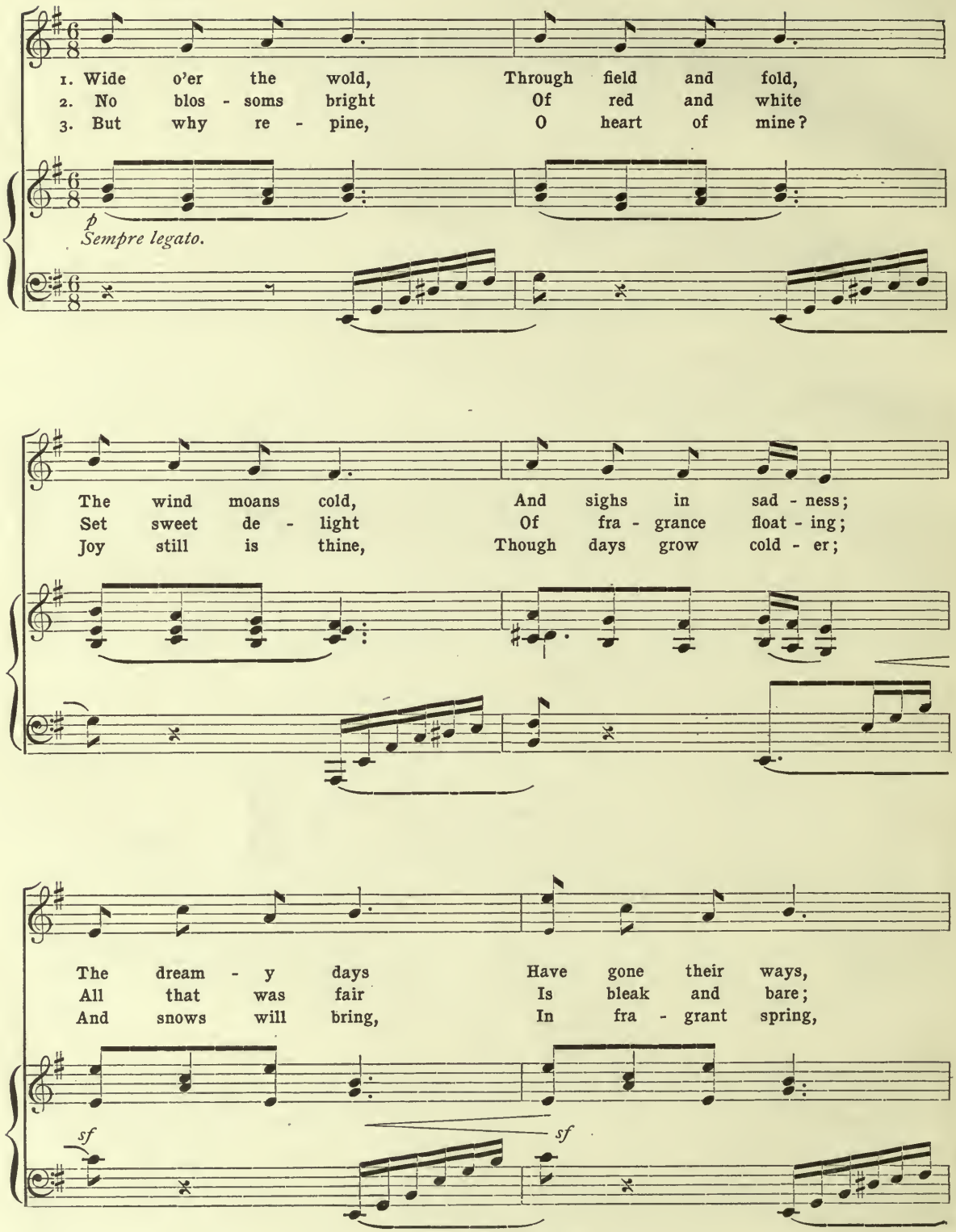
NOVEMBER.

* Clinton Scollard.



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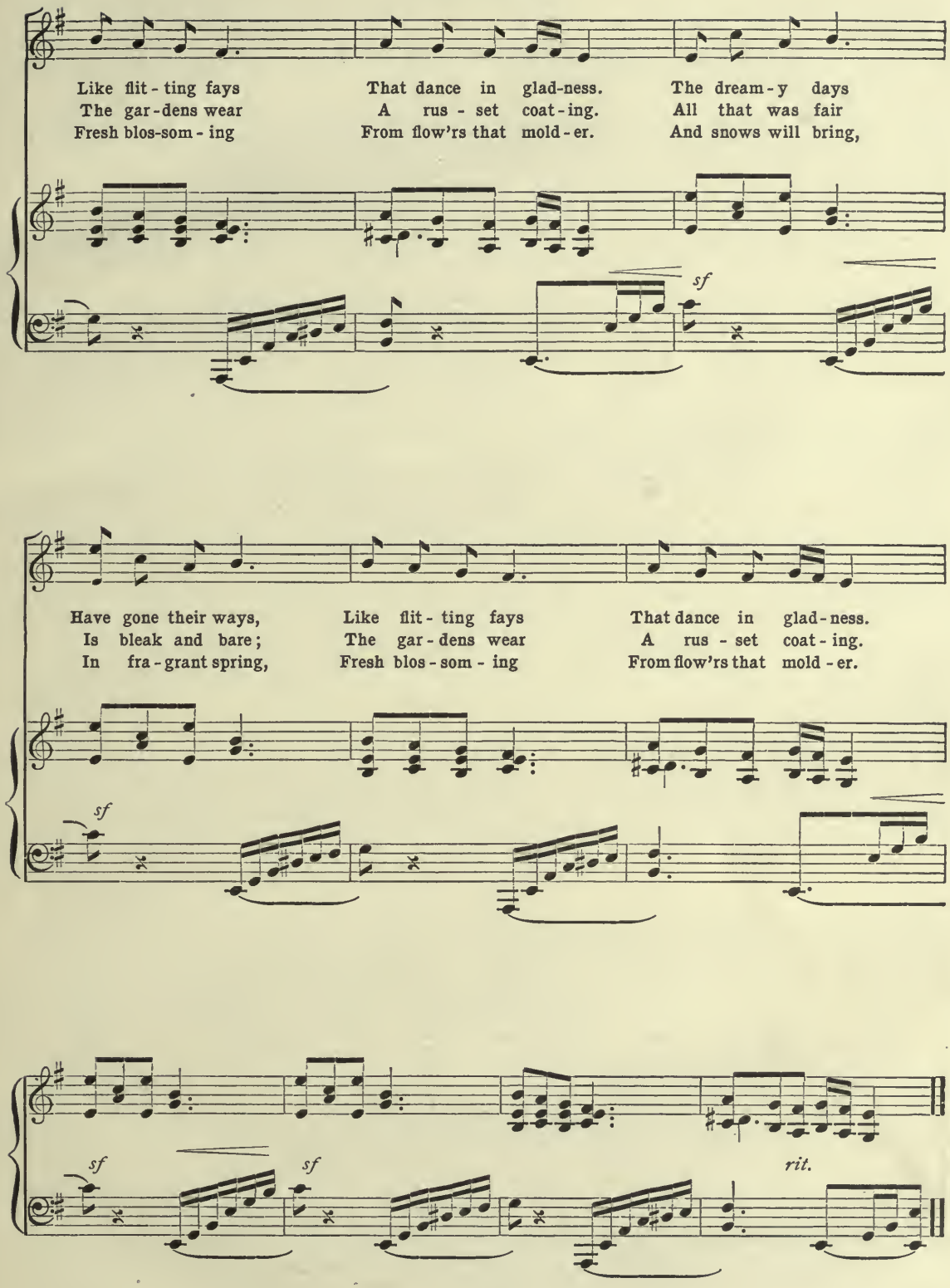
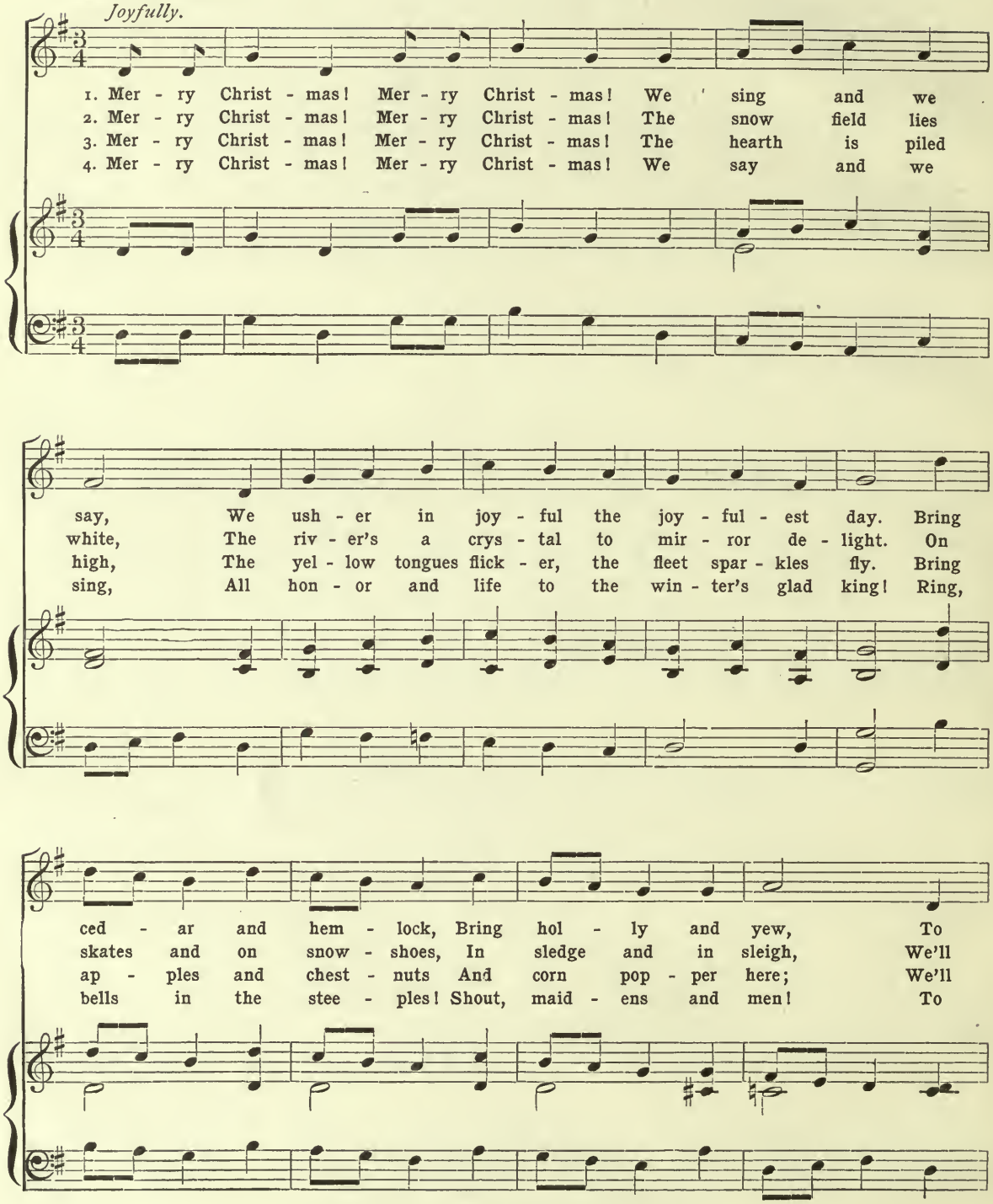

Like flit - ting fays That dance in glad-ness. The dream - y days
The gar - dens wear A rus - set coat - ing. All that was fair
Fresh blos-som - ing From flow'rs that mold - er. And snows will bring,
sf
Have gone their ways, Like flit - ting fays That dance in glad - ness.
Is bleak and bare; The gar - dens wear A rus - set coat - ing.
In fra - grant spring, Fresh blos - som - ing From flow'rs that mold - er.
sf
sf
sf
rit.

DECEMBER.

(MERRY CHRISTMAS!)

Laura E. Richards.

Joyfully.



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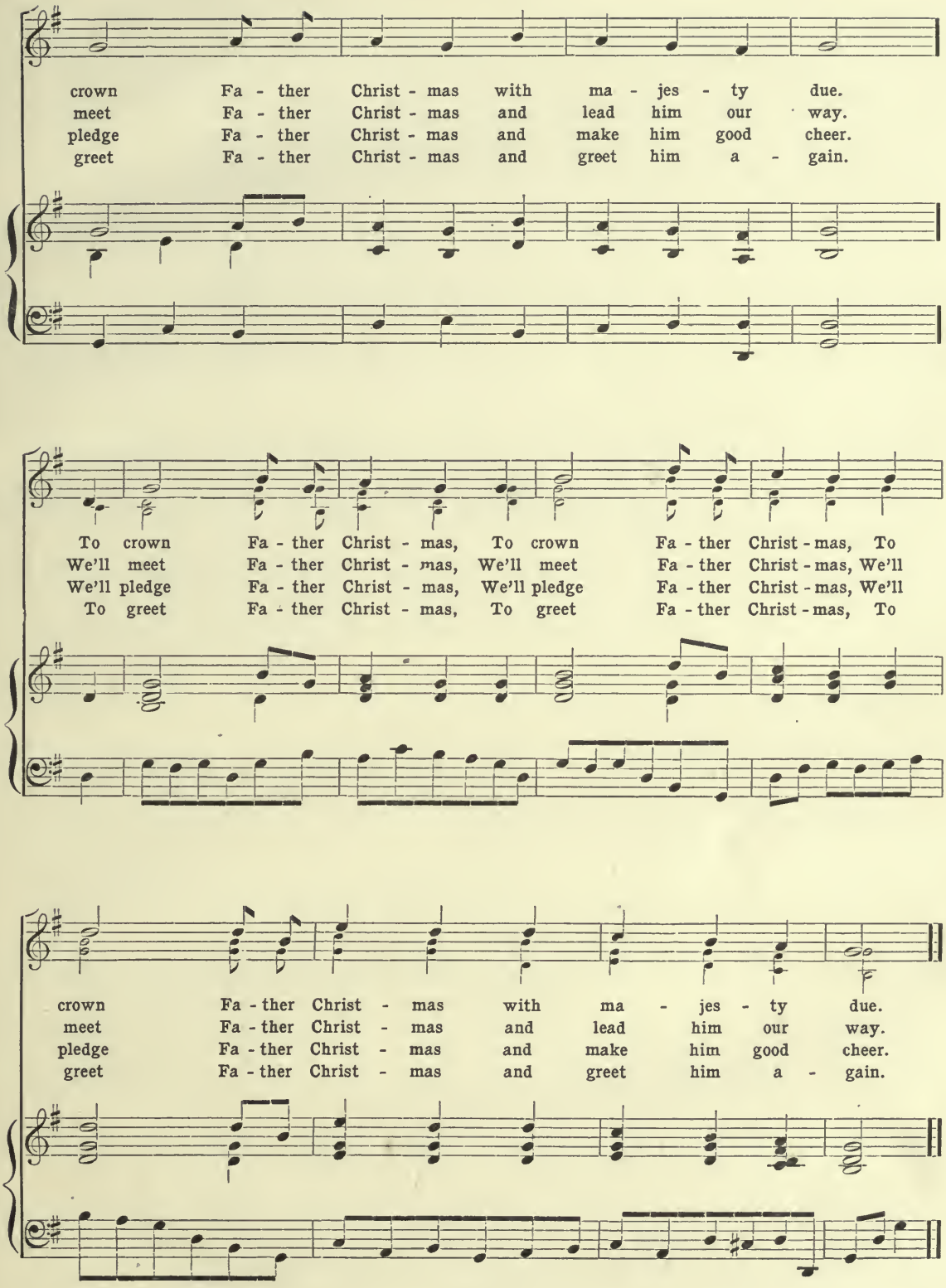
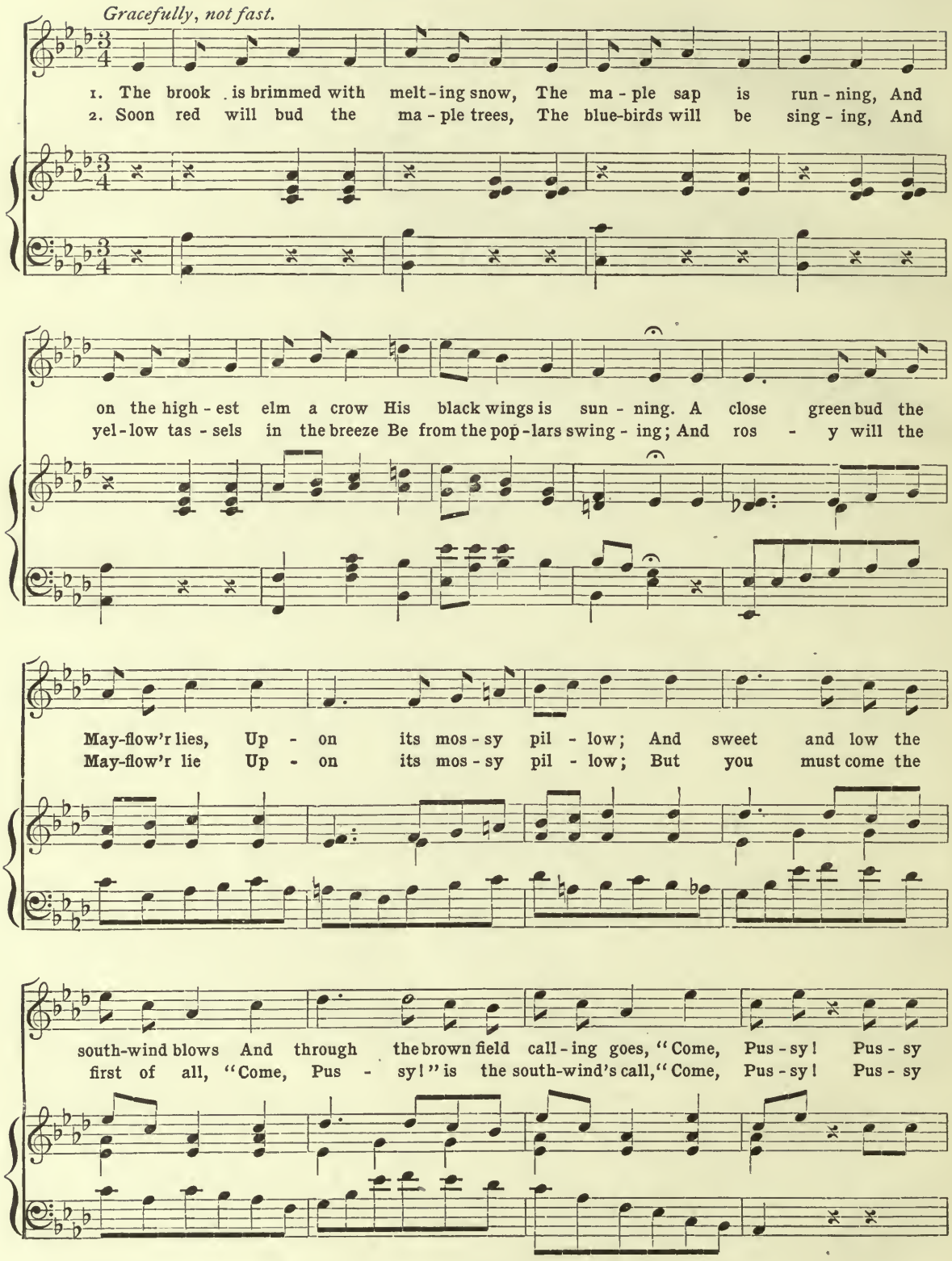
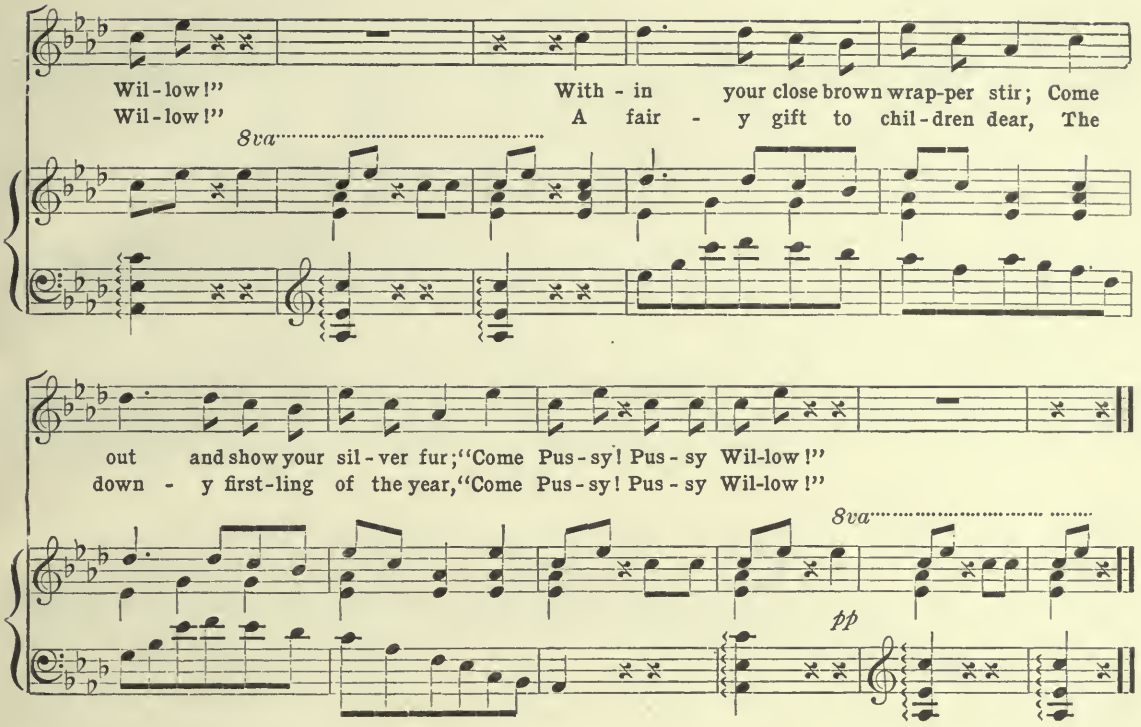

crown Fa - ther Christ - mas with ma - jes - ty due.
meet Fa - ther Christ - mas and lead him our way.
pledge Fa - ther Christ - mas and make him good cheer.
greet Fa - ther Christ - mas and greet him a - gain.
To crown Fa - ther Christ - mas, To crown Fa - ther Christ - mas, To
We'll meet Fa - ther Christ - mas, We'll meet Fa - ther Christ - mas, We'll
We'll pledge Fa - ther Christ - mas, We'll pledge Fa - ther Christ - mas, We'll
To greet Fa - ther Christ - mas, To greet Fa - ther Christ - mas, To
crown Fa - ther Christ - mas with ma - jes - ty due.
meet Fa - ther Christ - mas and lead him our way.
pledge Fa - ther Christ - mas and make him good cheer.
greet Fa - ther Christ - mas and greet him a - gain.

FLOWER SONGS.

"Sing, sing, lily bells ring,
The blossoms are coming to town,
Dasies and lilies and daffy-down-dillies
Each in a sweet new gown."

PUSSY WILLOW.

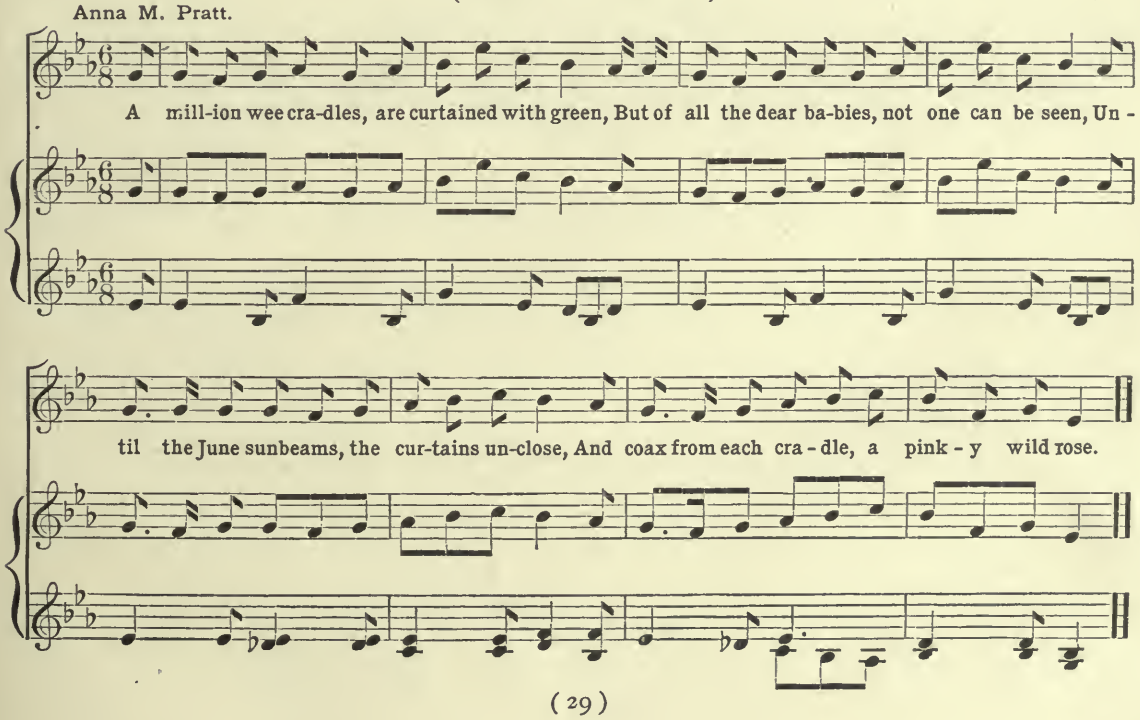




A PINKY WILD ROSE.

(CRADLE SONG.)

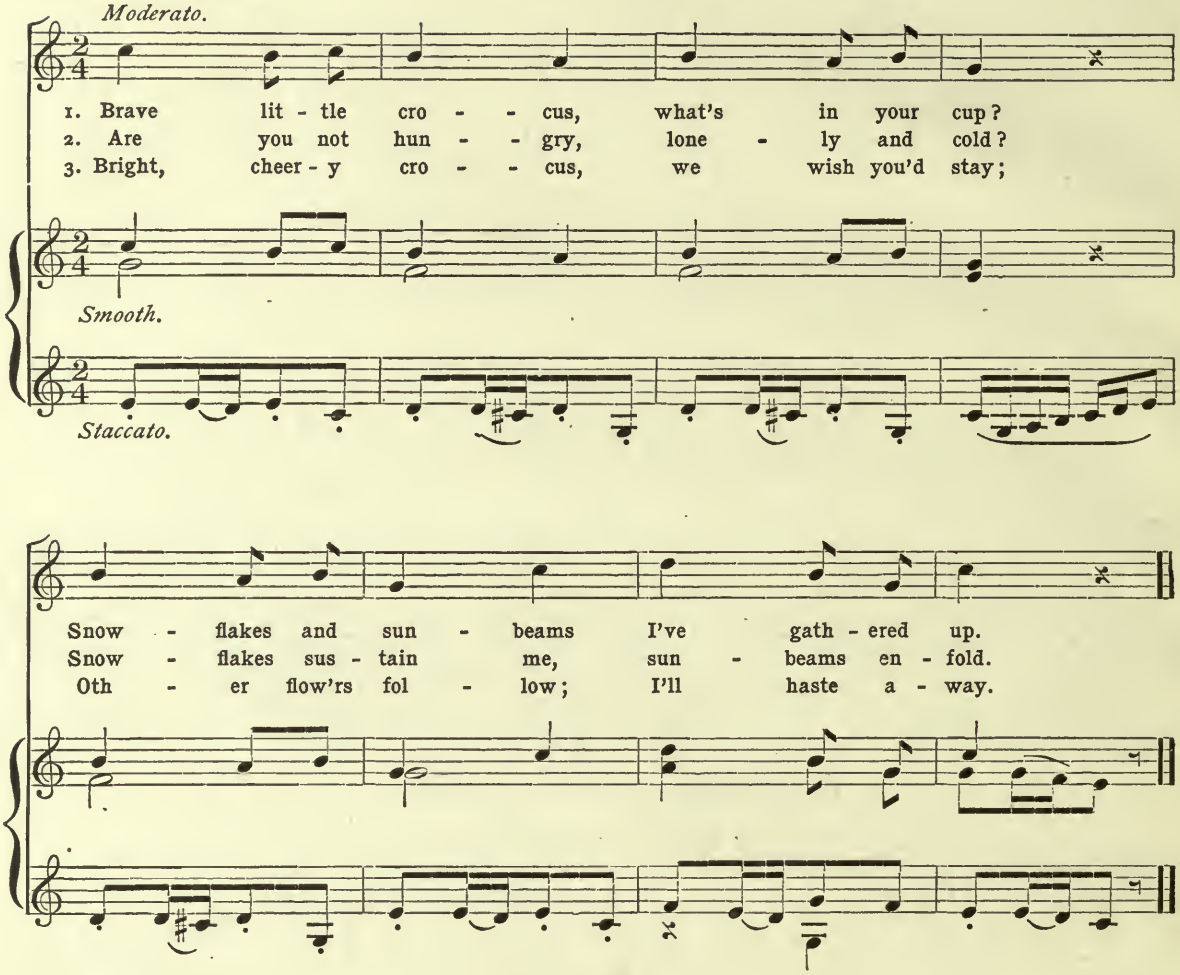
Anna M. Pratt.



THE CROCUS.

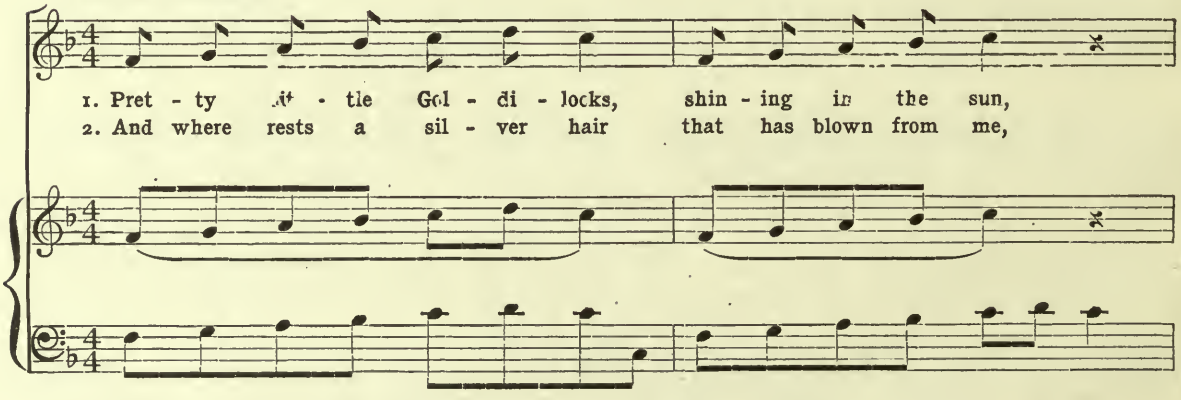
Belle Willey Gue.

Moderato.



THE DANDELION CYCLE.

* Emilie Poulsson.



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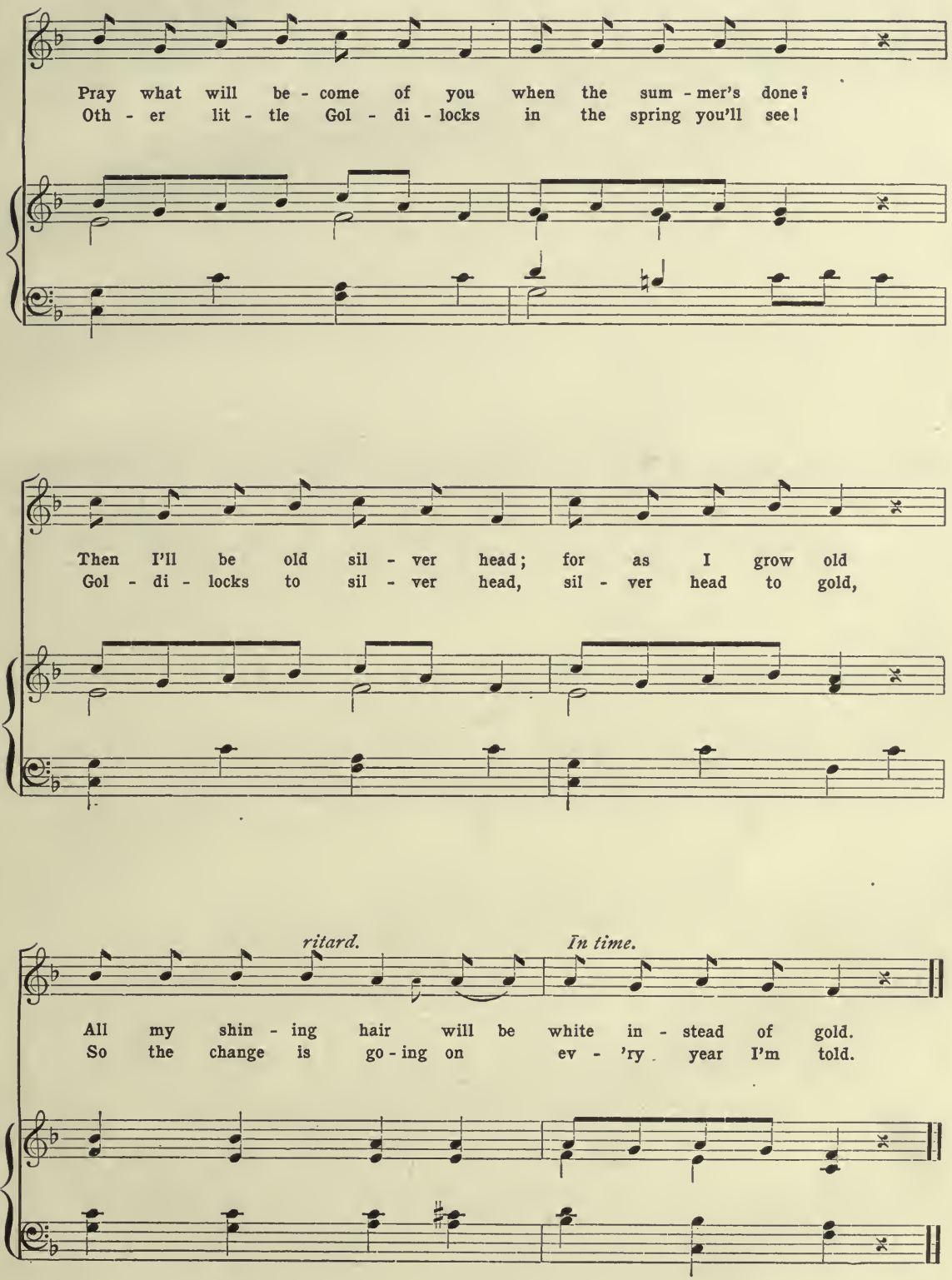
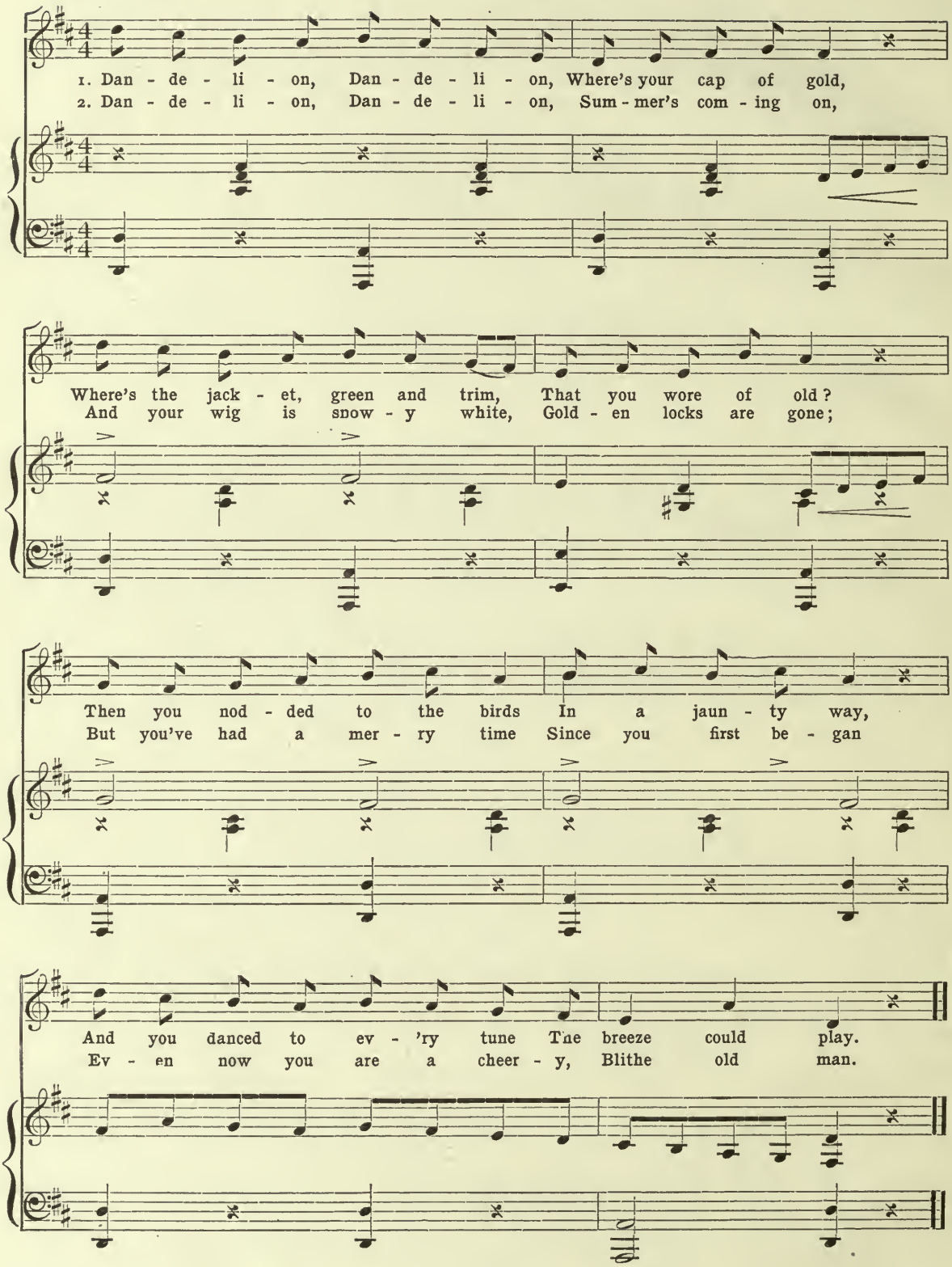

Pray what will be - come of you when the sum - mer's done?
Oth - er lit - tle Gol - di - locks in the spring you'll see!
Then I'll be old sil - ver head; for as I grow old
Gol - di - locks to sil - ver head, sil - ver head to gold,
ritard.
In time.
All my shin - ing hair will be white in - stead of gold.
So the change is go - ing on ev - 'ry year I'm told.

DANDELION.

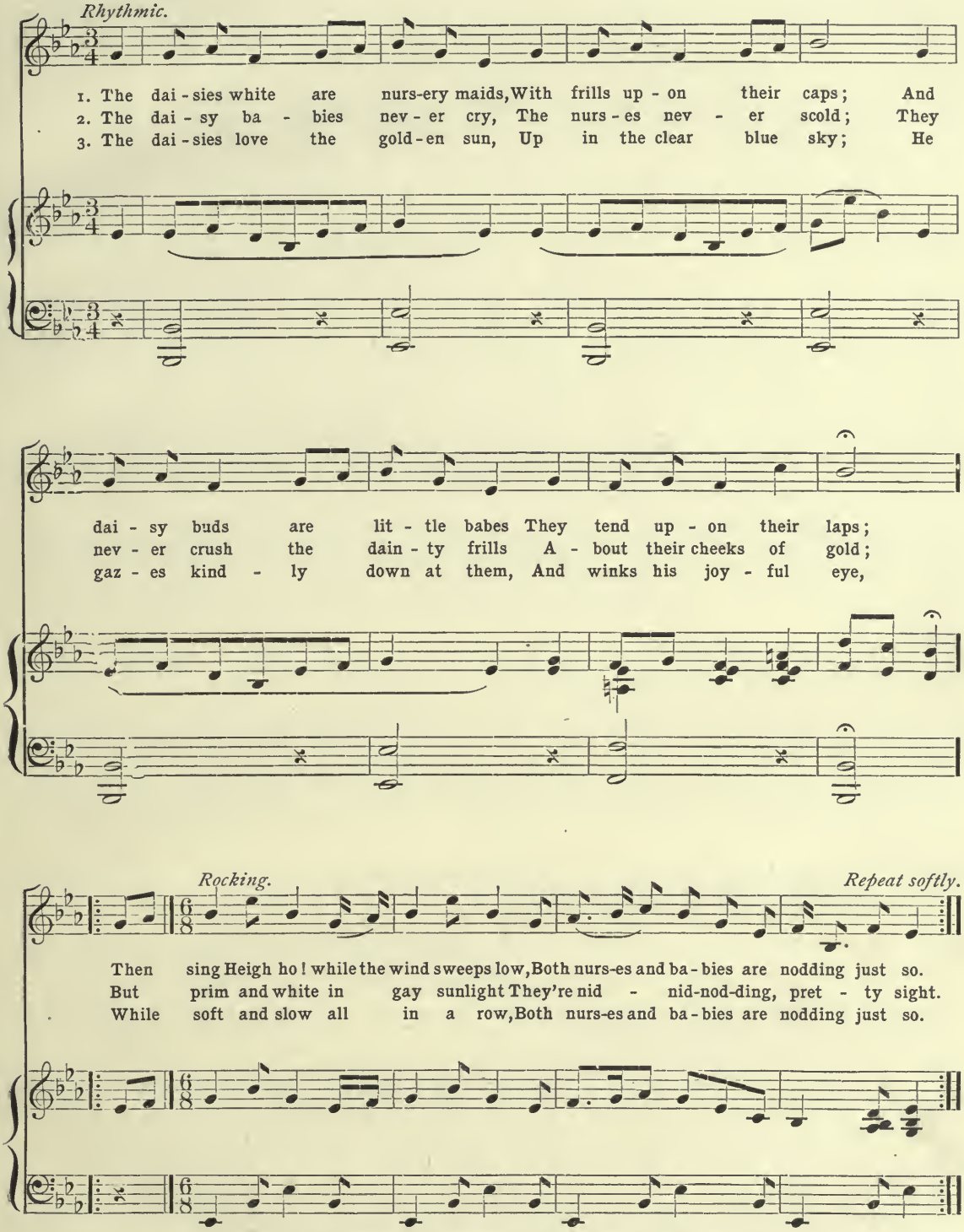
Author Unknown.



DAISY NURSES.

Kate L. Brown.

Rhythmic.



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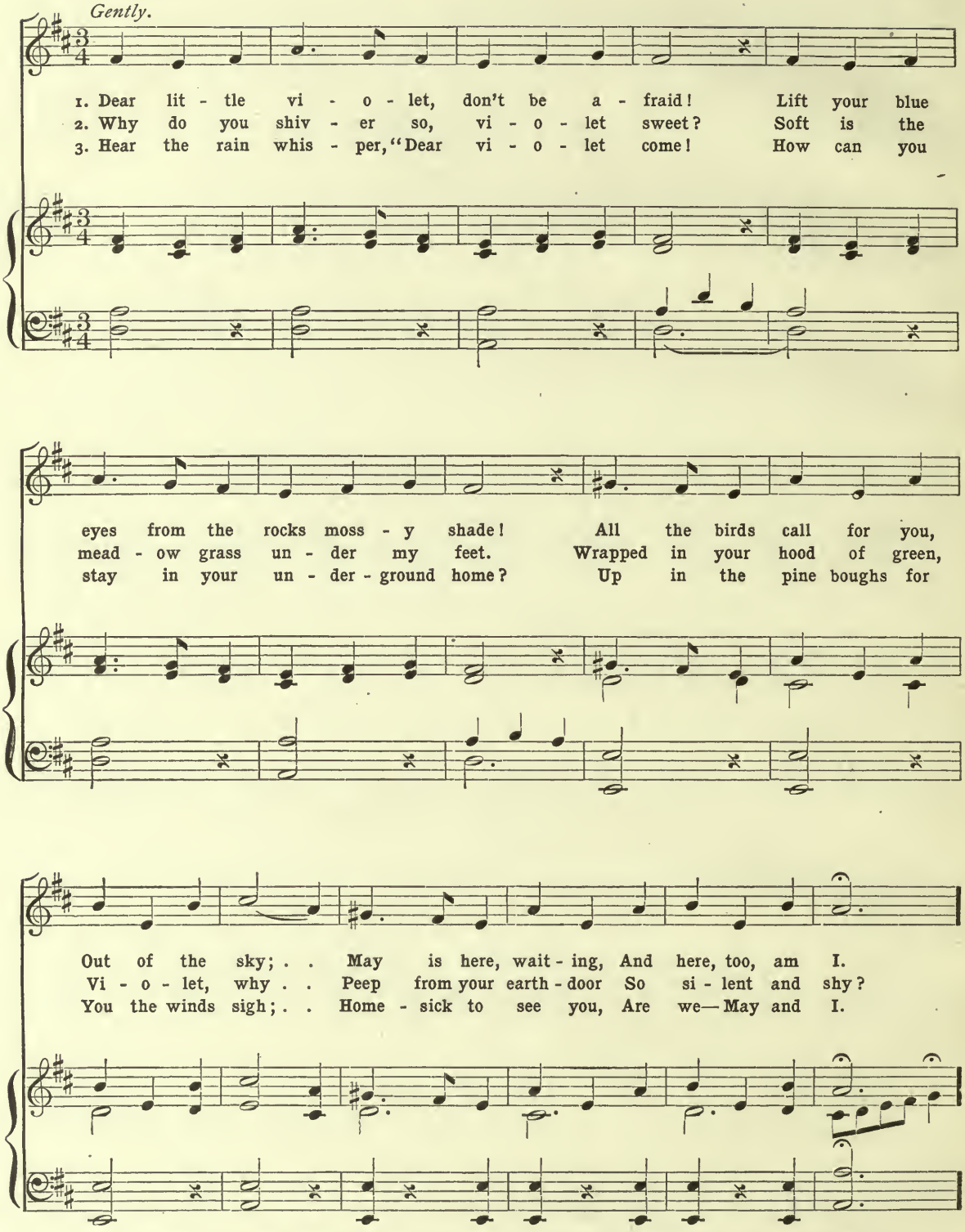
CALLING THE VIOLET.

* Lucy Larcom.

Gently.



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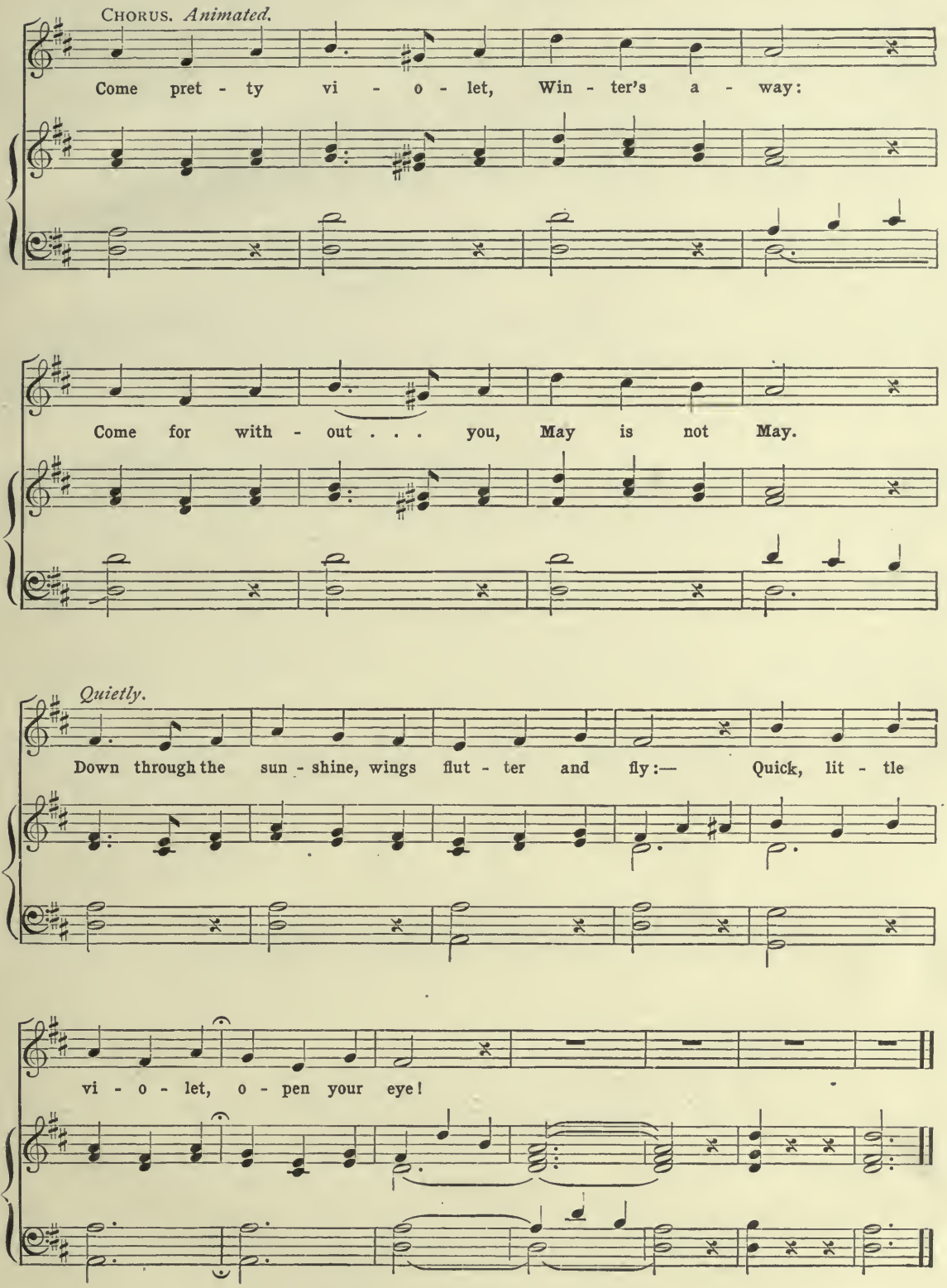
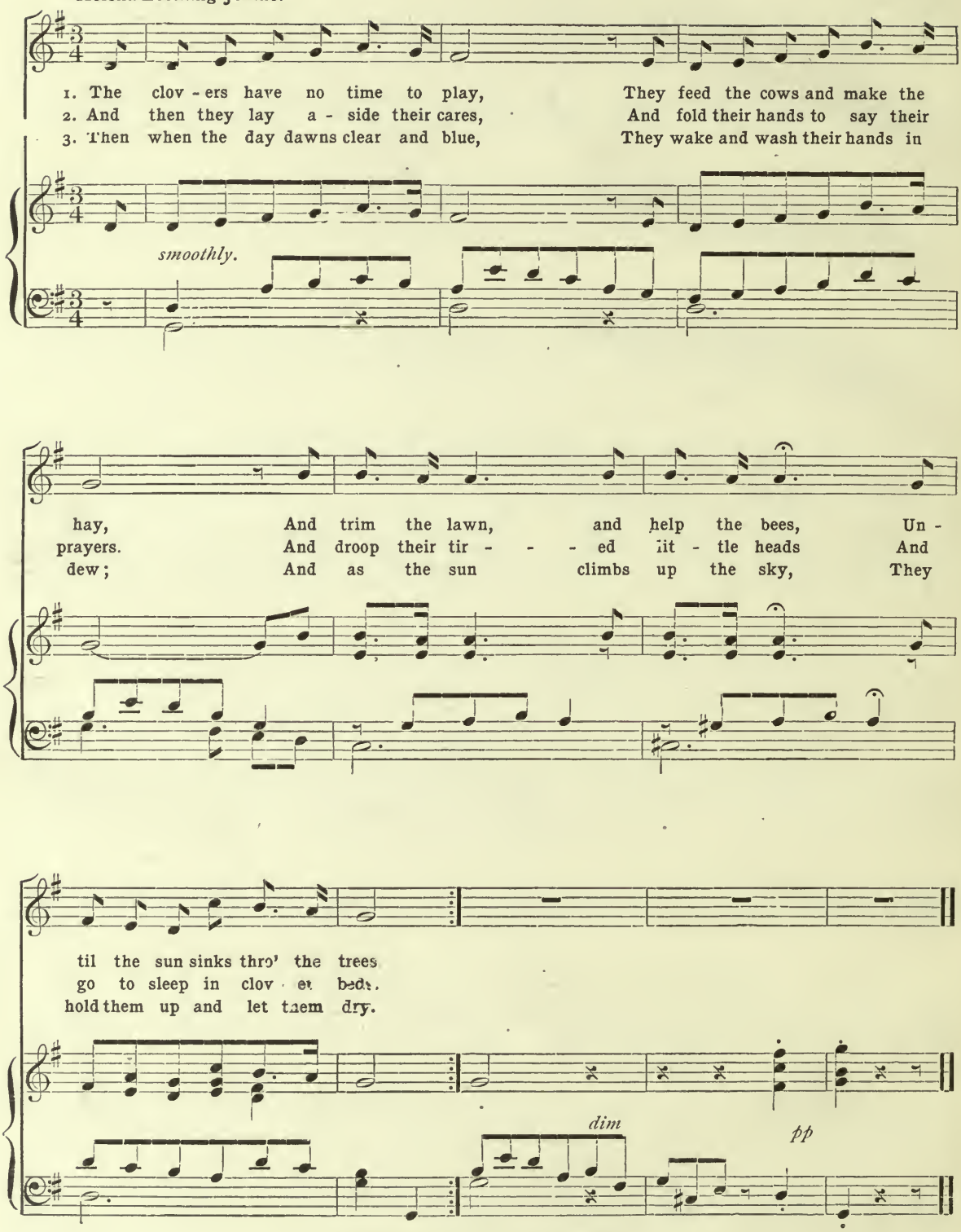
CALLING THE VIOLET.



CLOVERS.

* Helena Leeming Jelliffe.



* Words from the "Outlook" by permission.

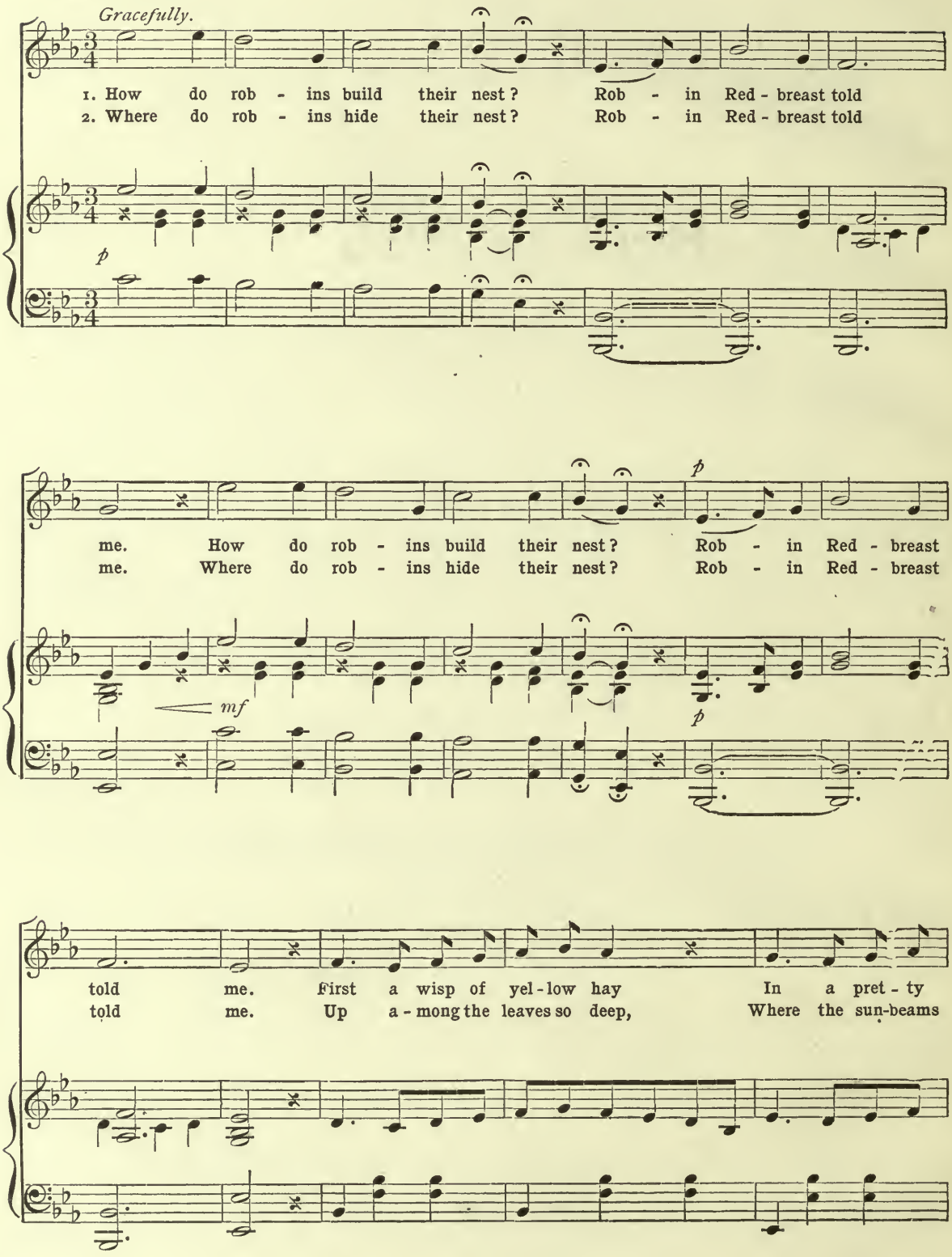
BIRD SONGS.

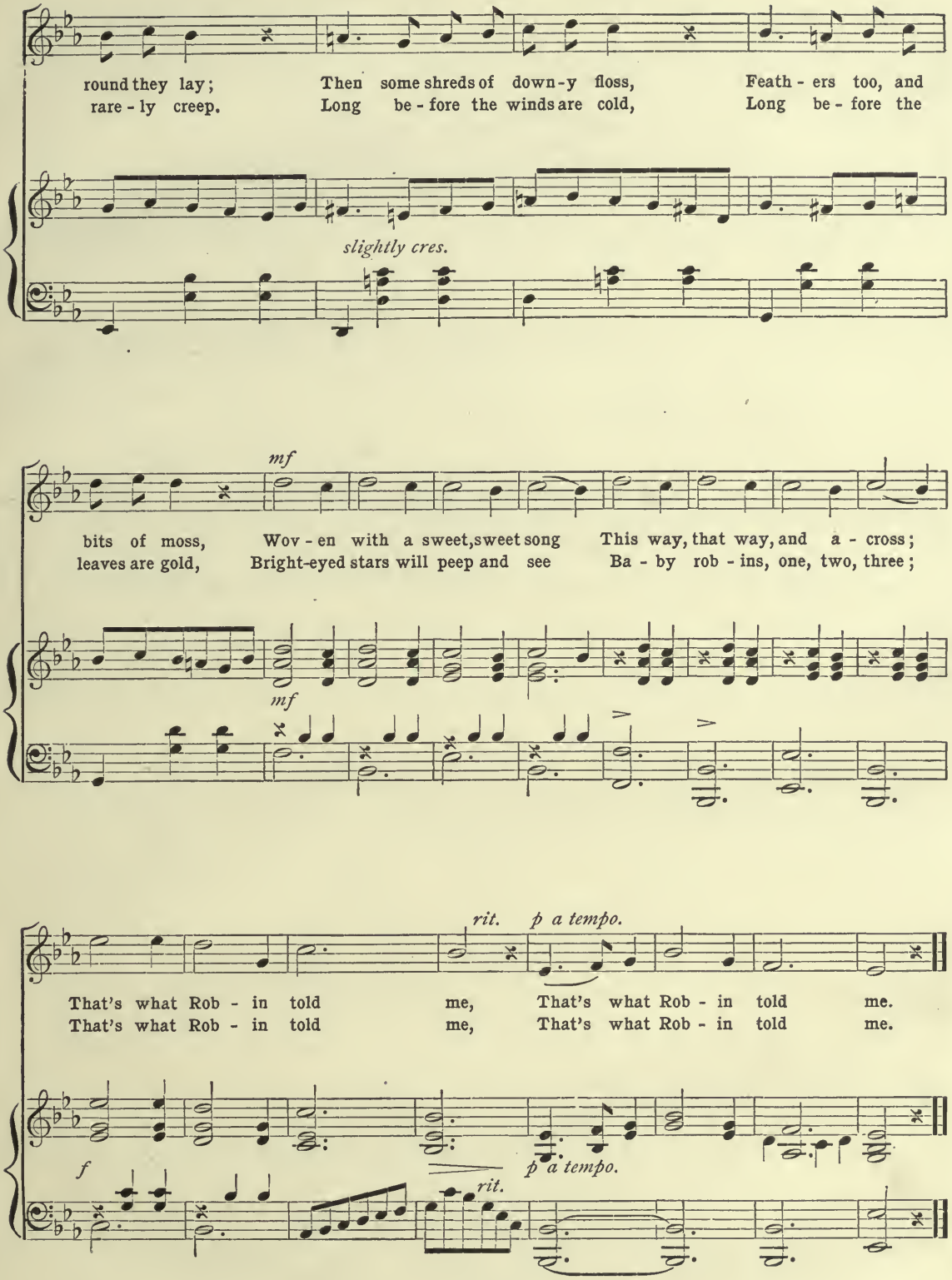
"So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy
Oh, the world's running over with joy."

LUCY LARCOM.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

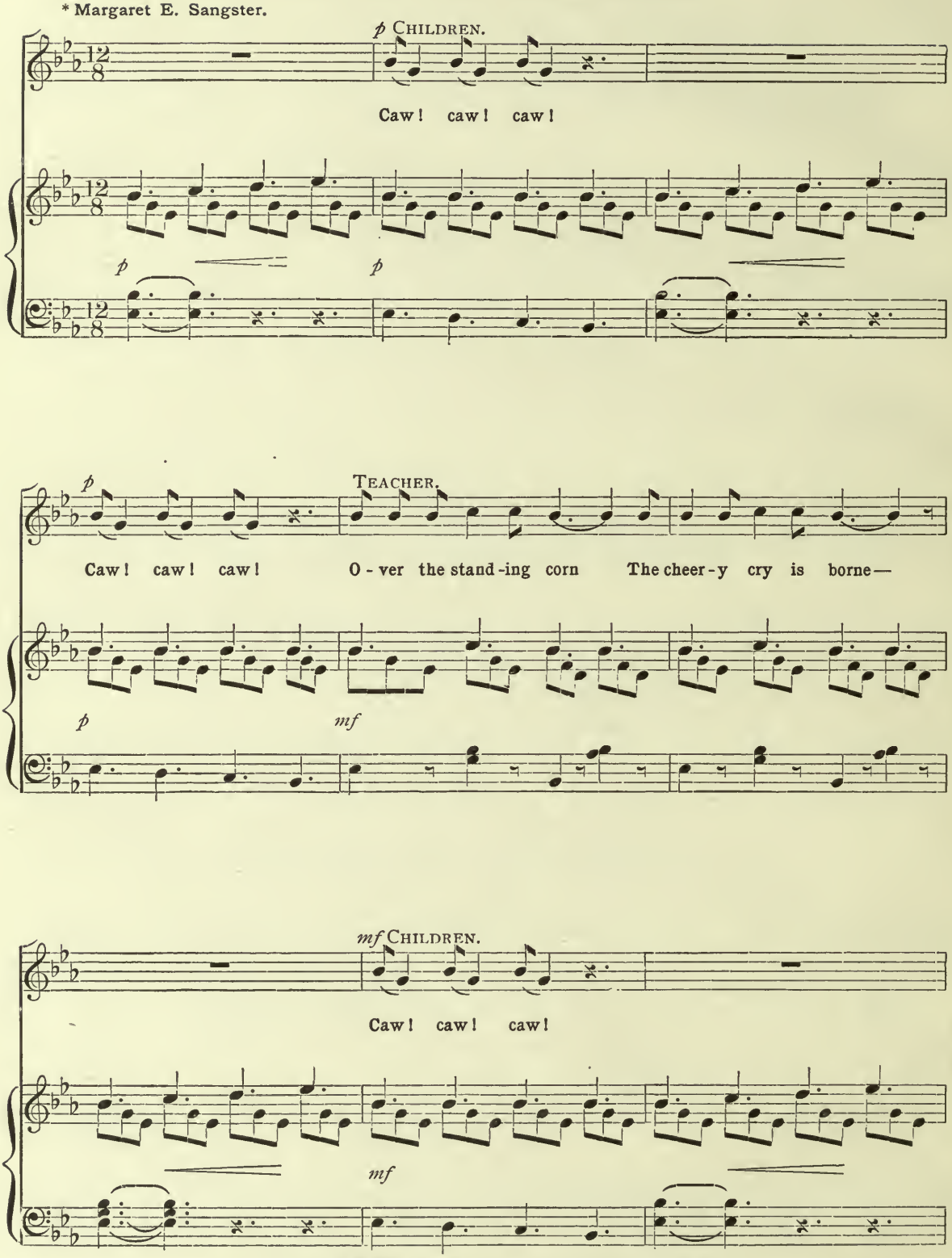
George Cooper.




round they lay; Then some shreds of down-y floss, Feath-ers too, and
rare-ly creep. Long be-fore the winds are cold, Long be-fore the
slightly cres.
mf
bits of moss, Wov-en with a sweet, sweet song This way, that way, and a-cross;
leaves are gold, Bright-eyed stars will peep and see Ba-by rob-ins, one, two, three;
mf
rit. p a tempo.
That's what Rob-in told me, That's what Rob-in told me.
That's what Rob-in told me, That's what Rob-in told me.
f
p a tempo.
rit.

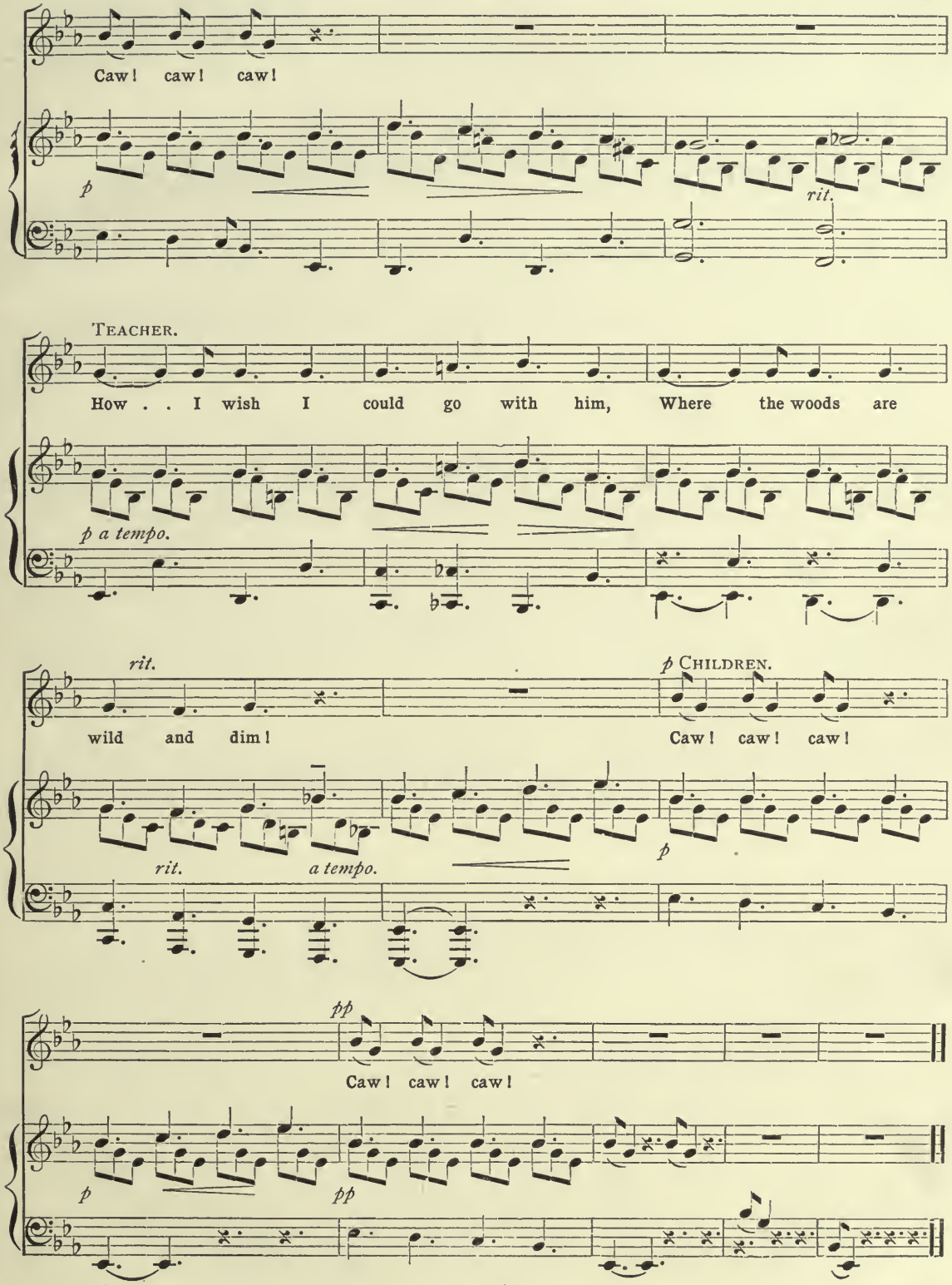
THE CALL OF THE CROW.

* Margaret E. Sangster.



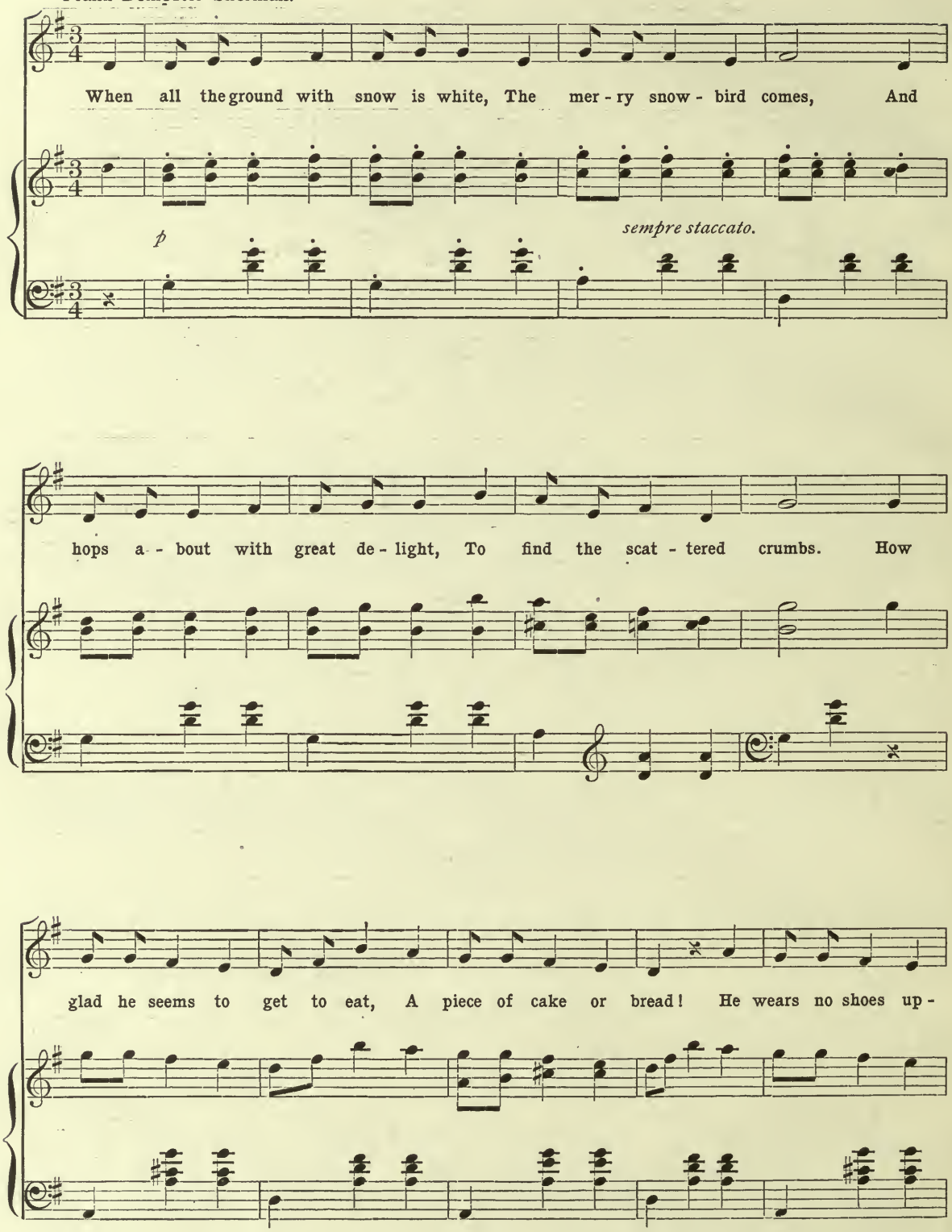
* From "Little Knights and Ladies." Copyright, 1895, by HARPER & BROS.

THE CALL OF THE CROW.



THE SNOWBIRD.

Frank Dempster Sherman.



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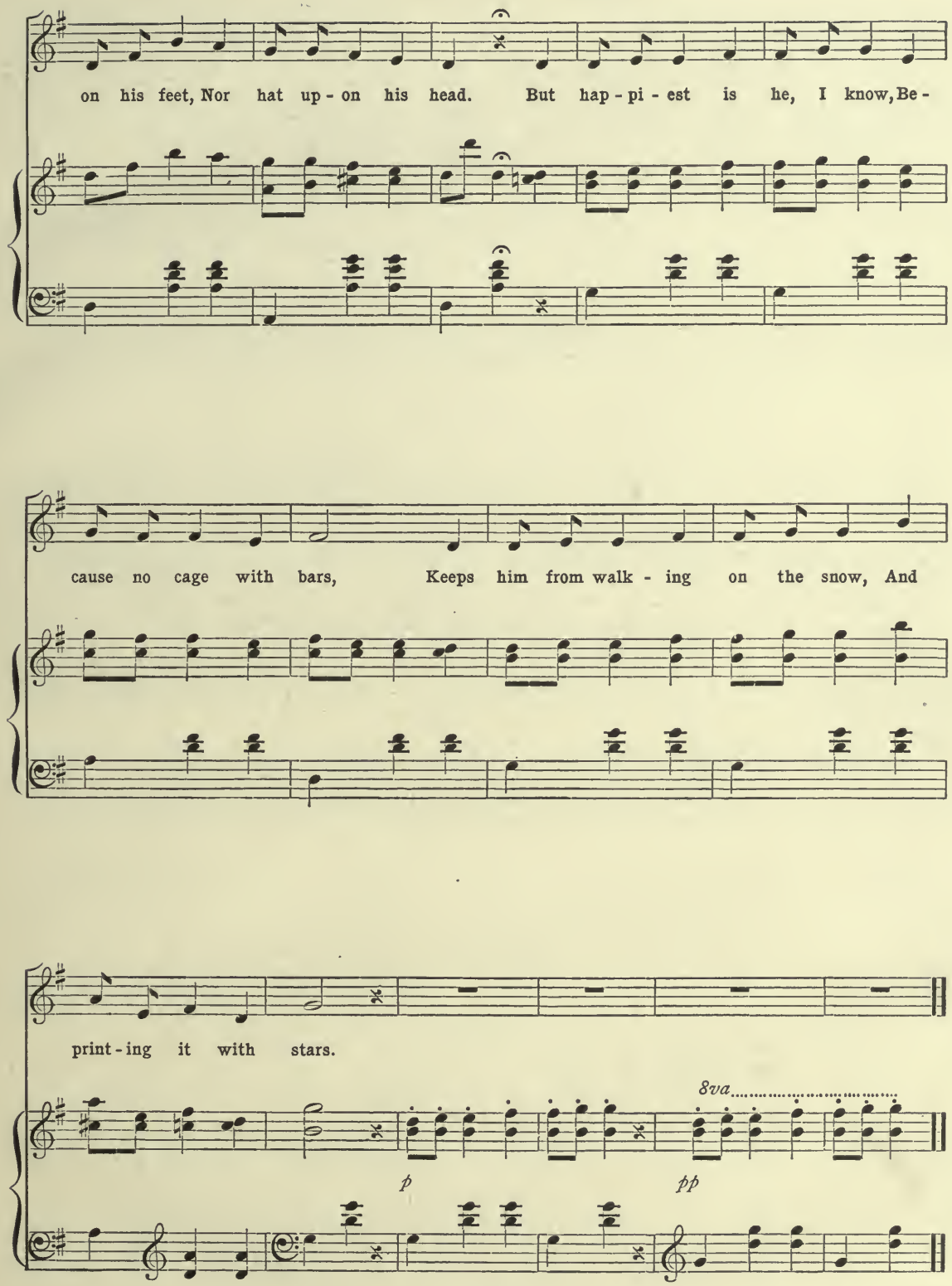
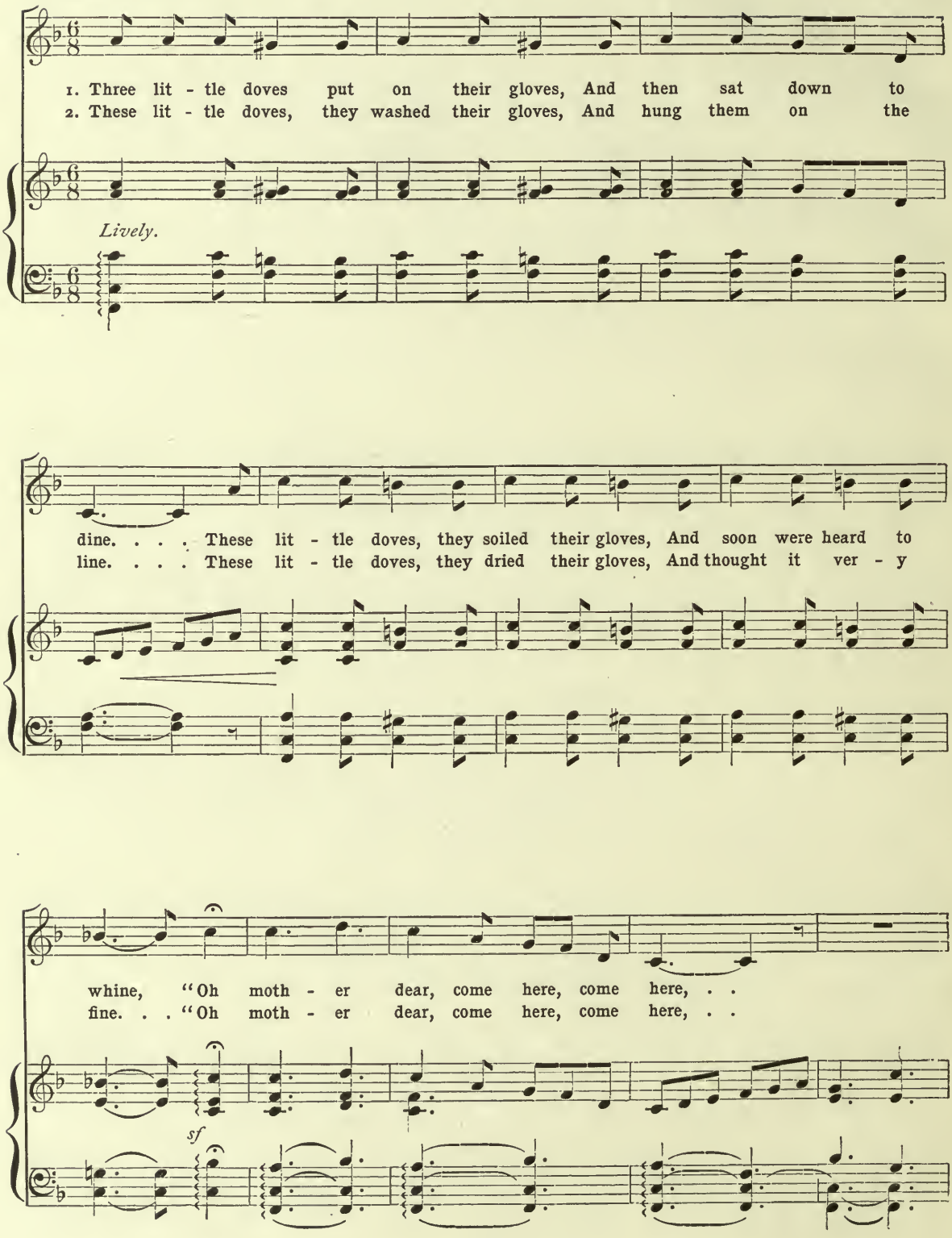
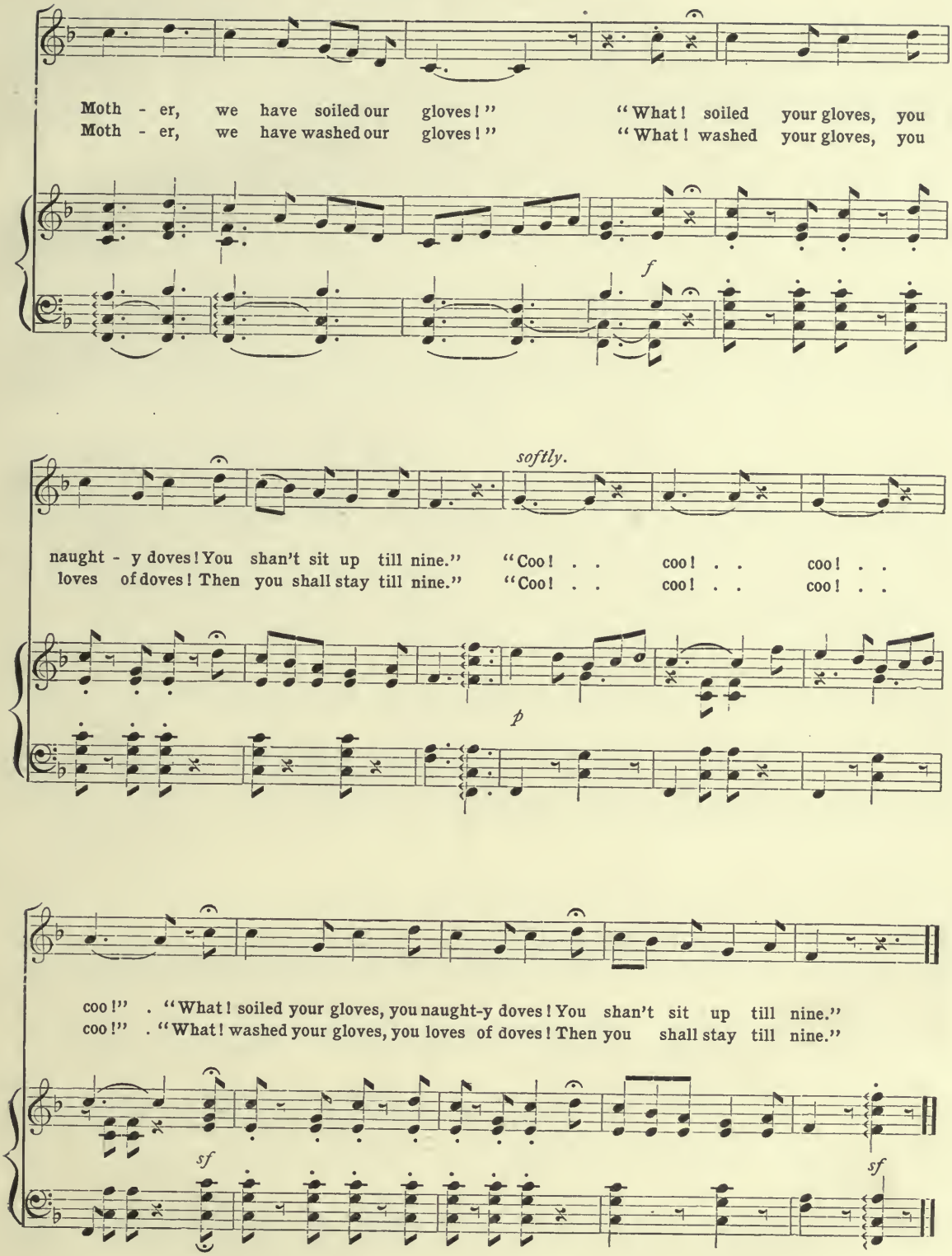

on his feet, Nor hat up - on his head. But hap - pi - est is he, I know, Be -
cause no cage with bars, Keeps him from walk - ing on the snow, And
print - ing it with stars.
8va
p
pp

THREE LITTLE DOVES.

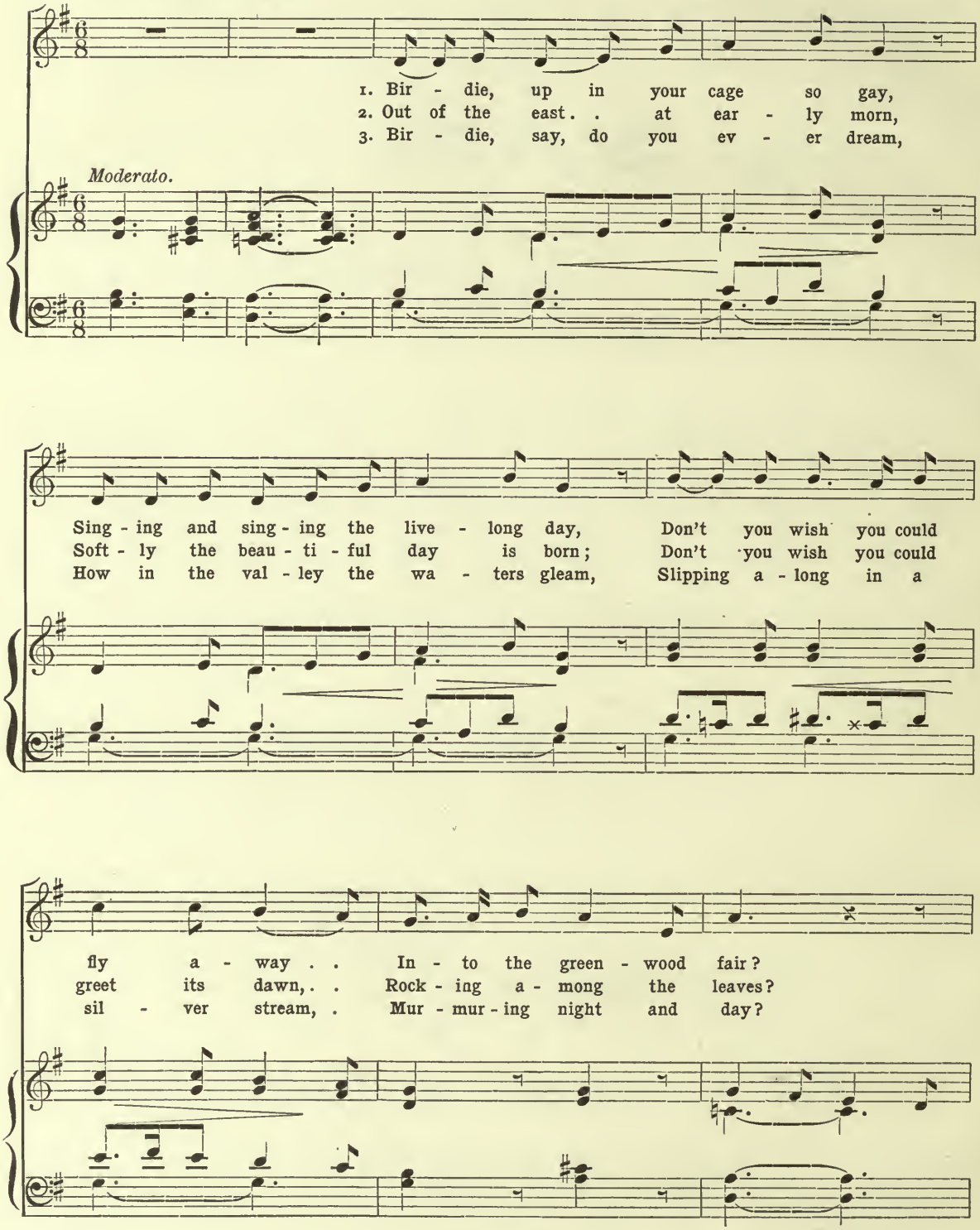
James Johonnot.




Moth - er, we have soiled our gloves!" "What! soiled your gloves, you
Moth - er, we have washed our gloves!" "What! washed your gloves, you
f
softly.
naught - y doves! You shan't sit up till nine." "Coo! . . coo! . . coo! . .
loves of doves! Then you shall stay till nine." "Coo! . . coo! . . coo! . .
p
coo!" . "What! soiled your gloves, you naught-y doves! You shan't sit up till nine."
coo!" . "What! washed your gloves, you loves of doves! Then you shall stay till nine."
sf
sf

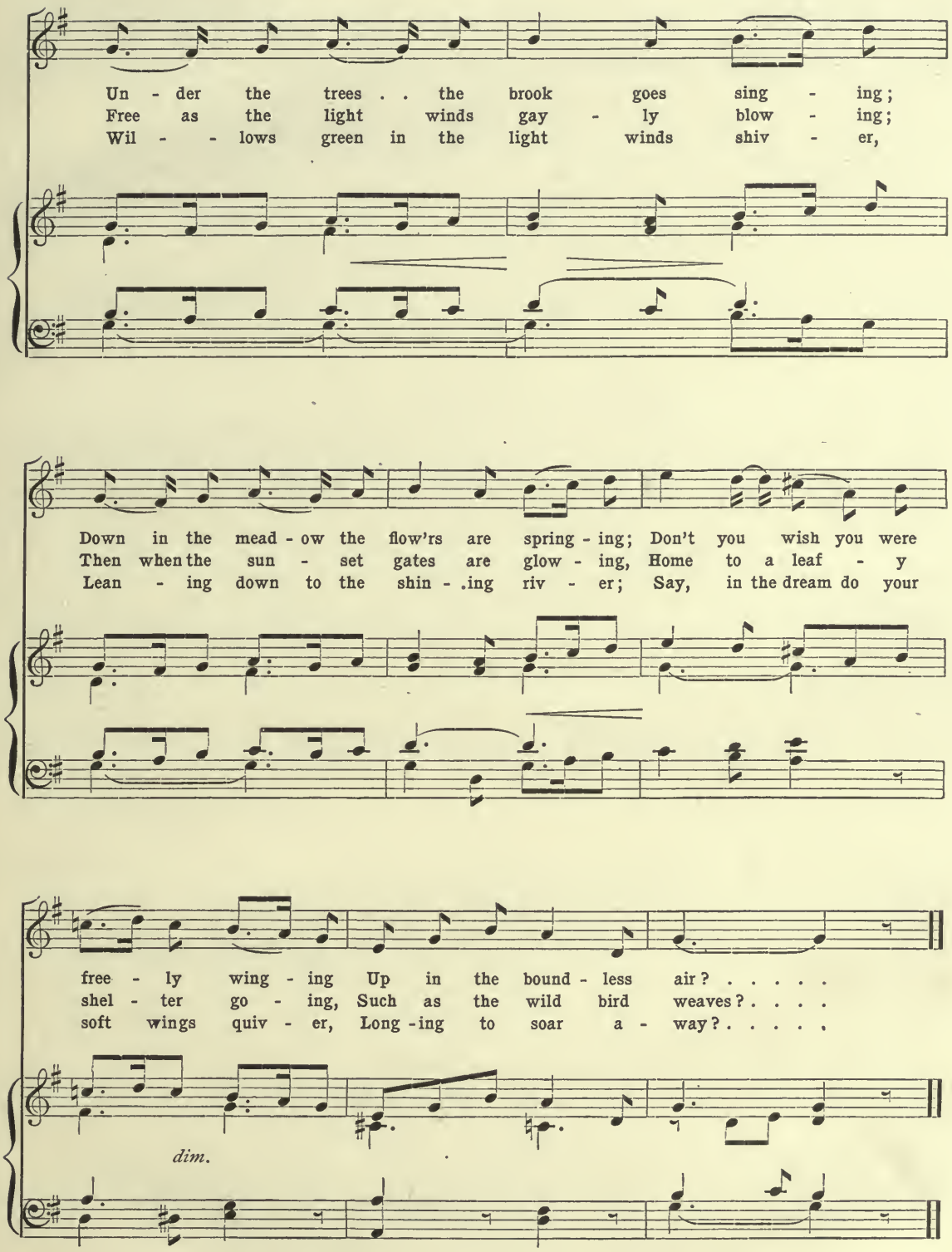
THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

* Emily Huntington Miller.



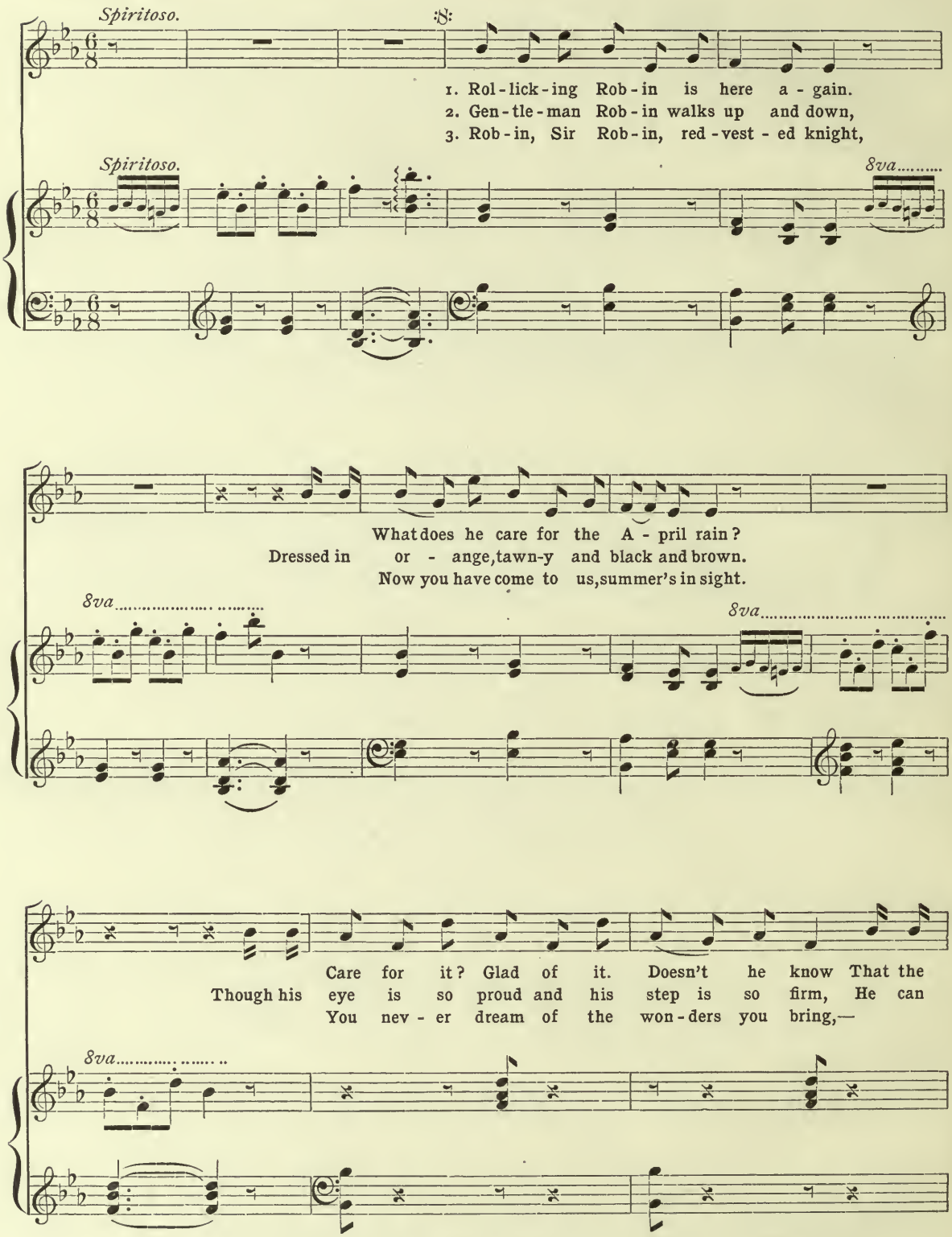
* By permission.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

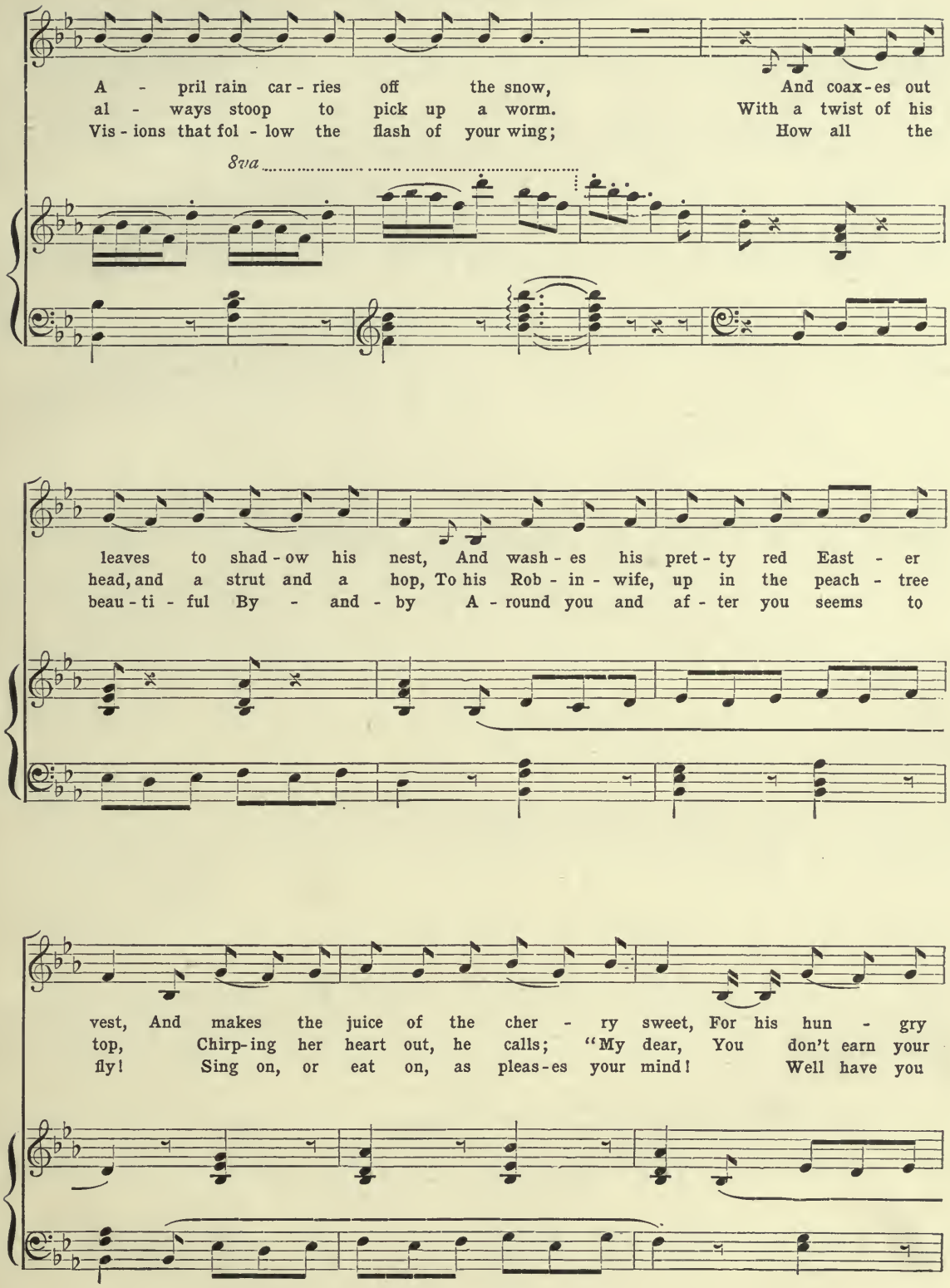


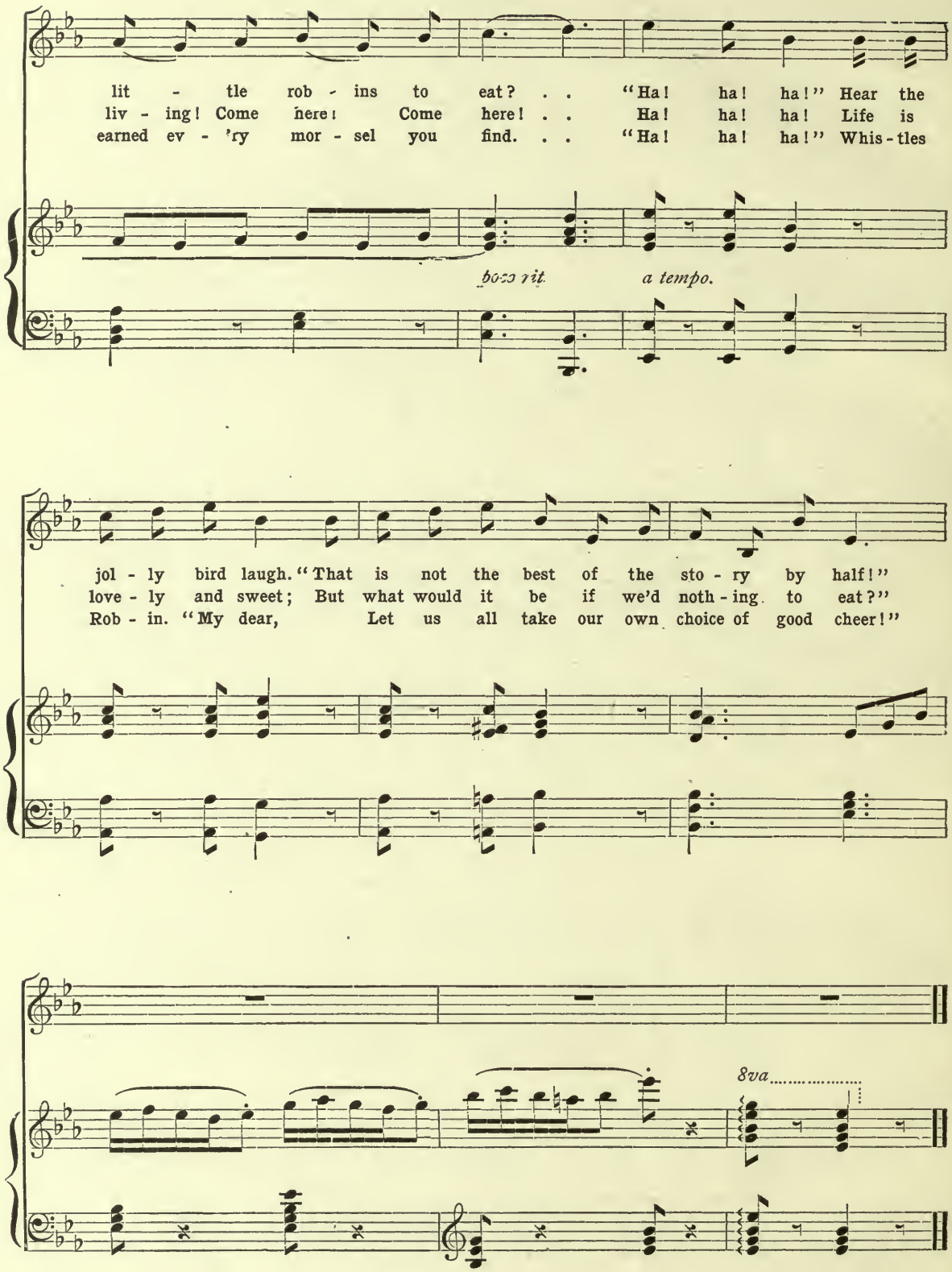
ROLLICKING ROBIN.

*Lucy Larcom.



* By permission of and arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Lucy Larcom's poems.


A - pril rain car - ries off the snow, And coax - es out
al - ways stoop to pick up a worm. With a twist of his
Vis - ions that fol - low the flash of your wing; How all the
8va
leaves to shad - ow his nest, And wash - es his pret - ty red East - er
head, and a strut and a hop, To his Rob - in - wife, up in the peach - tree
beau - ti - ful By - and - by A - round you and af - ter you seems to
vest, And makes the juice of the cher - ry sweet, For his hun - gry
top, Chirp - ing her heart out, he calls; "My dear, You don't earn your
fly! Sing on, or eat on, as pleas - es your mind! Well have you


lit - tle rob - ins to eat? . . "Ha! ha! ha!" Hear the
liv - ing! Come here! Come here! . . Ha! ha! ha! Life is
earned ev - 'ry mor - sel you find. . . "Ha! ha! ha!" Whis - tles
boss rit.
a tempo.
jol - ly bird laugh. "That is not the best of the sto - ry by half!"
love - ly and sweet; But what would it be if we'd noth - ing to eat?"
Rob - in. "My dear, Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"
8va

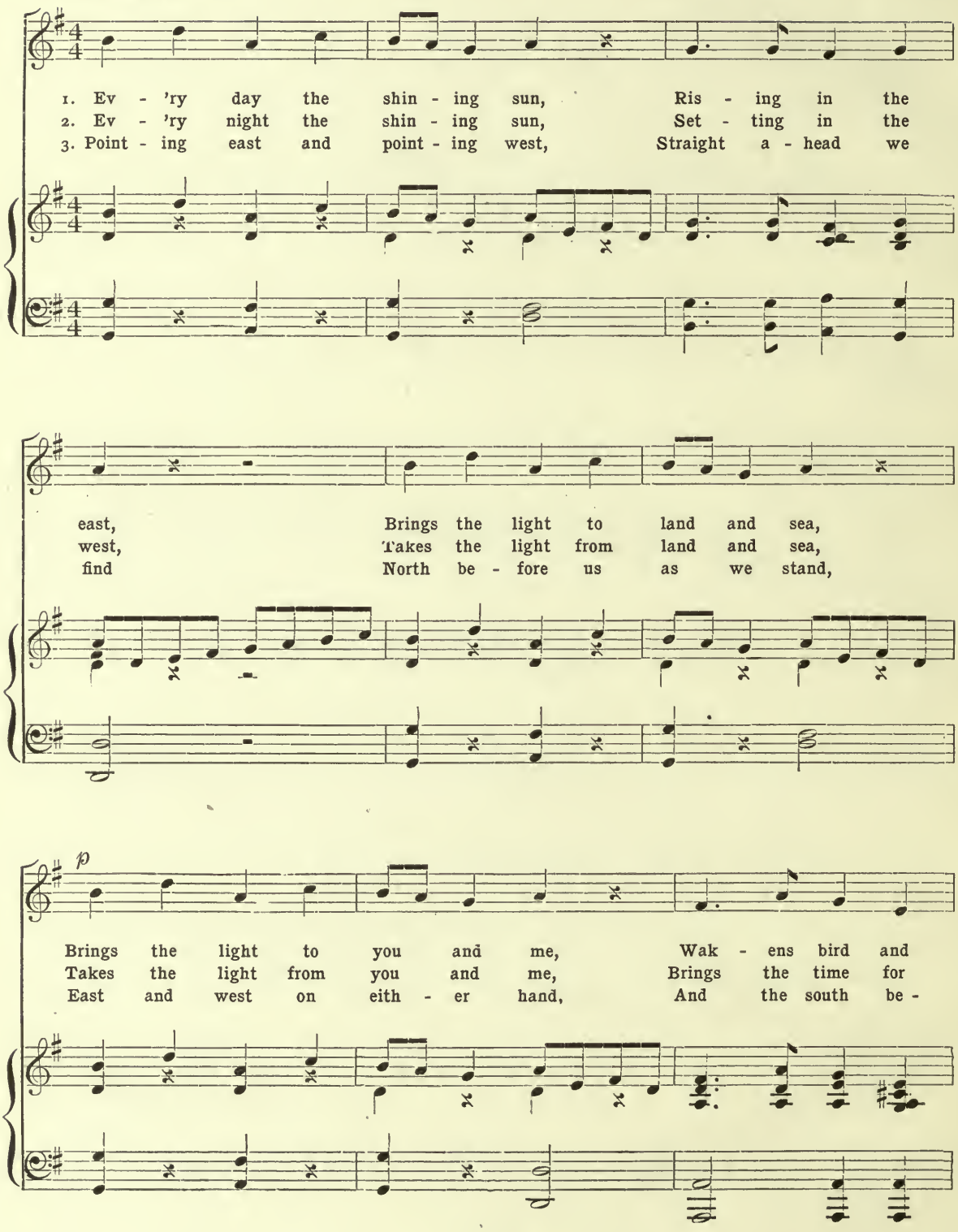
GAMES.

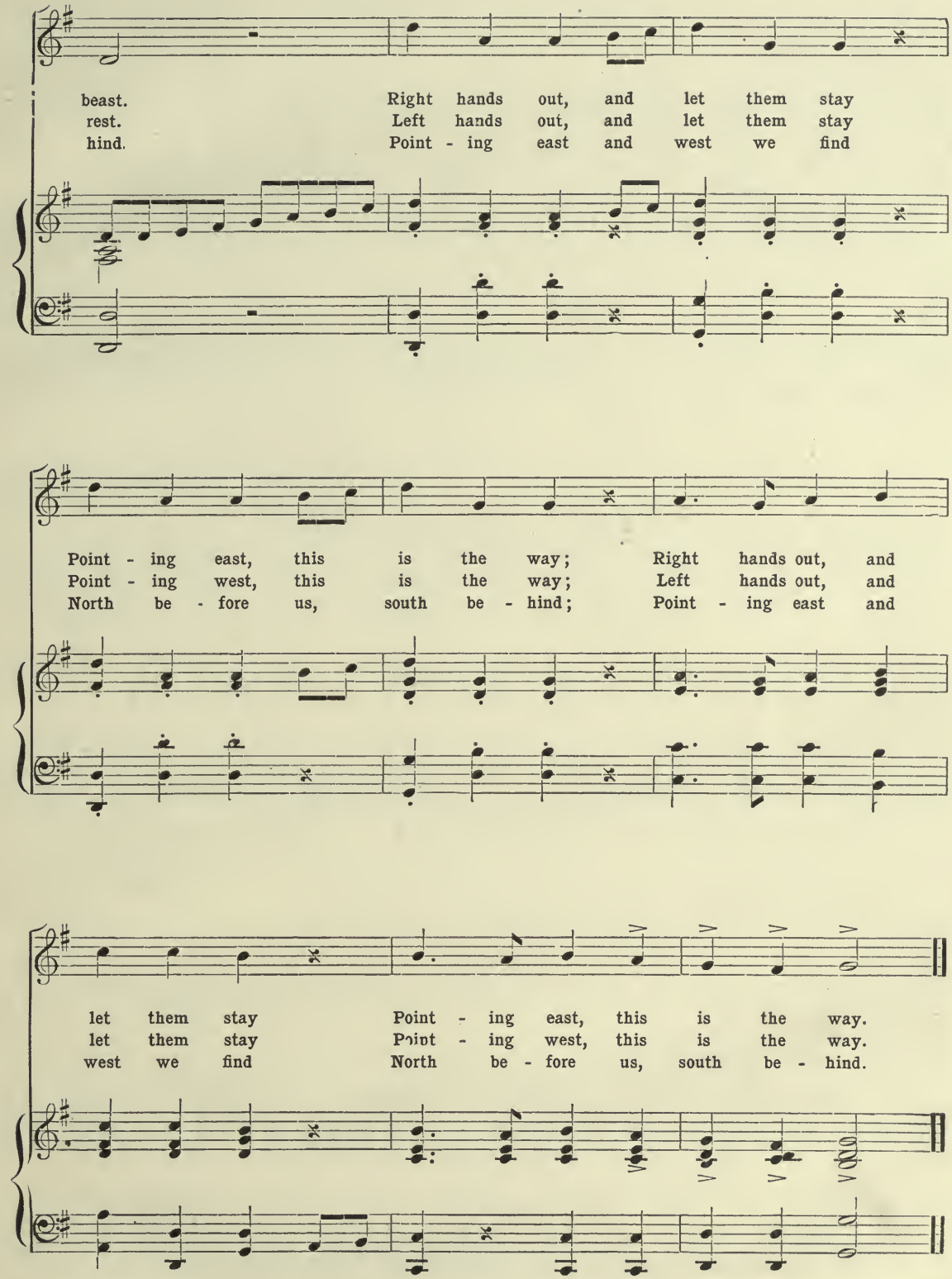
"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

R. L. STEVENSON.

POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

Anna M. Pratt.




beast. Right hands out, and let them stay
rest. Left hands out, and let them stay
hind. Point - ing east and west we find
Point - ing east, this is the way; Right hands out, and
Point - ing west, this is the way; Left hands out, and
North be - fore us, south be - hind; Point - ing east and
let them stay Point - ing east, this is the way.
let them stay Point - ing west, this is the way.
west we find North be - fore us, south be - hind.

TEN LITTLE PONIES.

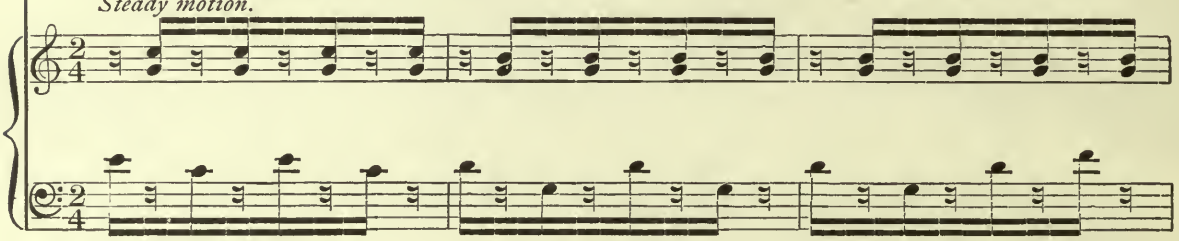
(FINGER PLAY.)

Malana A. Harris.

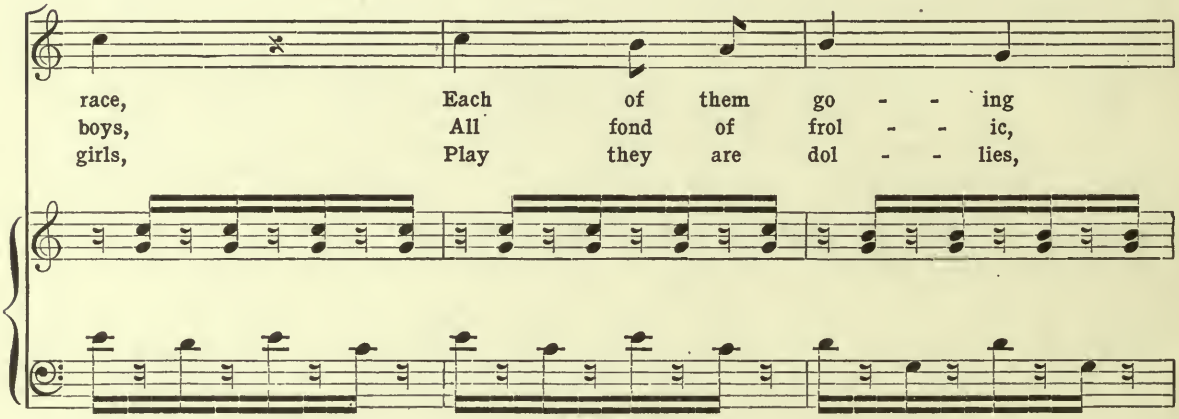
Not too fast.

1. Ten lit - tle po - - nies, read - y for a
2. Five touch'd by fair - - ies, now are lit - tle
3. Now touch of fair - - ies turn the five to

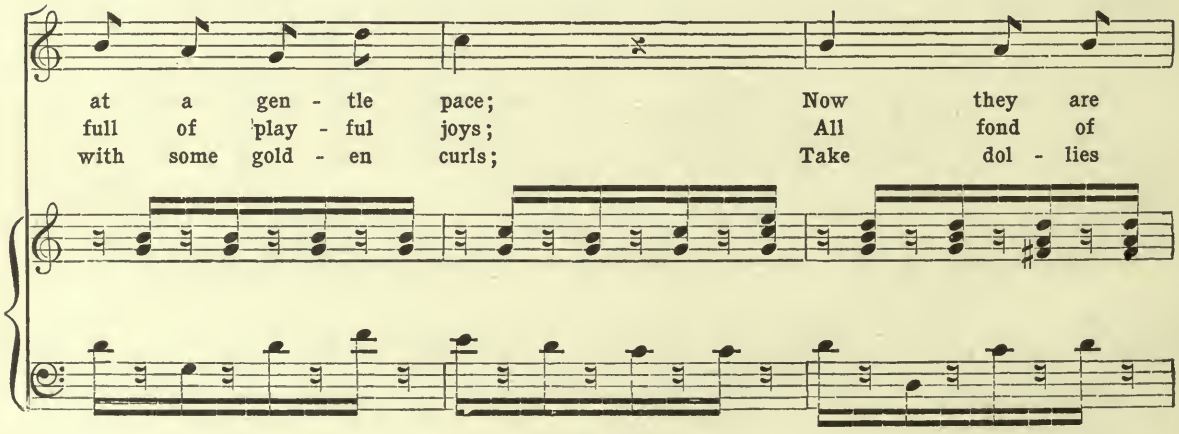
Steady motion.

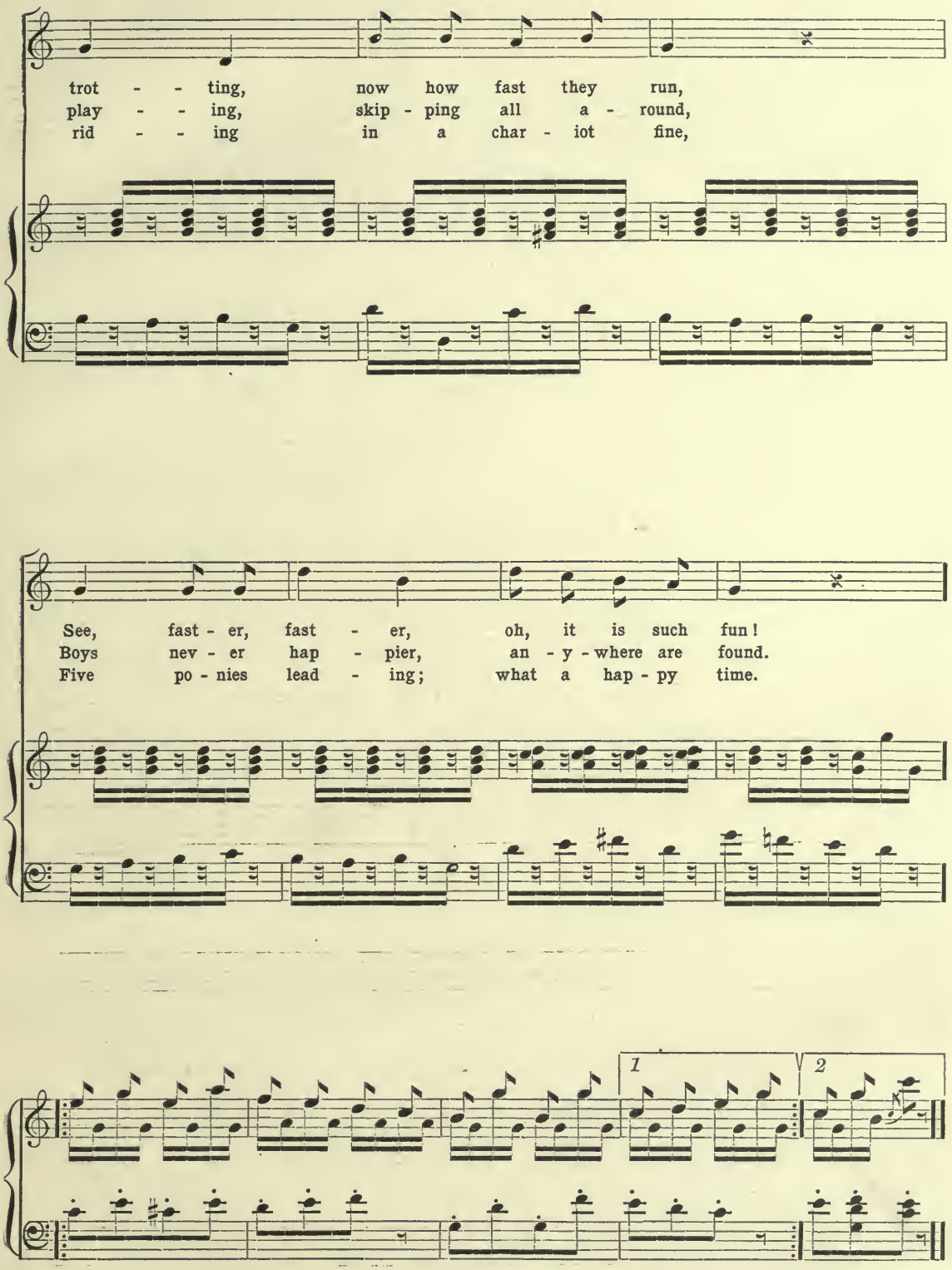


race, Each of them go - - ing
boys, All fond of frol - - ic,
girls, Play they are dol - - lies,



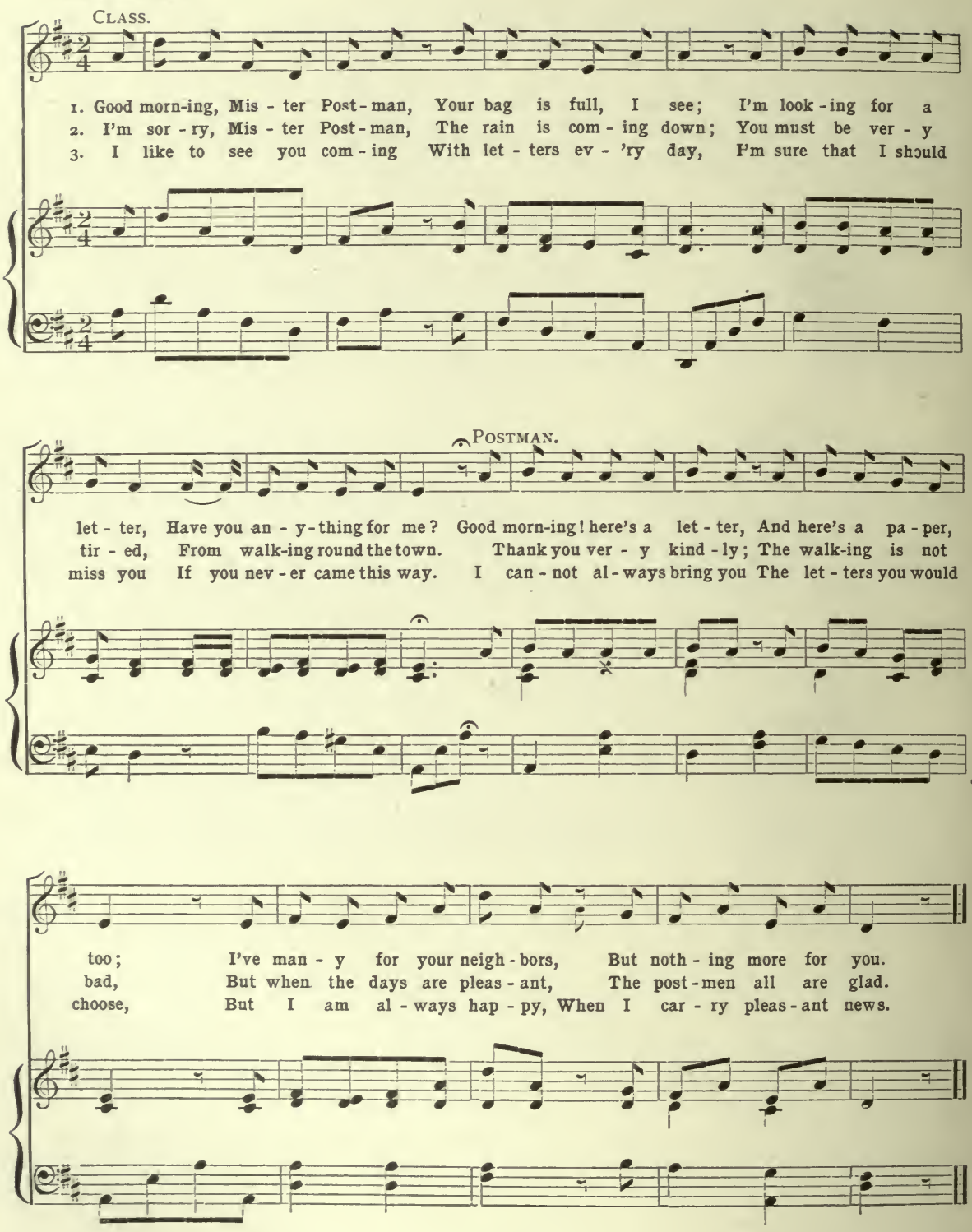
at a gen - tle pace; Now they are
full of play - ful joys; All fond of
with some gold - en curls; Take dol - lies




trot - - ting, now how fast they run,
play - - ing, skip - ping all a - round,
rid - - ing in a char - iot fine,
See, fast - er, fast - er, oh, it is such fun!
Boys nev - er hap - pier, an - y - where are found.
Five po - nies lead - ing; what a hap - py time.
1
2

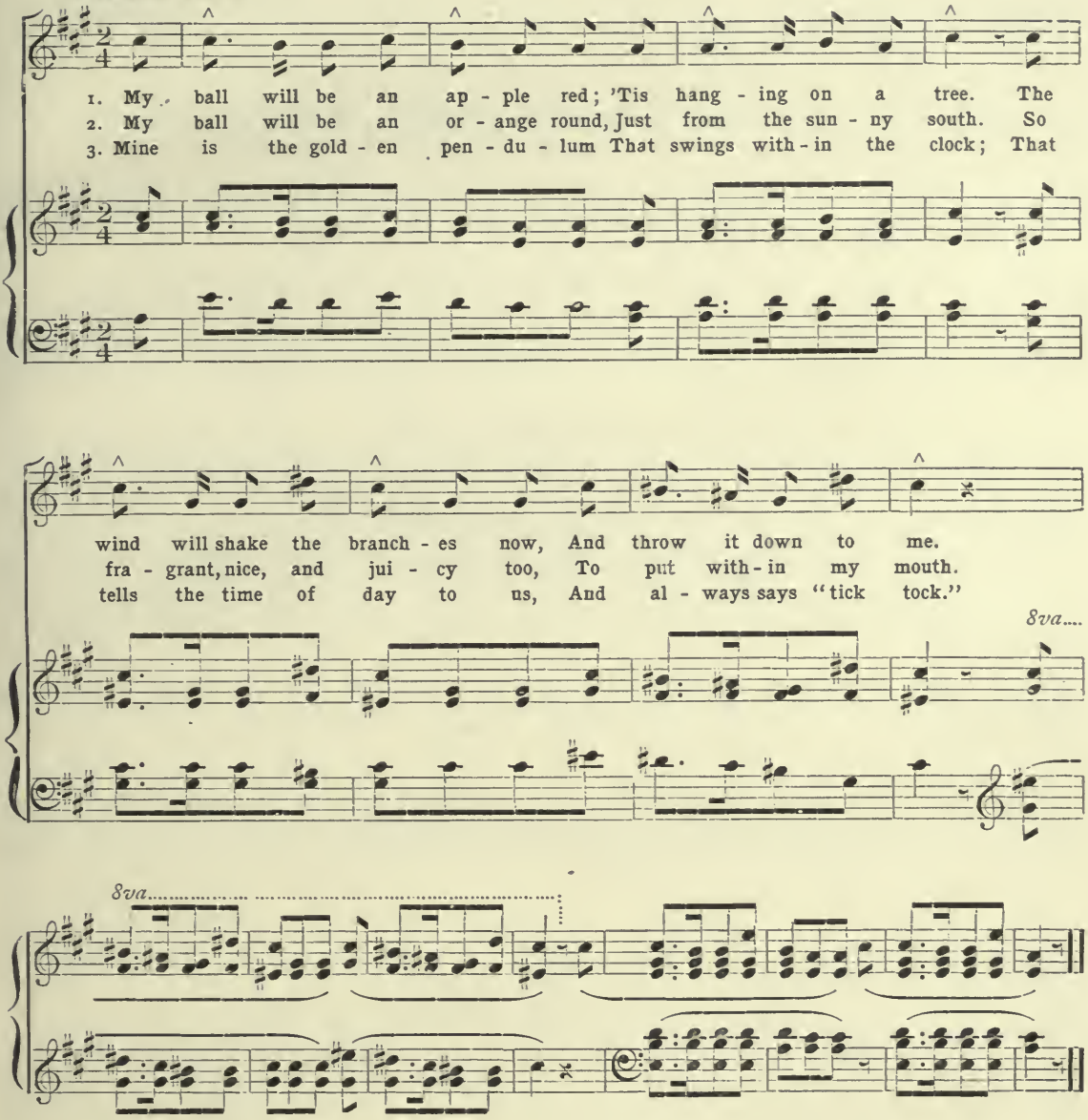
THE POSTMAN.

Anna M. Pratt.



GAME WITH FIRST KINDERGARTEN GIFT.*

Malana A. Harris.



4 My ball is a tomato green,
Low hanging on the vine;
And when the sunshine paints it red,
It surely will be mine.

5 Mine is a little birdie blue,
To place within a nest.
It has been hopping all around,
And now it wants to rest.

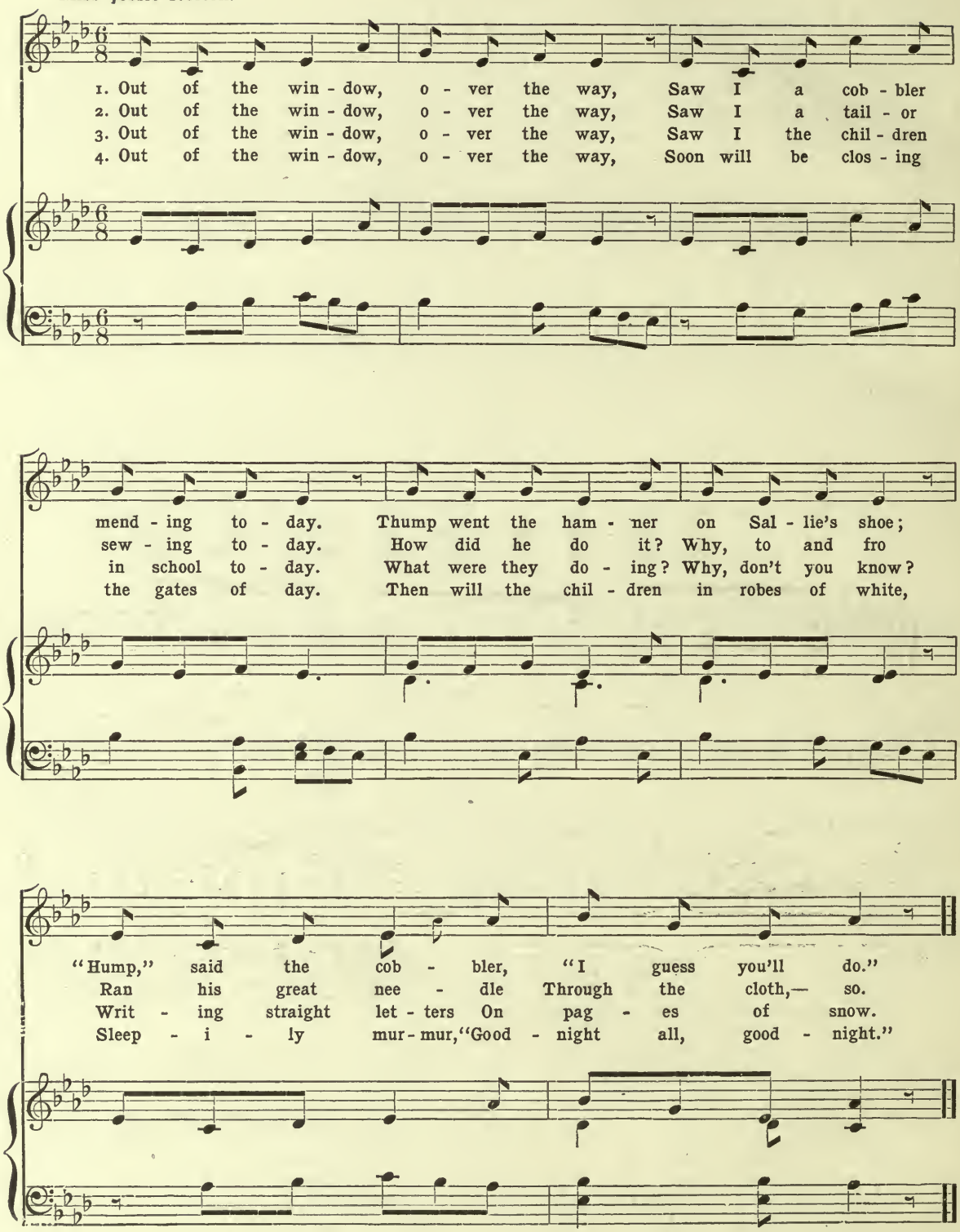
6 My ball I call a purple plum,
About as large as papa's thumb.
Inside there is a pit for me,
To plant that it may grow a tree.

7 We'll put them all together now,
And look at them again;
They're something like the rainbow bright.
That we saw through the rain.

1st verse, red ball; 2nd verse, orange ball; 3rd verse, yellow ball; 4th verse, green ball; 5th verse, blue ball; 6th, purple ball; 7th verse, all together.

OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Miss Jessie Norton.



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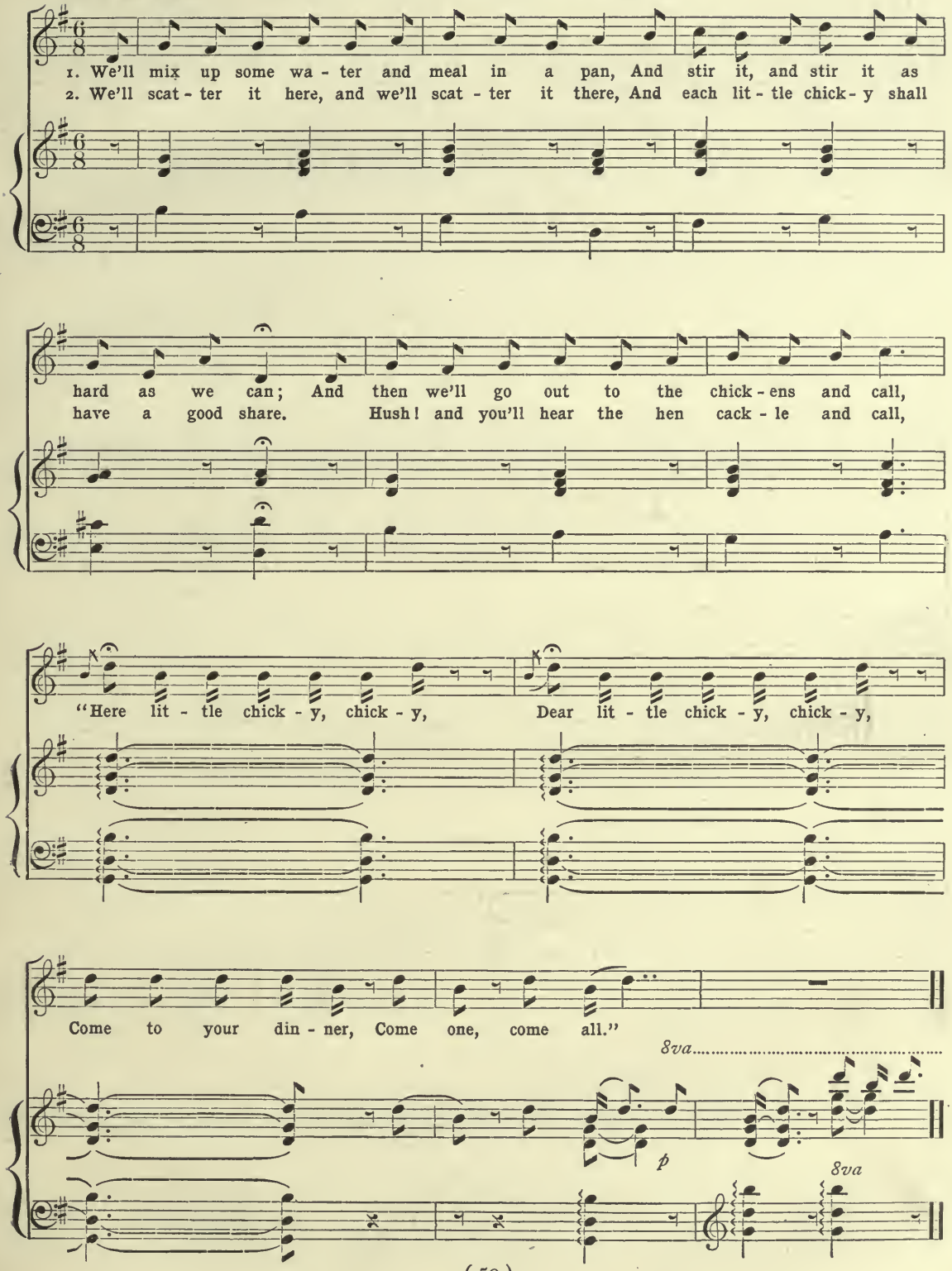
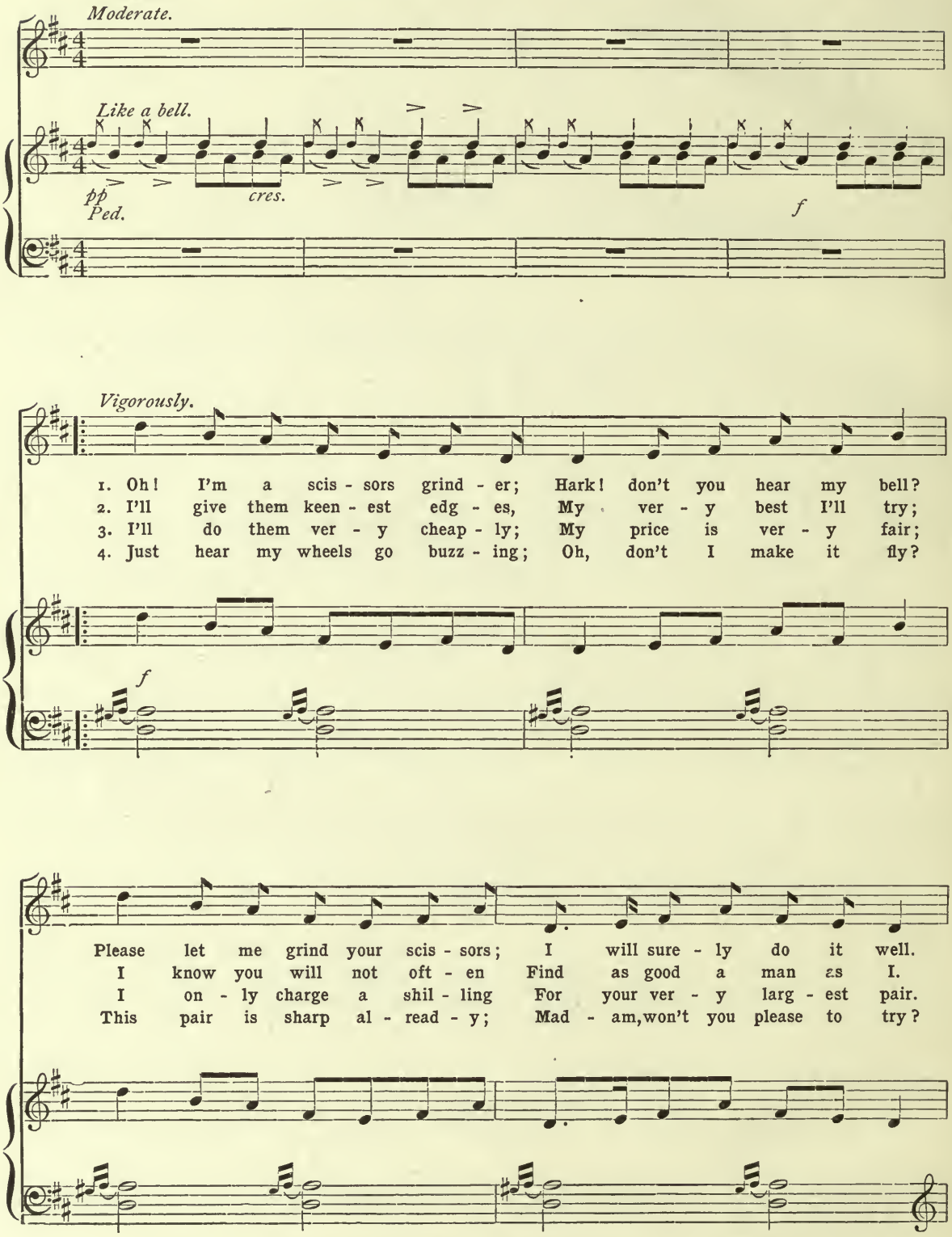
FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

Anna M. Pratt.



THE SCISSORS GRINDER.

L. A. France.



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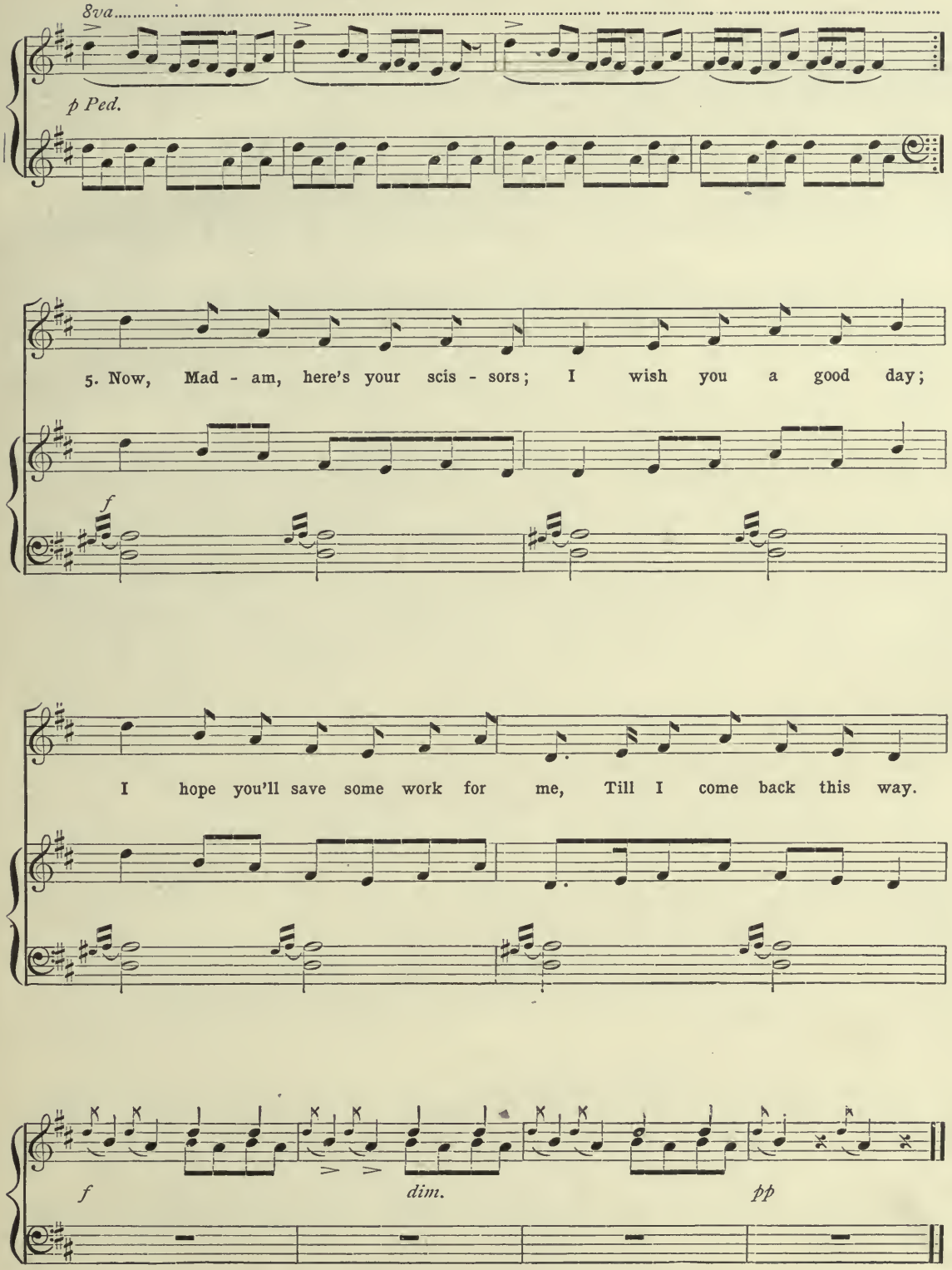
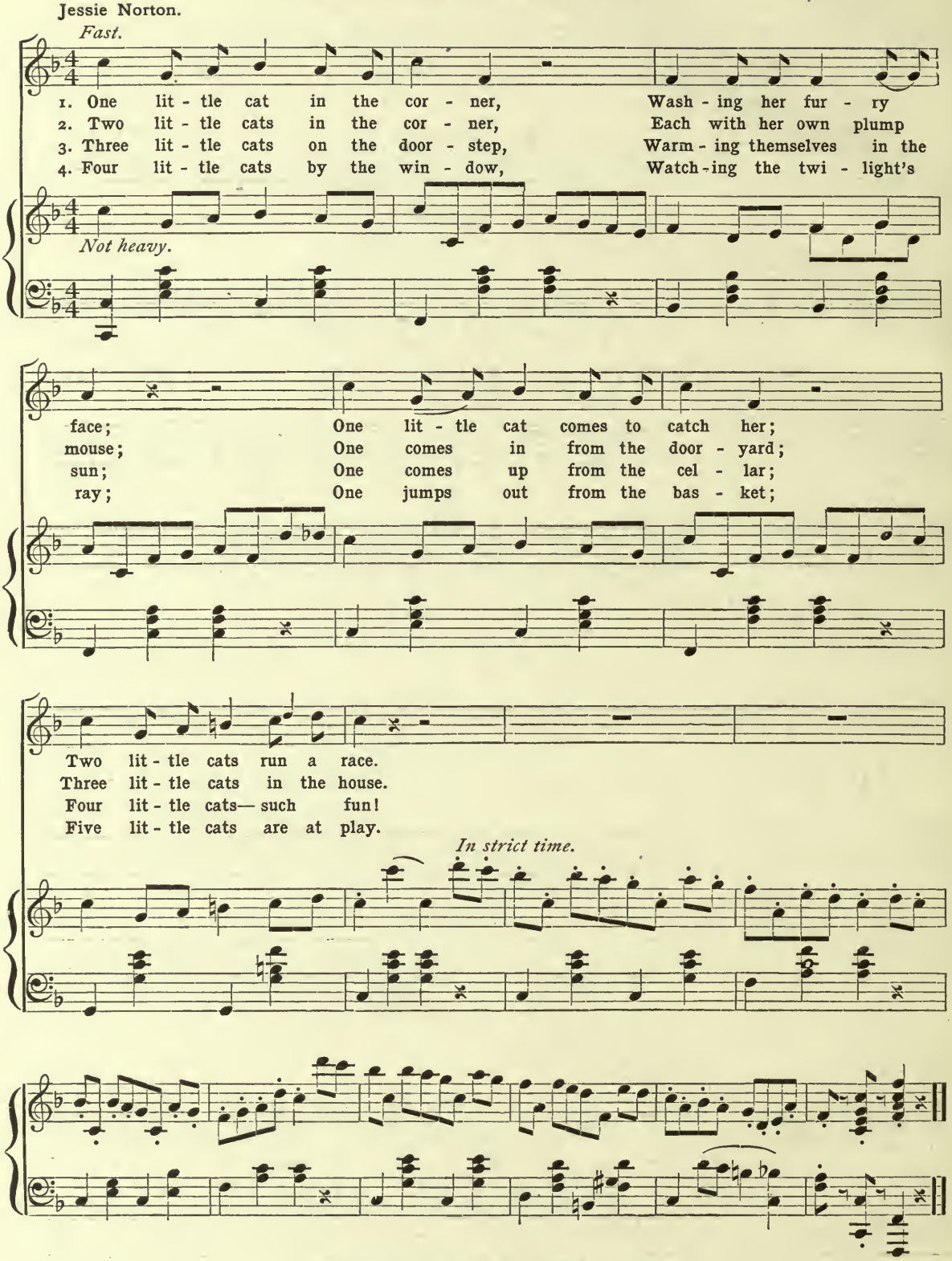

8va
p Ped.
5. Now, Mad - am, here's your scis - sors; I wish you a good day;
f
I hope you'll save some work for me, Till I come back this way.
f
dim.
pp

GAME TO TEACH FIVE.

Jessie Norton.



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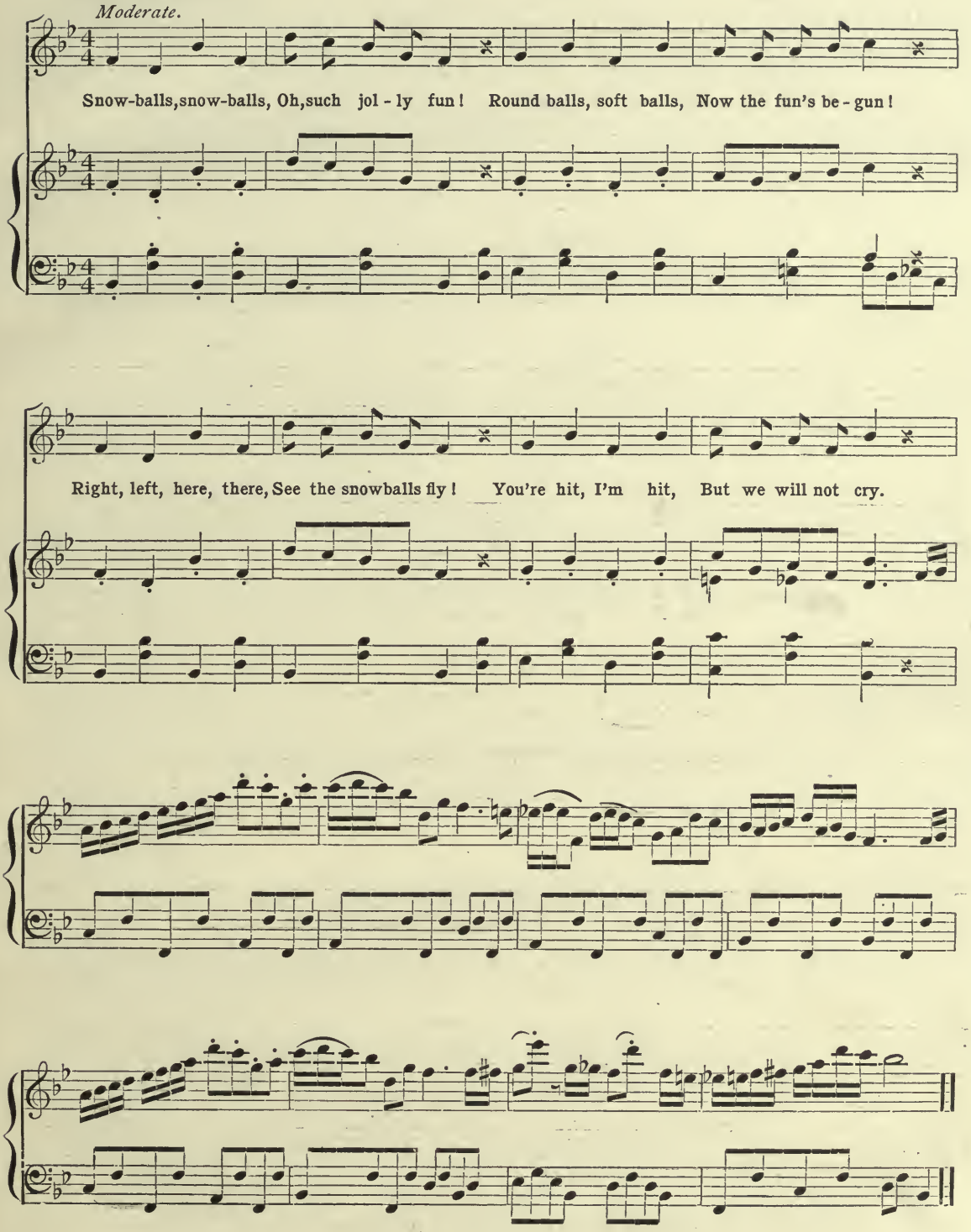
SNOWBALLS.

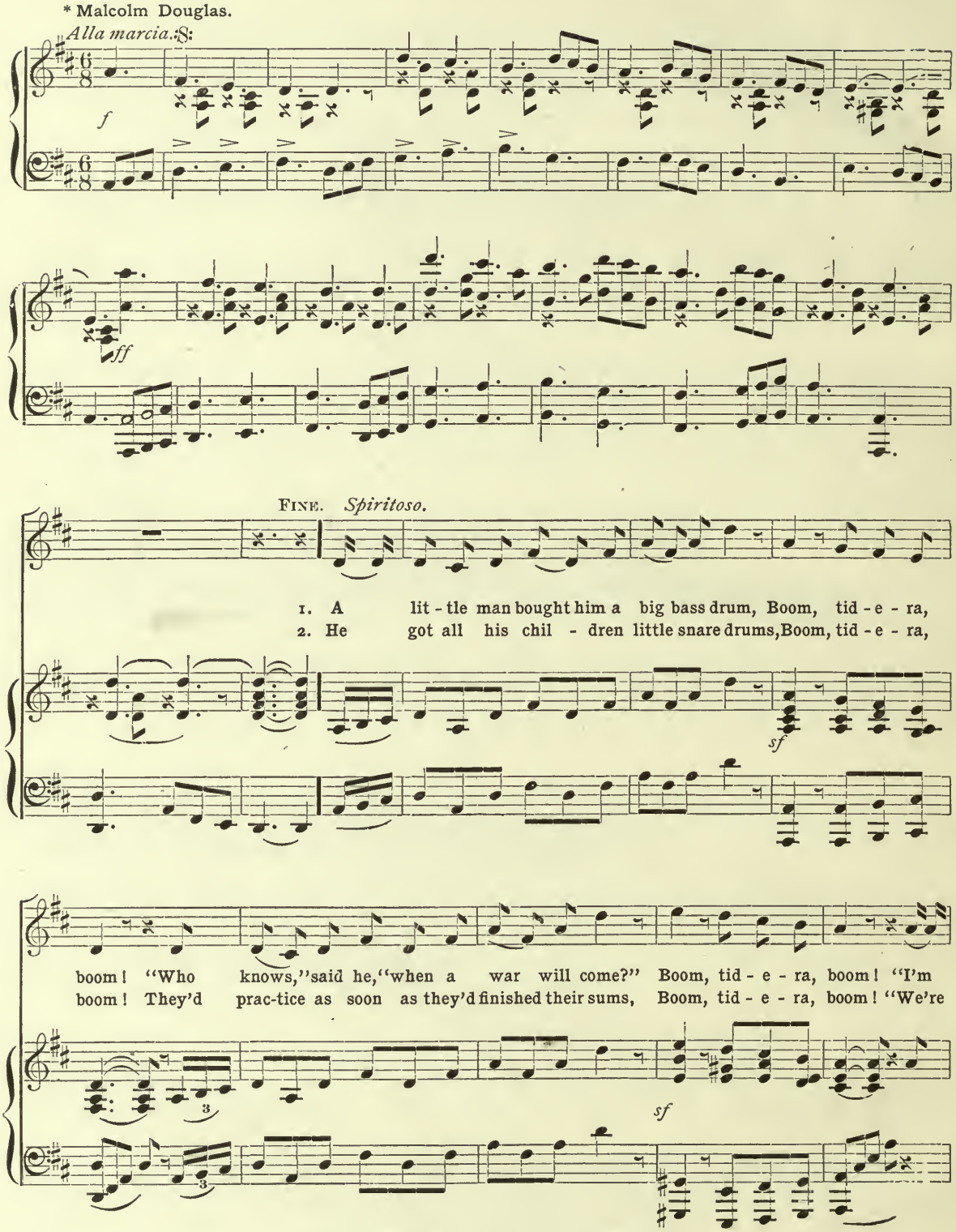
Esther Anna Godwin.

Moderate.

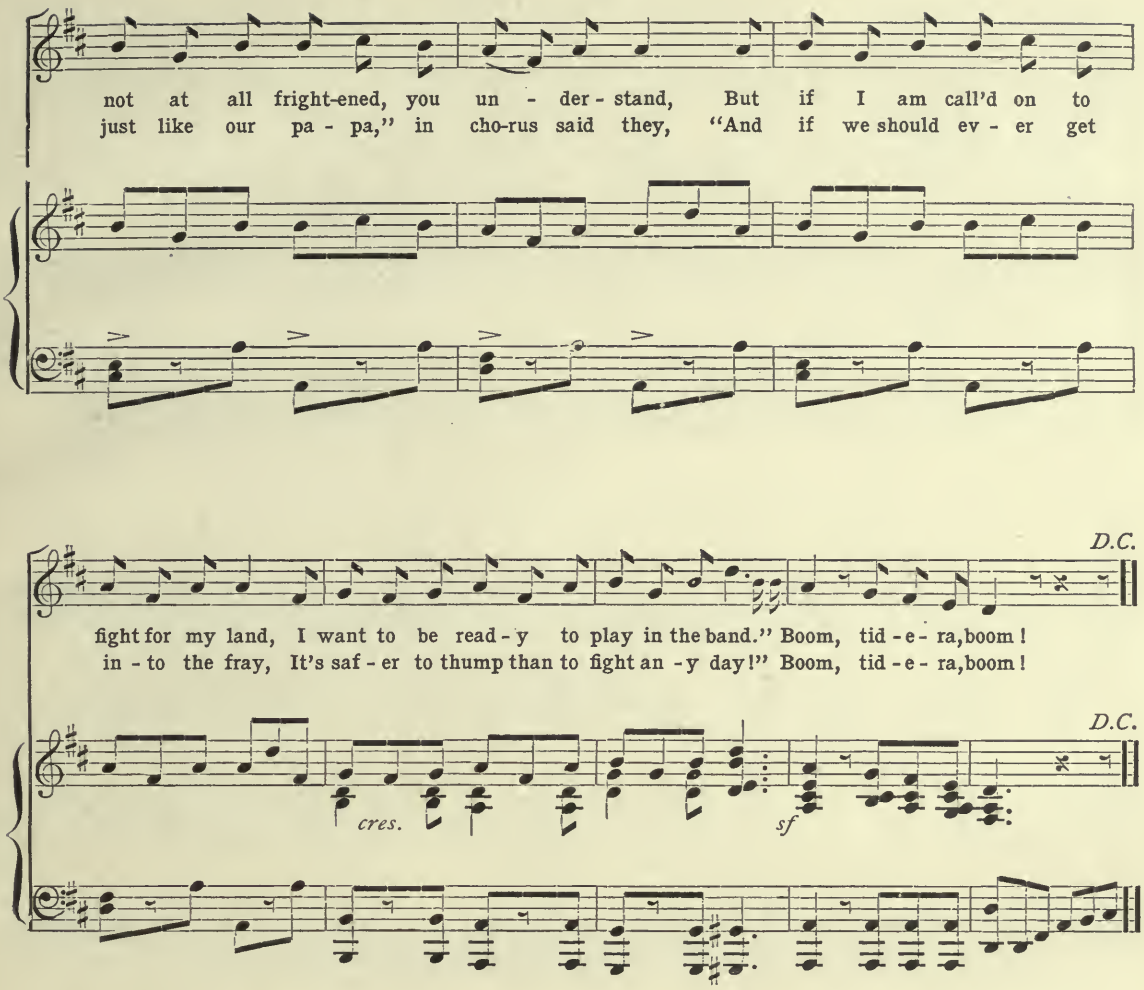


A FAMILY DRUM CORPS.

* Malcolm Douglas.



* From "St. Nicholas," by permission of THE CENTURY CO.



3 And showing her spirit, the little man's wife,
Boom, tidera, boom!
With some of her pin-money purchased a fife,
Boom, tidera, boom!
And picking out tunes that were not very hard,
They'd play them while marching around the back yard,
Without for one's feelings the slightest regard,
Boom, tidera, boom!

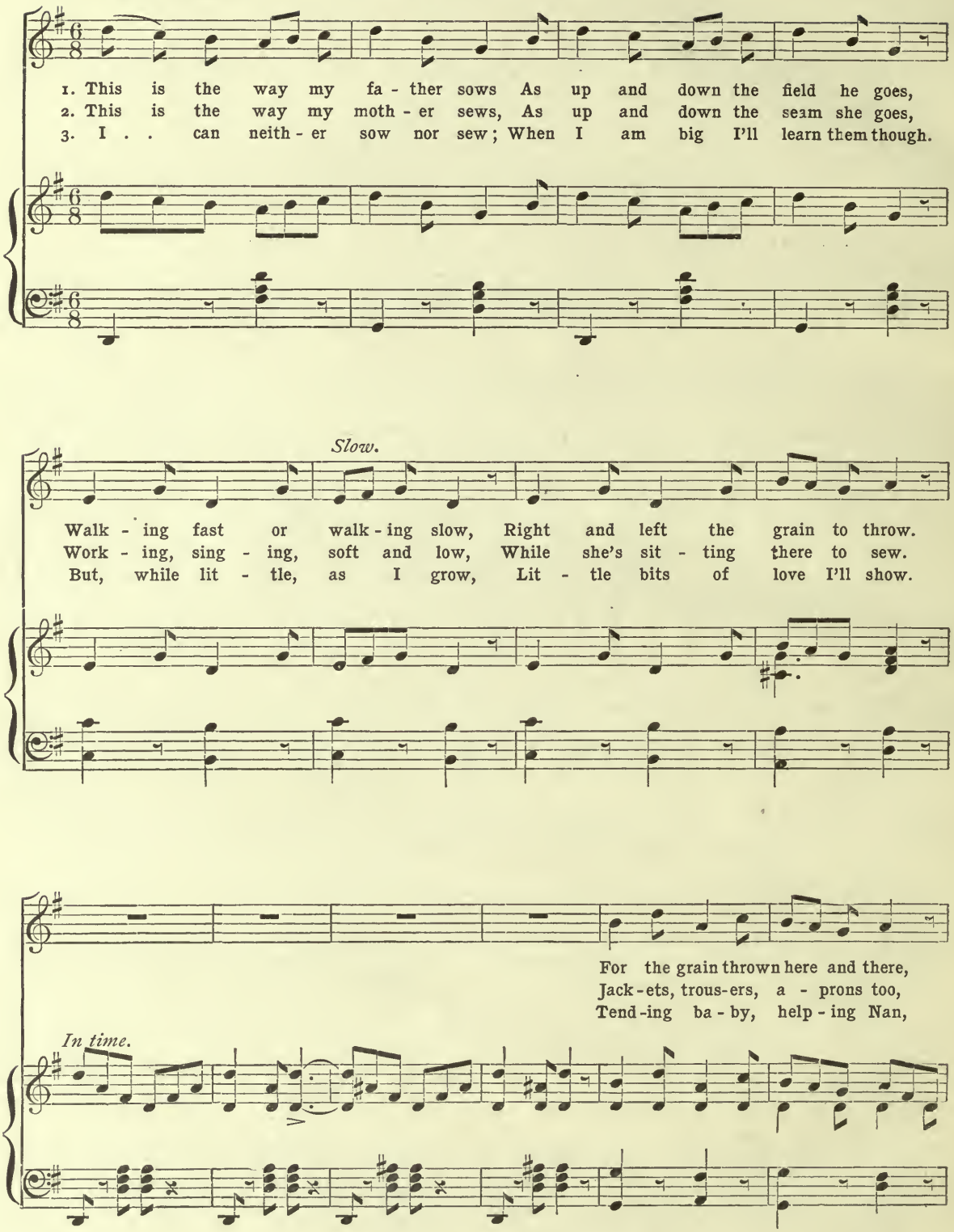
4 The little old parson, who lived next door,
Boom, tidera, boom!
Would throw up his hands as he walked the floor,
Boom, tidera, boom!
"Won't you stop it, I beg you?" he often said;
"I'm trying to think of a text, but instead
The only thing I can get into my head
Is your boom, tidera, boom!"

5 And all of the people for miles around,
Boom, tidera, boom!
Kept time at their tasks to the martial sound,
Boom, tidera, boom!
While children to windows and stoops would fly,
Expecting to see a procession pass by,
And they couldn't make out why it never drew nigh,
With its boom, tidera, boom!

6 It would seem that such vigor must soon abate
Boom, tidera, boom!
But still they keep at it, early and late,
Boom, tidera, boom!
So, if it should be that a war breaks out,
They'll all be ready, I have no doubt,
To help in putting the foe to rout,
With their boom, tidera, boom!

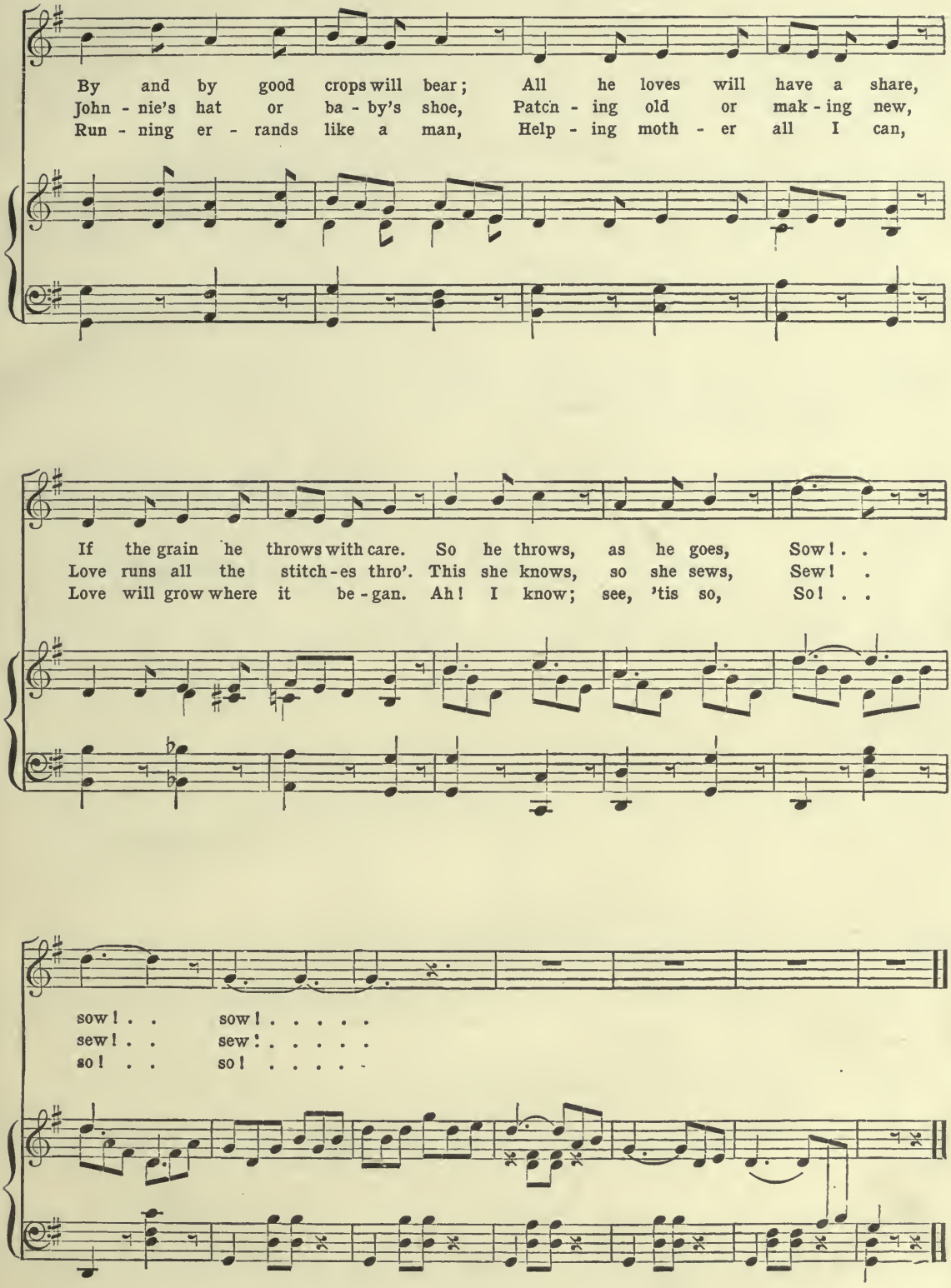
SOW! SEW! SO!

* Eva Lovett Carson.



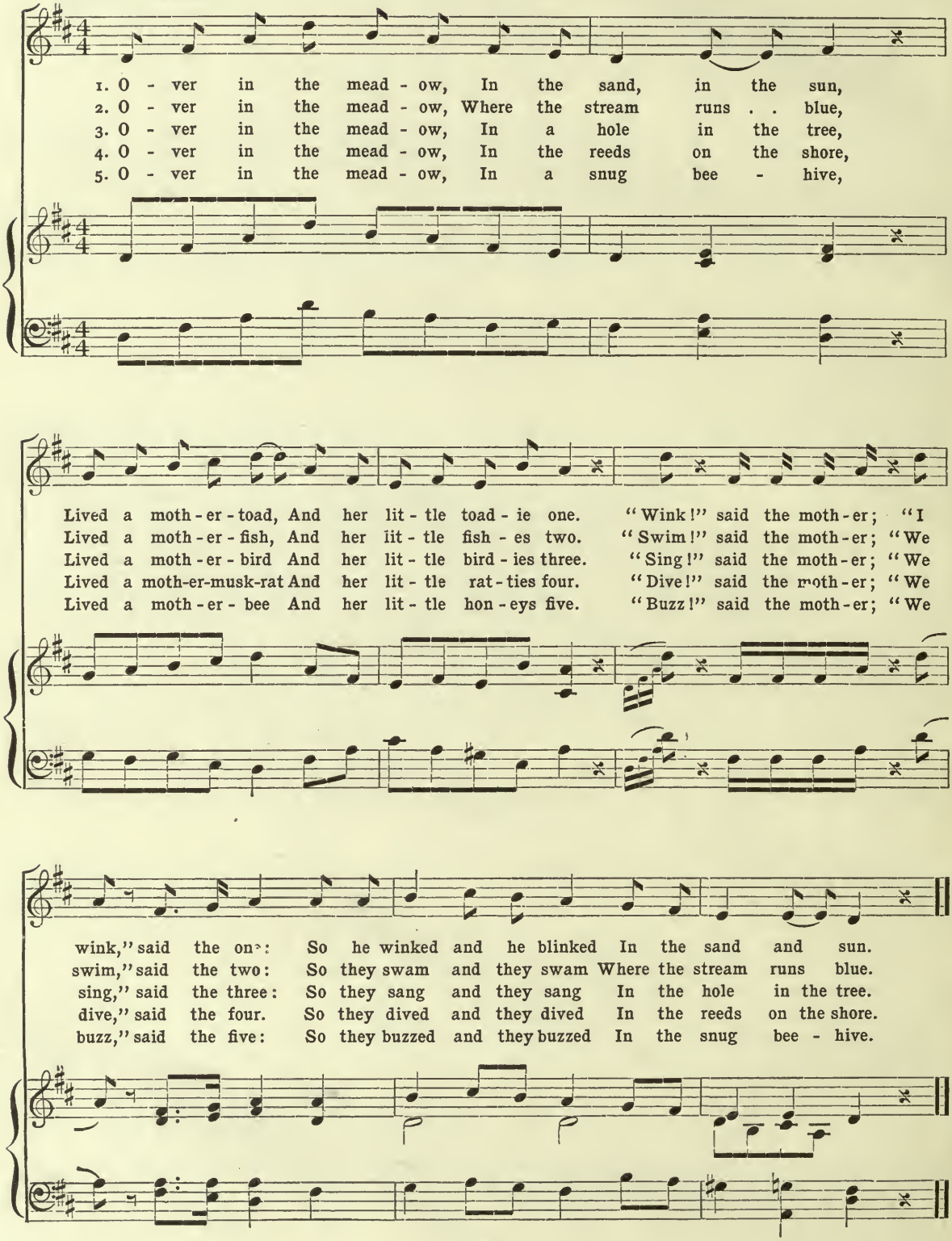
* From "Youth's Companion," by permission.

SOW! SEW! SO!


By and by good crops will bear; All he loves will have a share,
John - nie's hat or ba - by's shoe, Patch - ing old or mak - ing new,
Run - ning er - rands like a man, Help - ing moth - er all I can,
If the grain he throws with care. So he throws, as he goes, Sow! . .
Love runs all the stitch - es thro'. This she knows, so she sews, Sew! .
Love will grow where it be - gan. Ah! I know; see, 'tis so, So! . .
sow! . . sow! . . . . .
sew! . . sew! . . . . .
so! . . so! . . . . .

OVER IN THE MEADOW.

Olive A. Wadsworth.



MISCELLANEOUS.

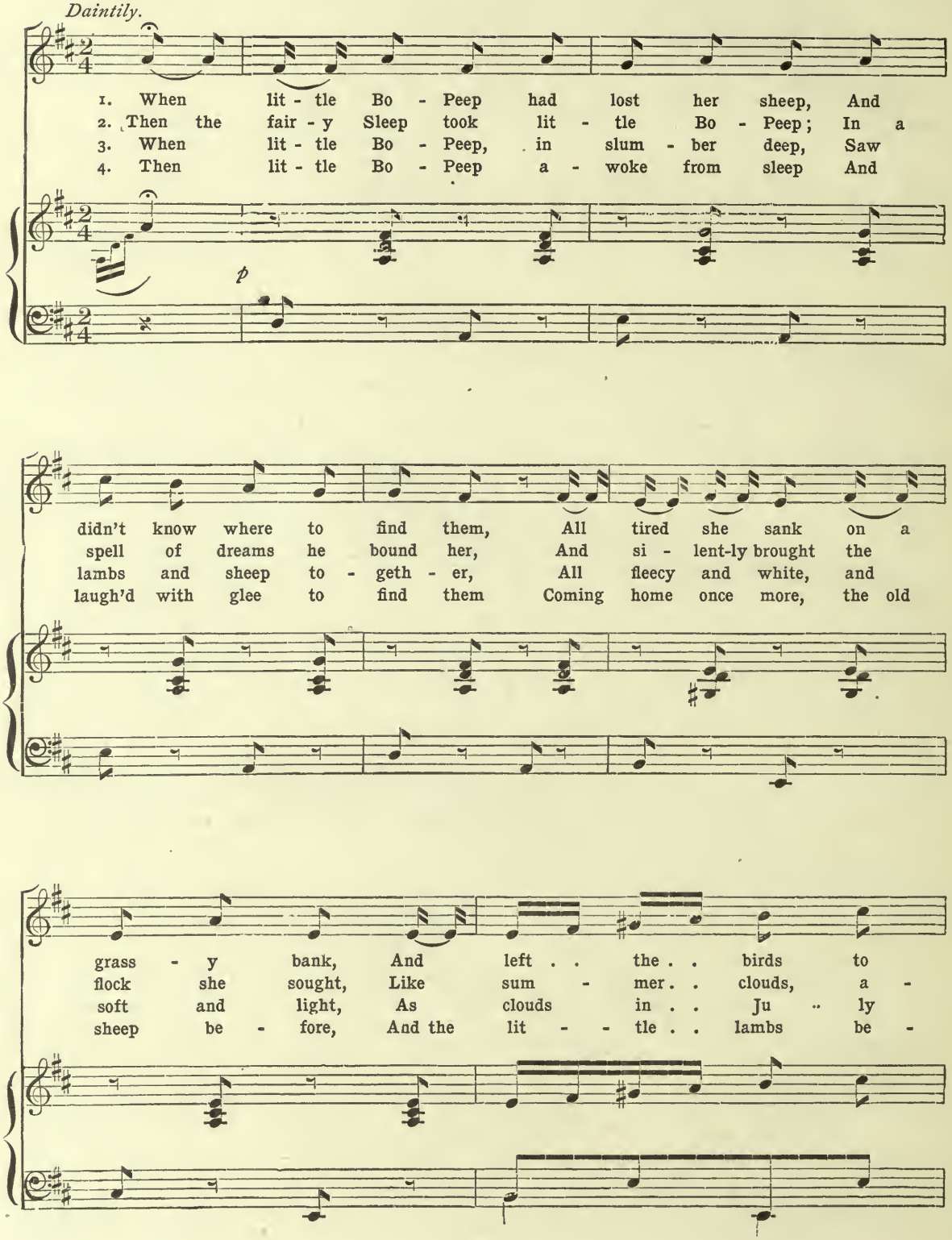
"How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day:
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they."

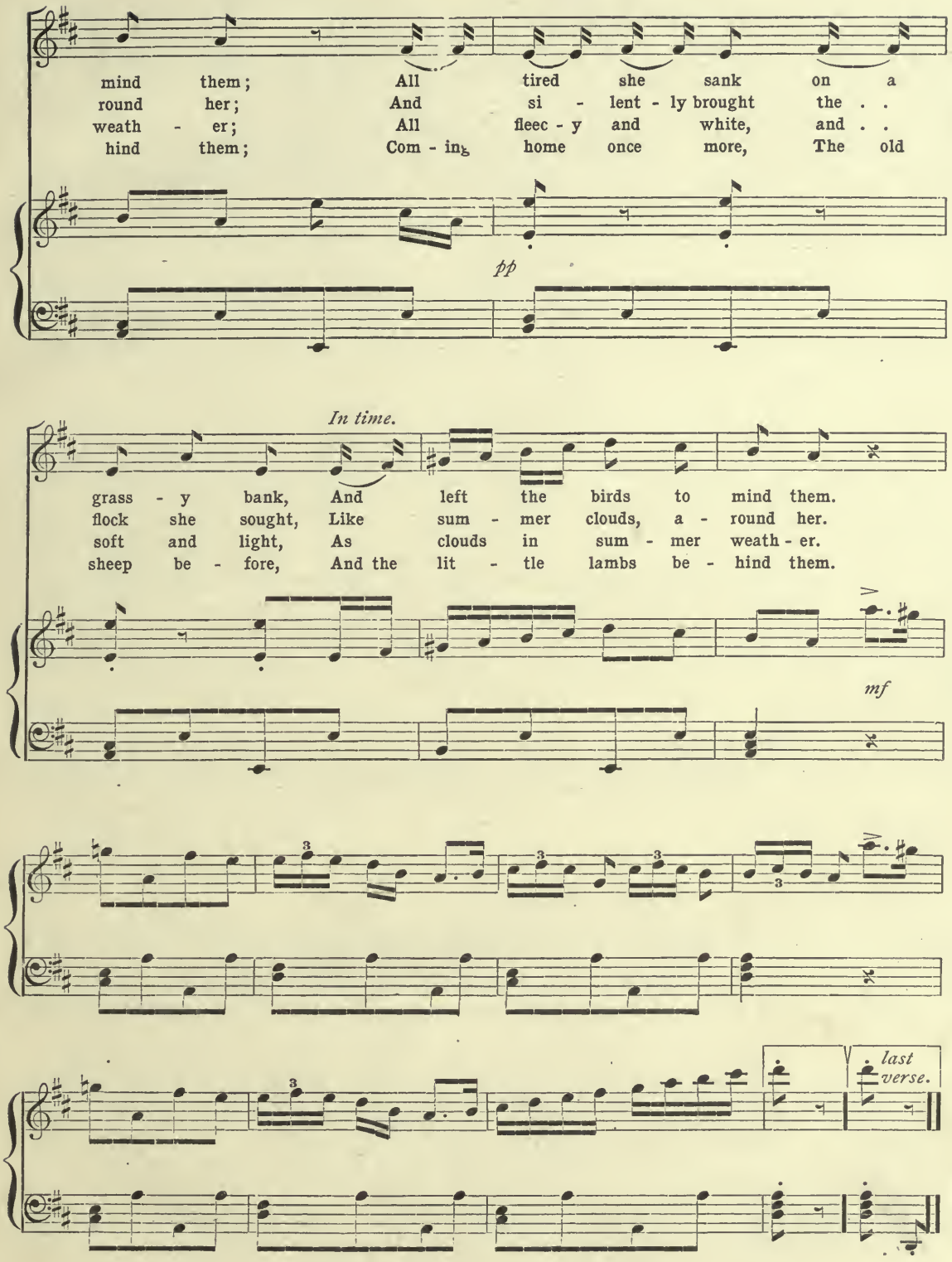
L. E. LANDON.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Amanda Stout.

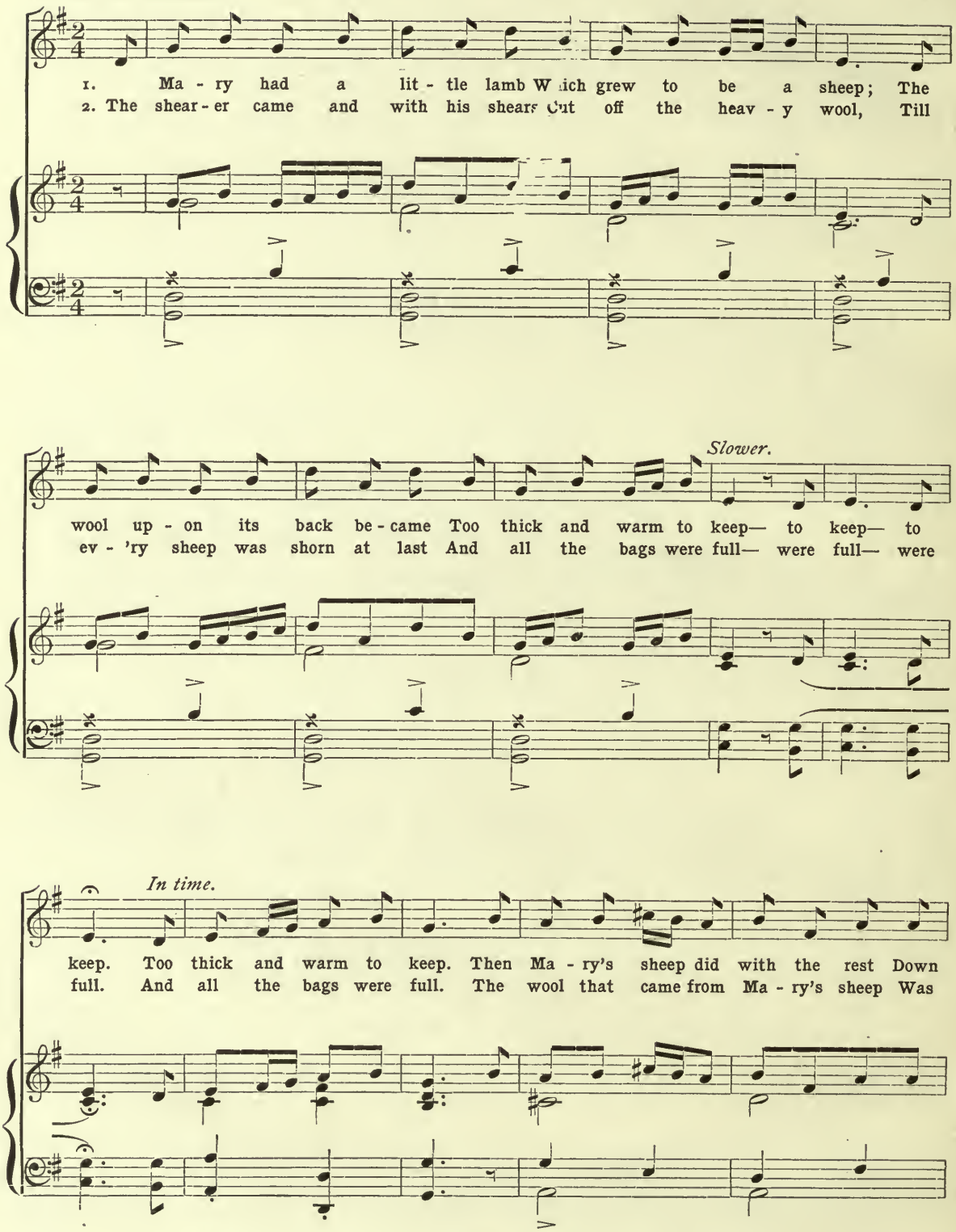
Daintily.



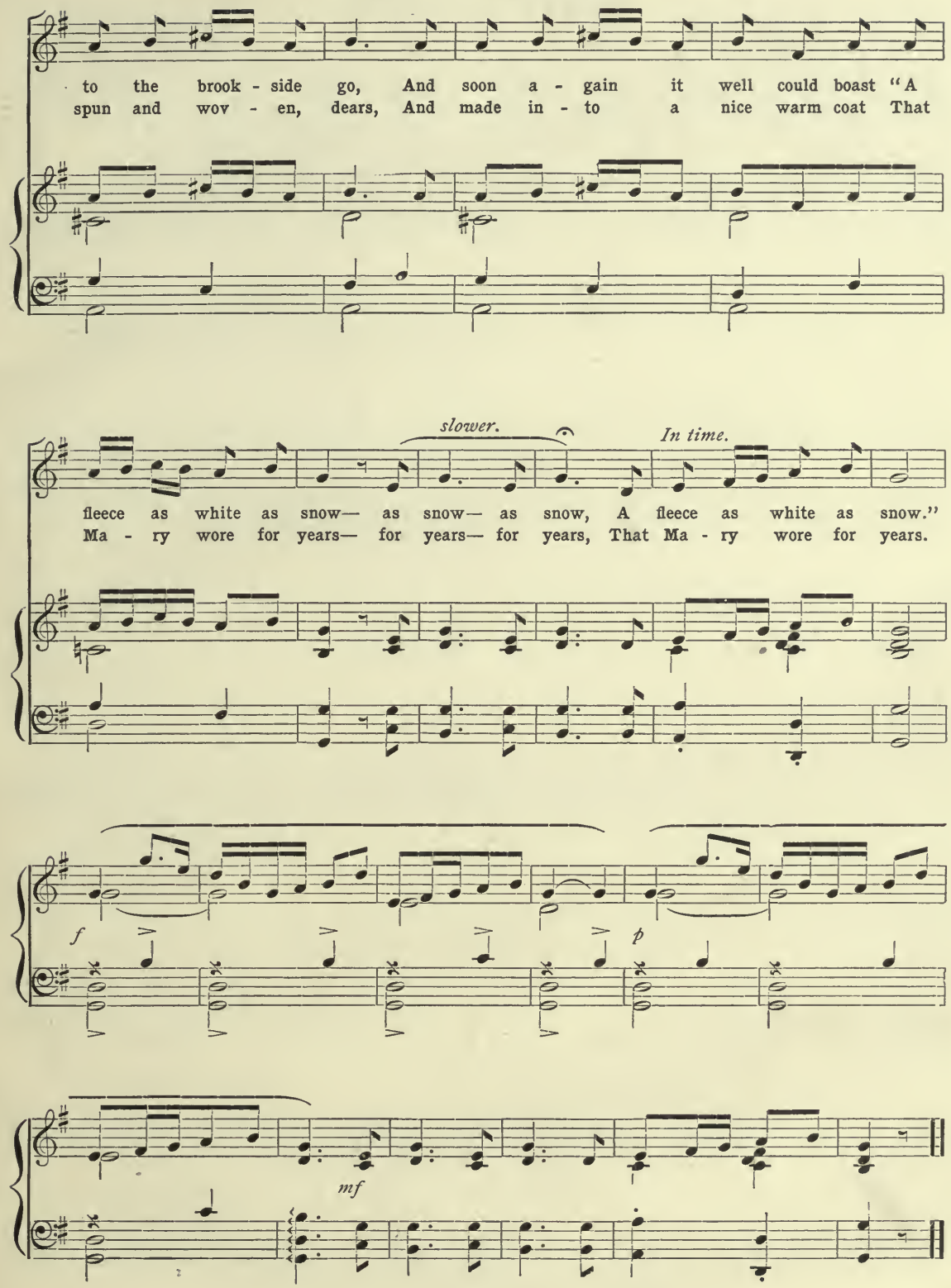

mind them; All tired she sank on a
round her; And si - lent - ly brought the . .
weath - er; All fleec - y and white, and . .
hind them; Com - ing home once more, The old
pp
In time.
grass - y bank, And left the birds to mind them.
flock she sought, Like sum - mer clouds, a - round her.
soft and light, As clouds in sum - mer weath - er.
sheep be - fore, And the lit - tle lambs be - hind them.
mf
last verse.

SEQUEL TO AN OLD STORY.

* Emilie Poulsson.

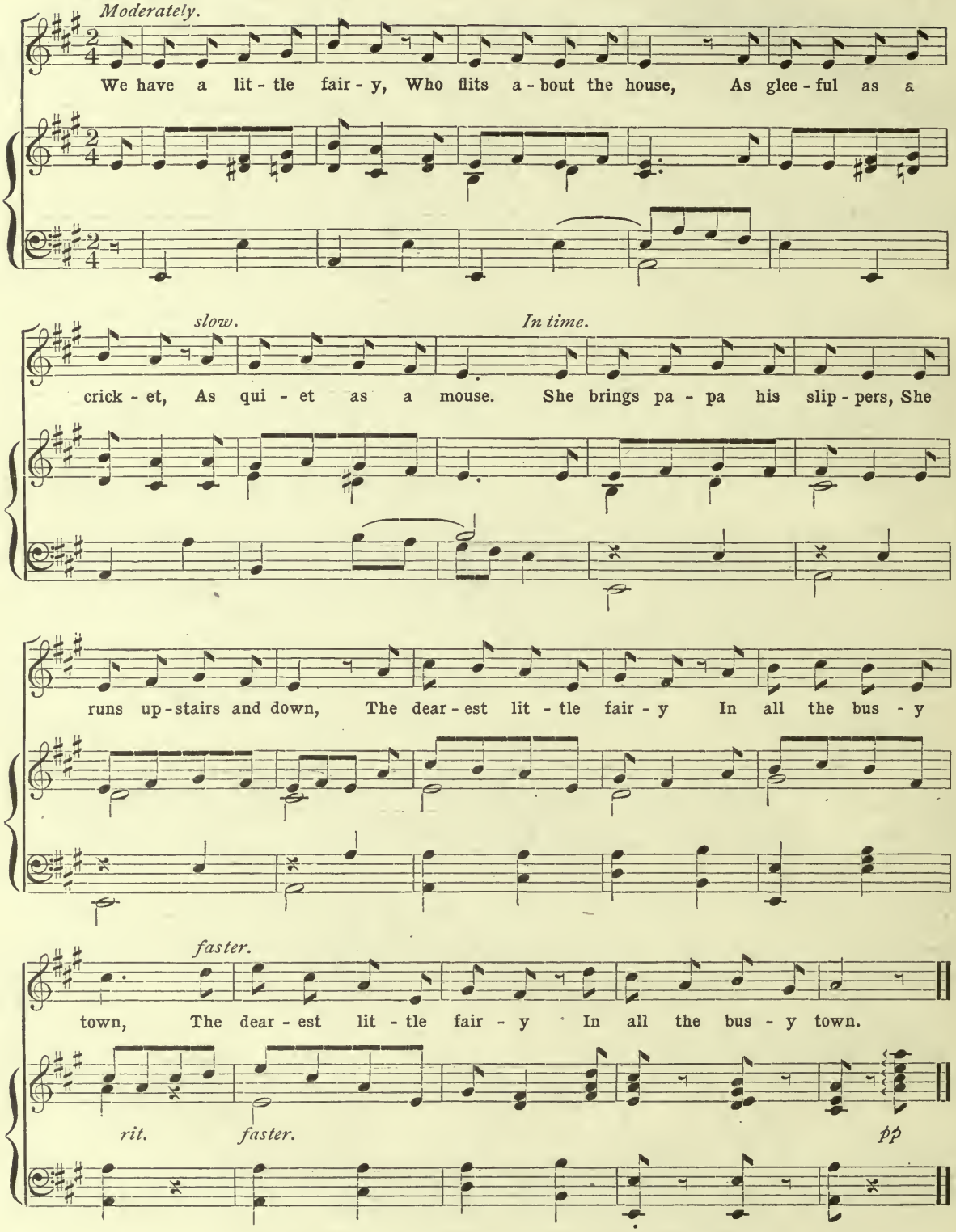


* From "In The Child's World," by permission of Milton Bradley Co., Publishers.


to the brook - side go, And soon a - gain it well could boast "A
spun and wov - en, dears, And made in - to a nice warm coat That
slower.
In time.
fleece as white as snow— as snow— as snow, A fleece as white as snow."
Ma - ry wore for years— for years— for years, That Ma - ry wore for years.
f
p
mf

A LITTLE FAIRY.

* Margaret E. Sangster.



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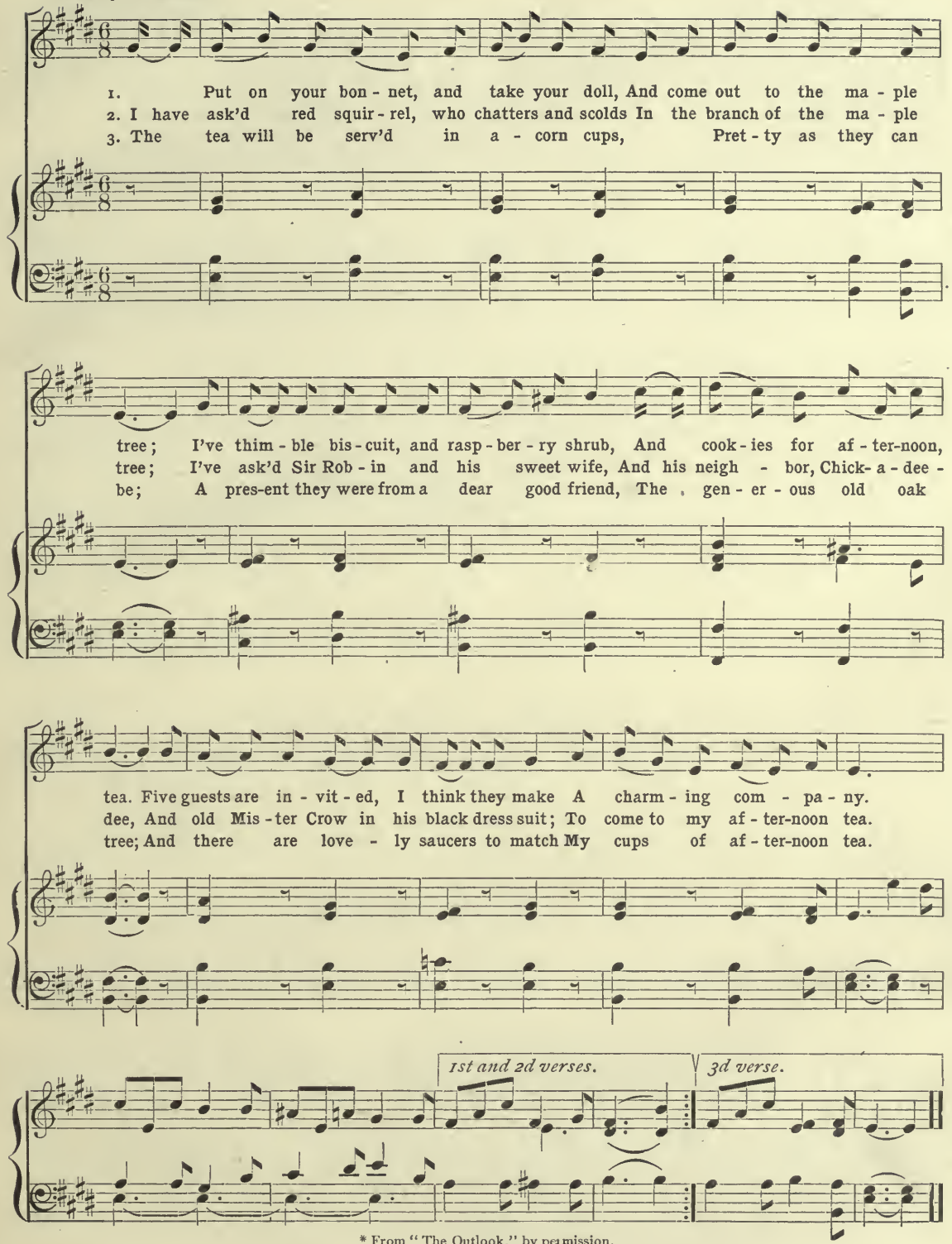
AFTERNOON TEA.

* Mary F. Butts.



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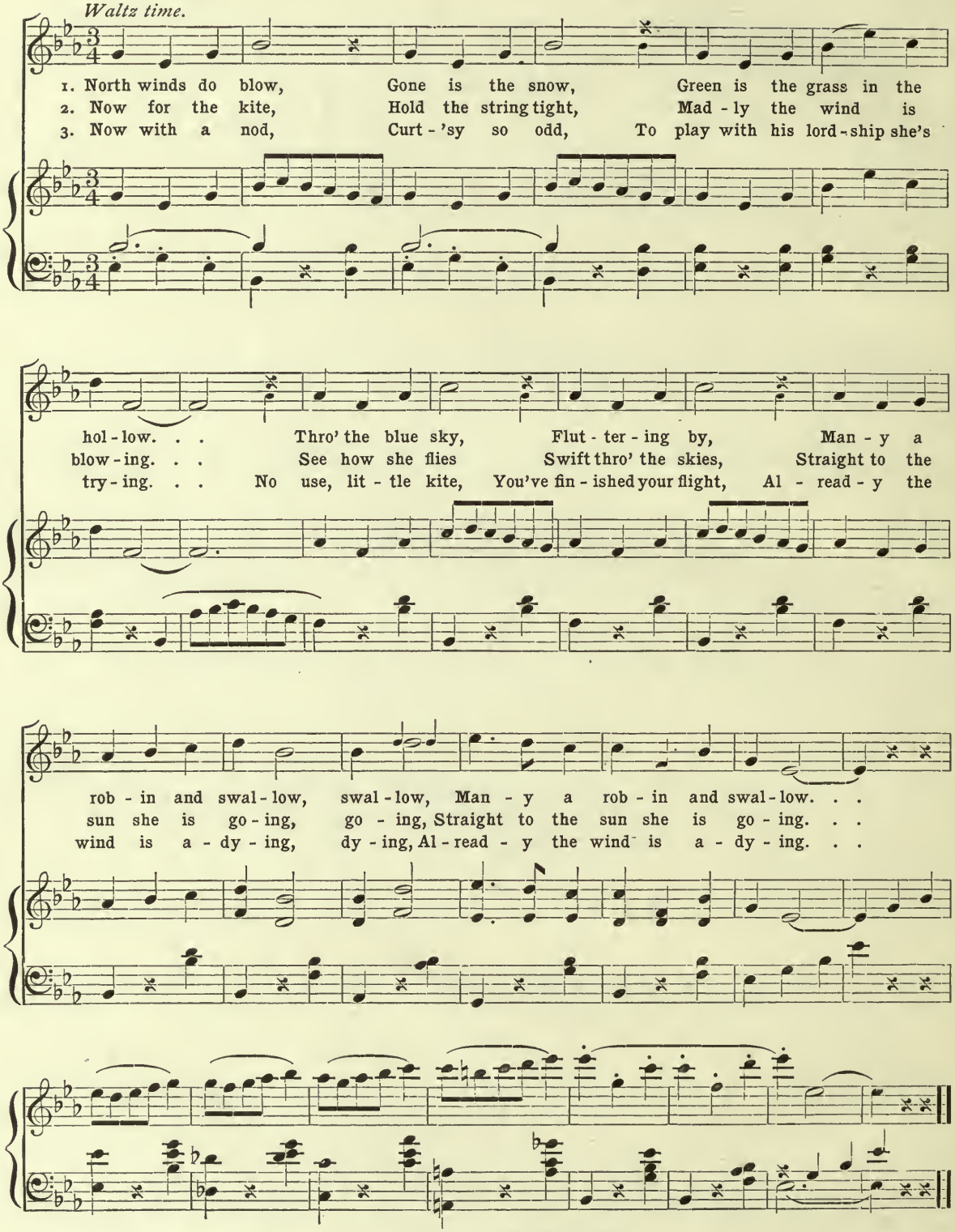
KITE TIME.

Jessie B. Sherman.

Waltz time.



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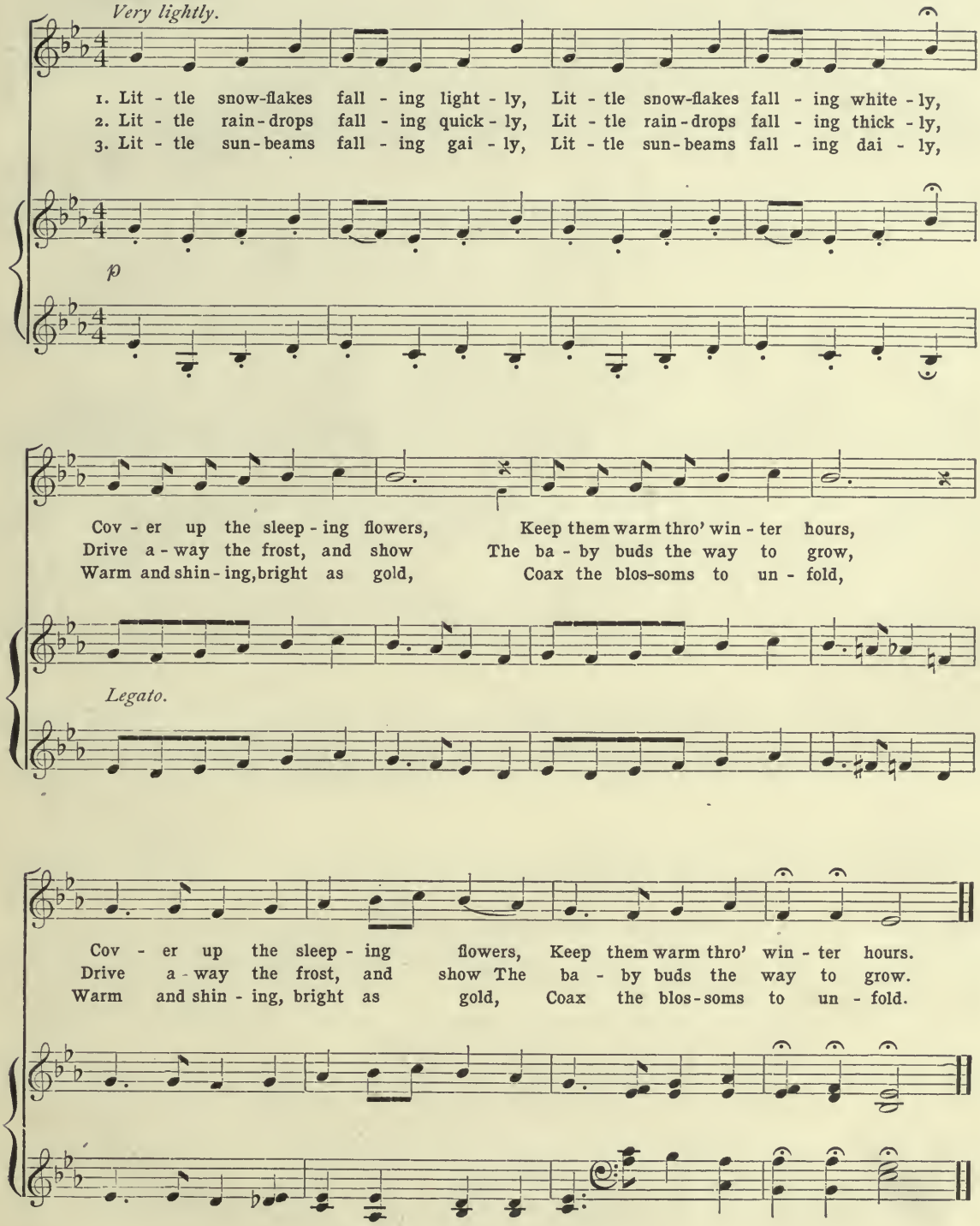
LITTLE FRIENDS.

*Anna M. Pratt.



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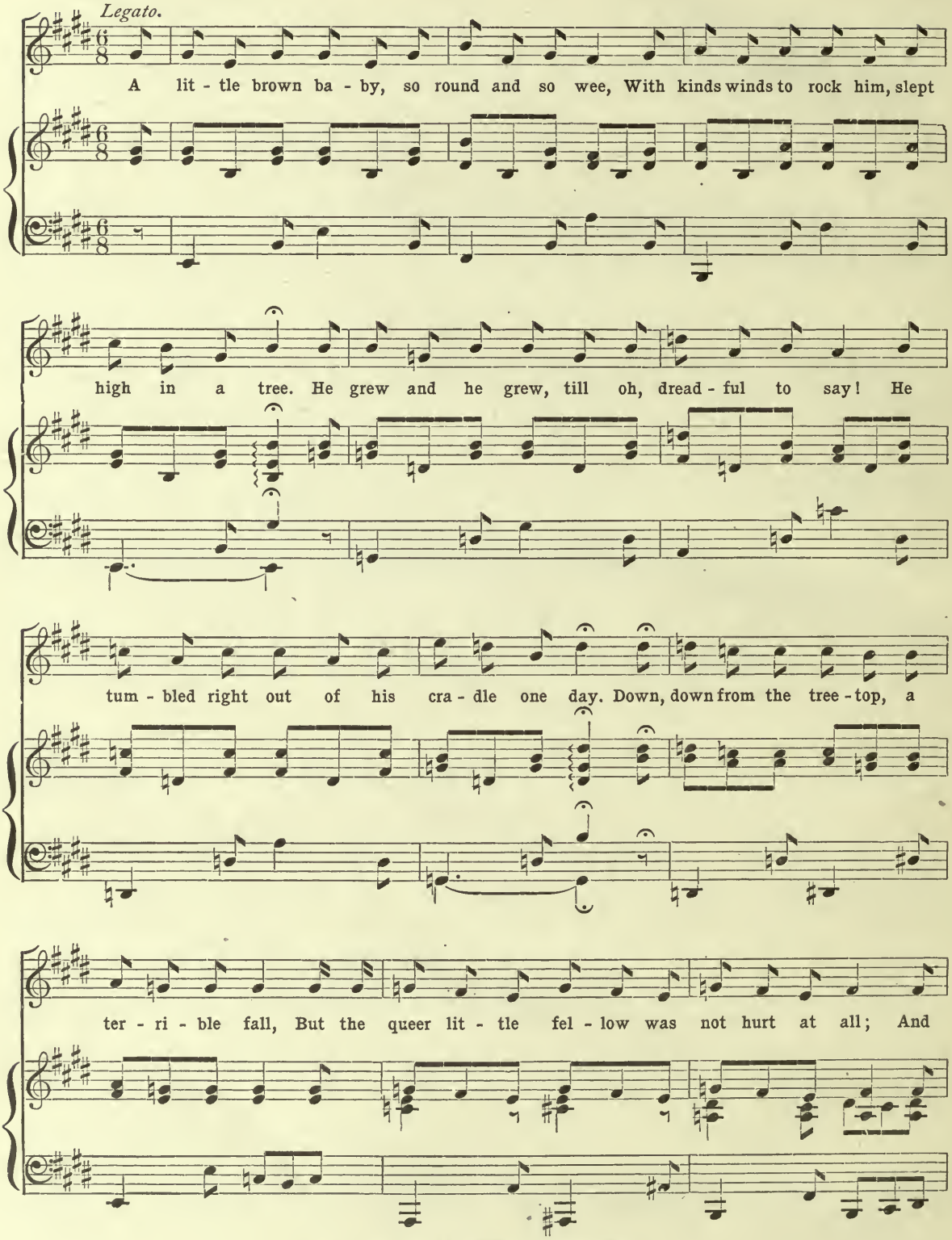
LITTLE HICKORY NUT.

*Elizabeth H. Thomas.

Legato.



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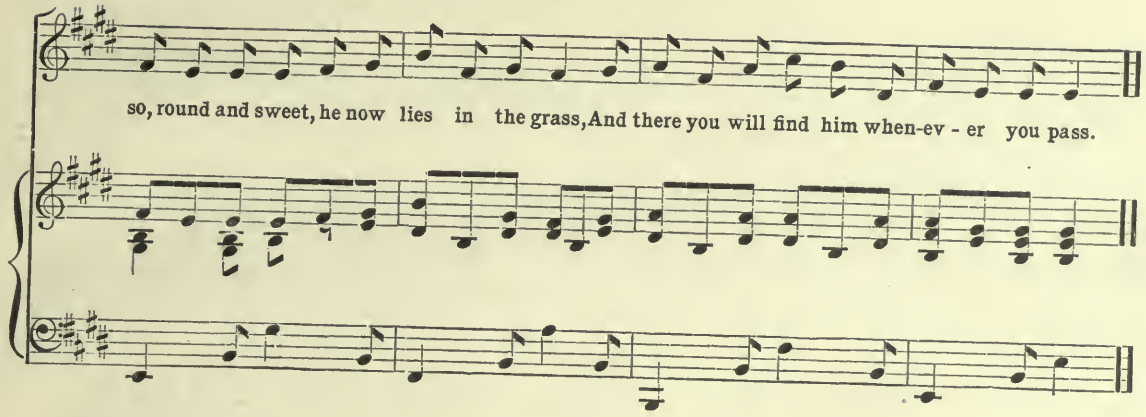
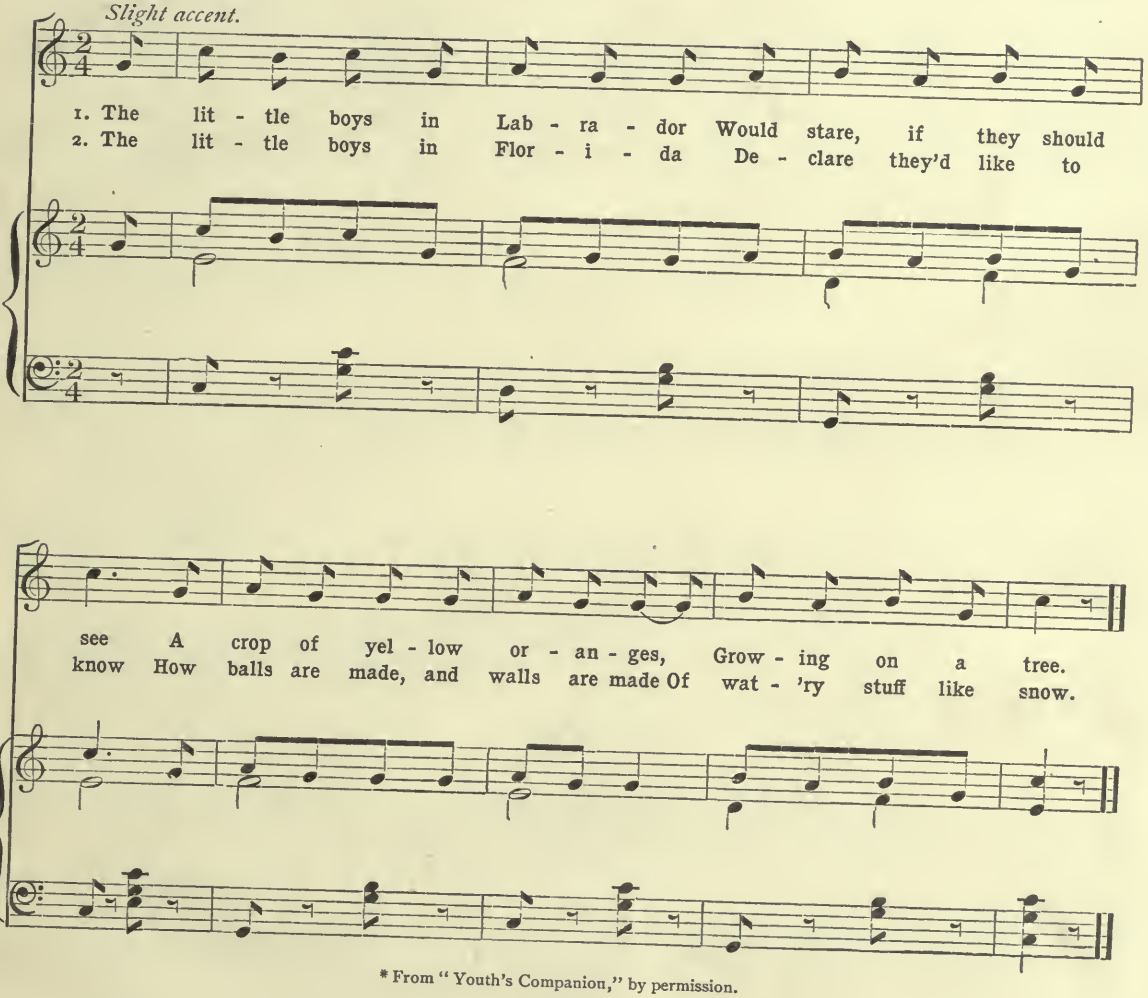
LITTLE HICKORY NUT.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

* Anna M. Pratt.



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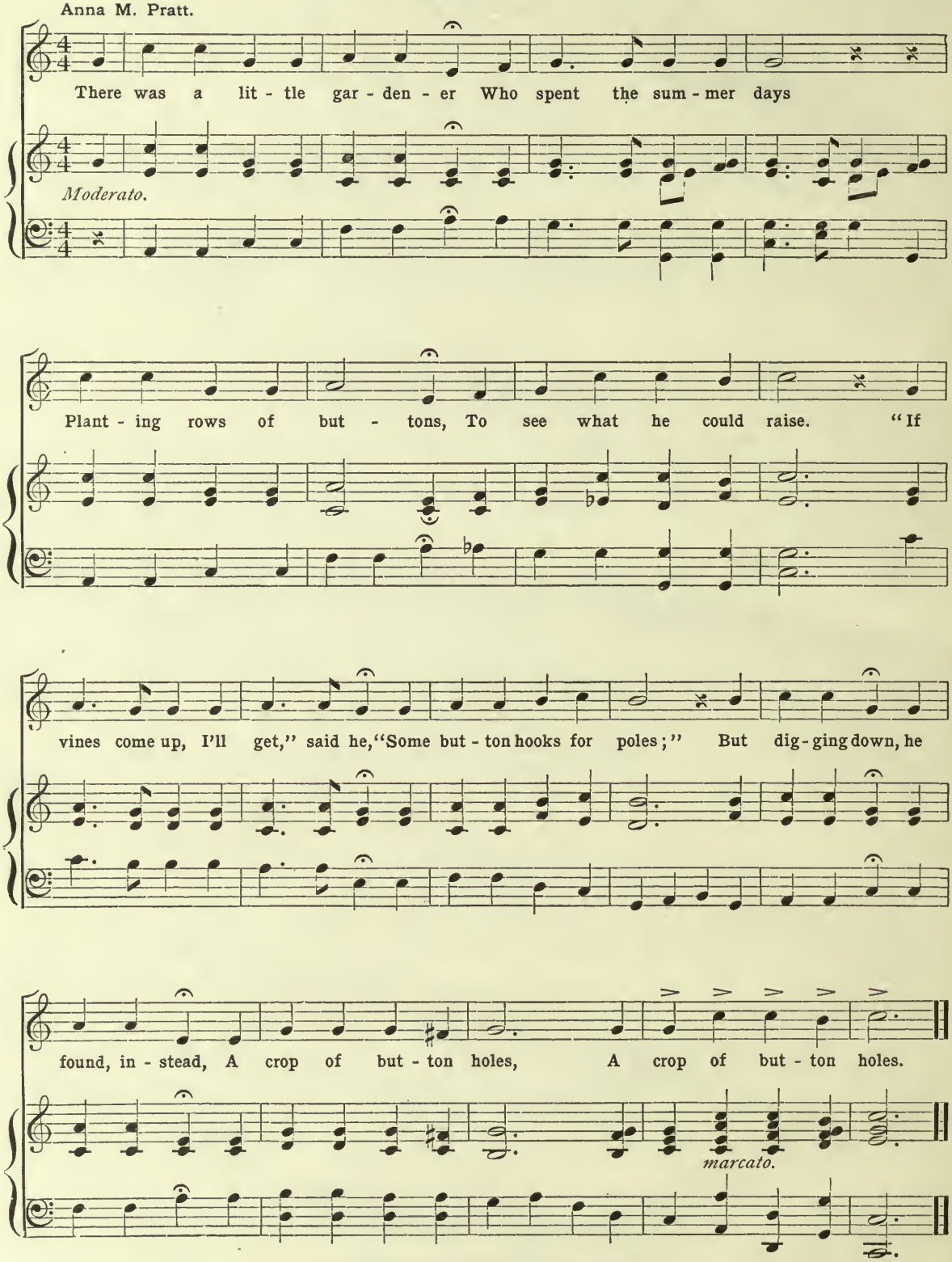
NEWS FOR GARDENERS.

Anna M. Pratt.



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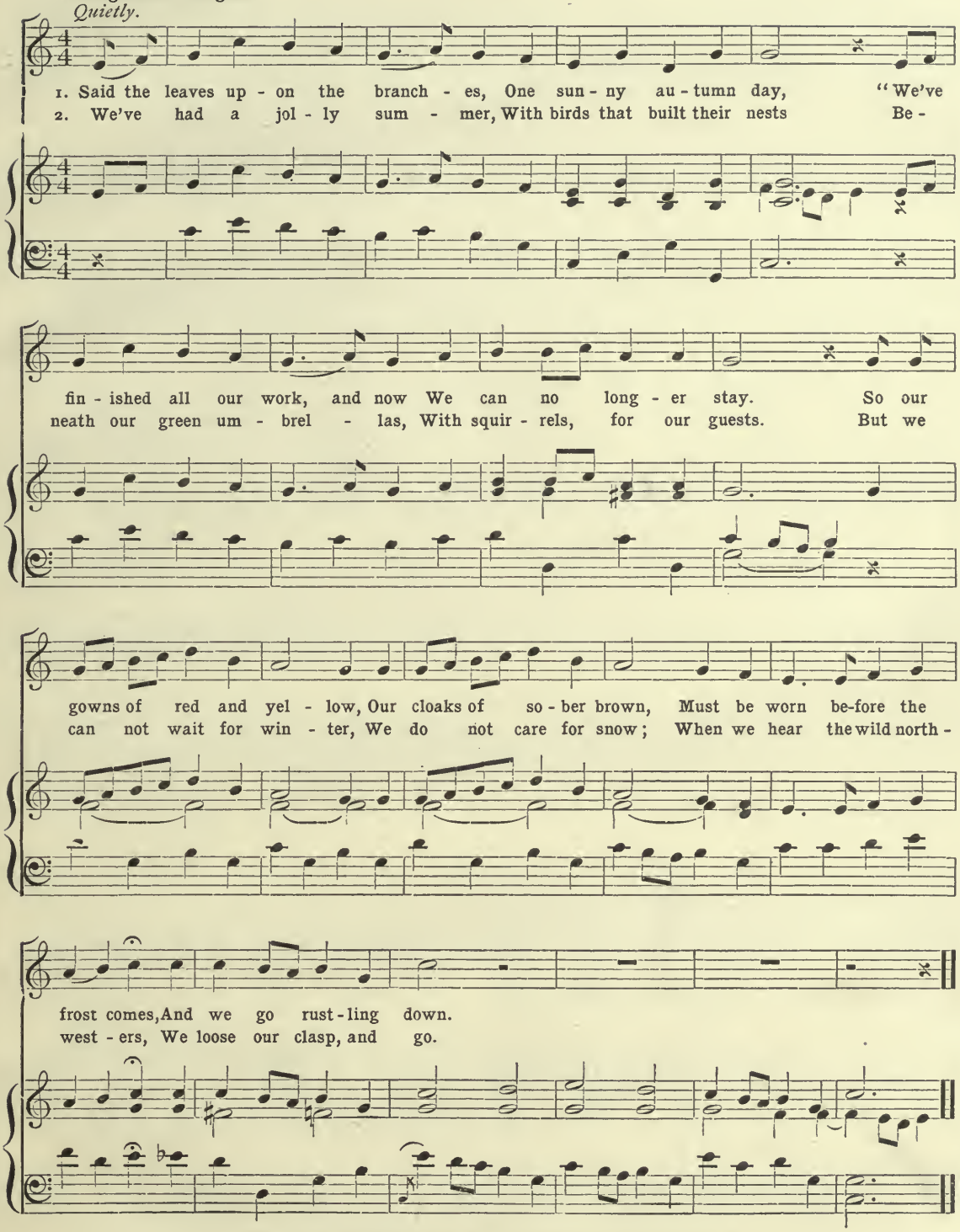
THE RIPENED LEAVES.

* Margaret E. Sangster.

Quietly.



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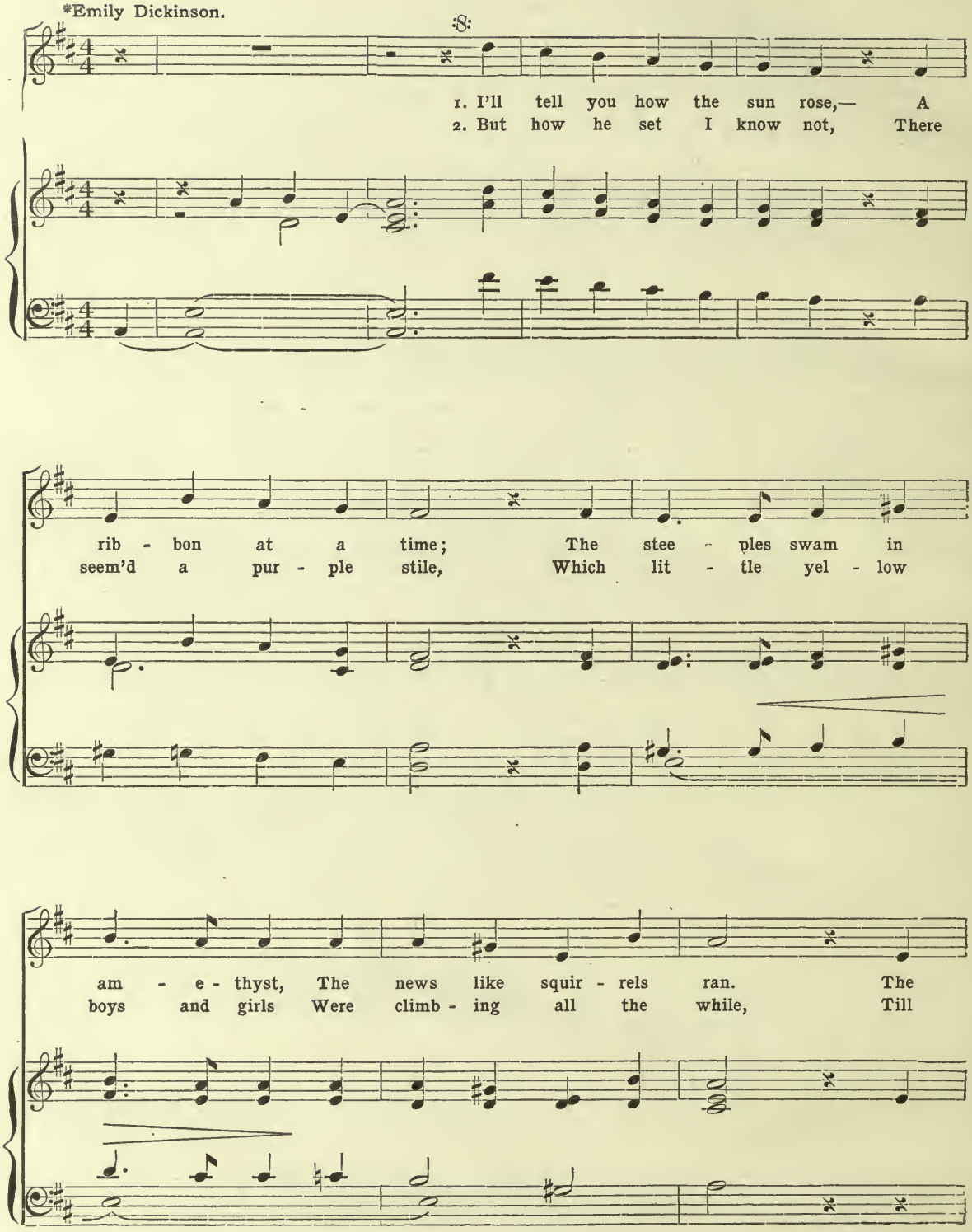
A DAY.

*Emily Dickinson.



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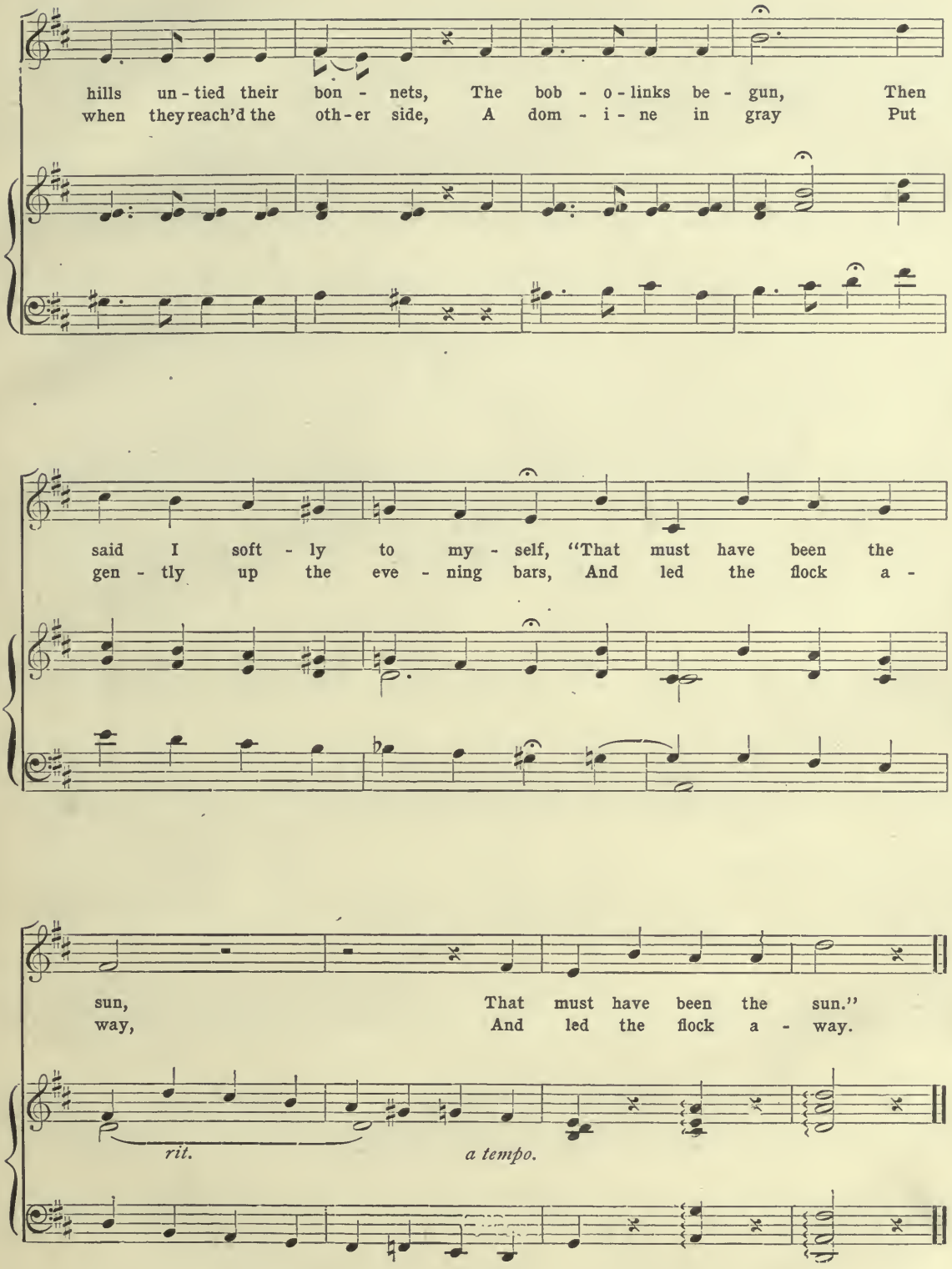
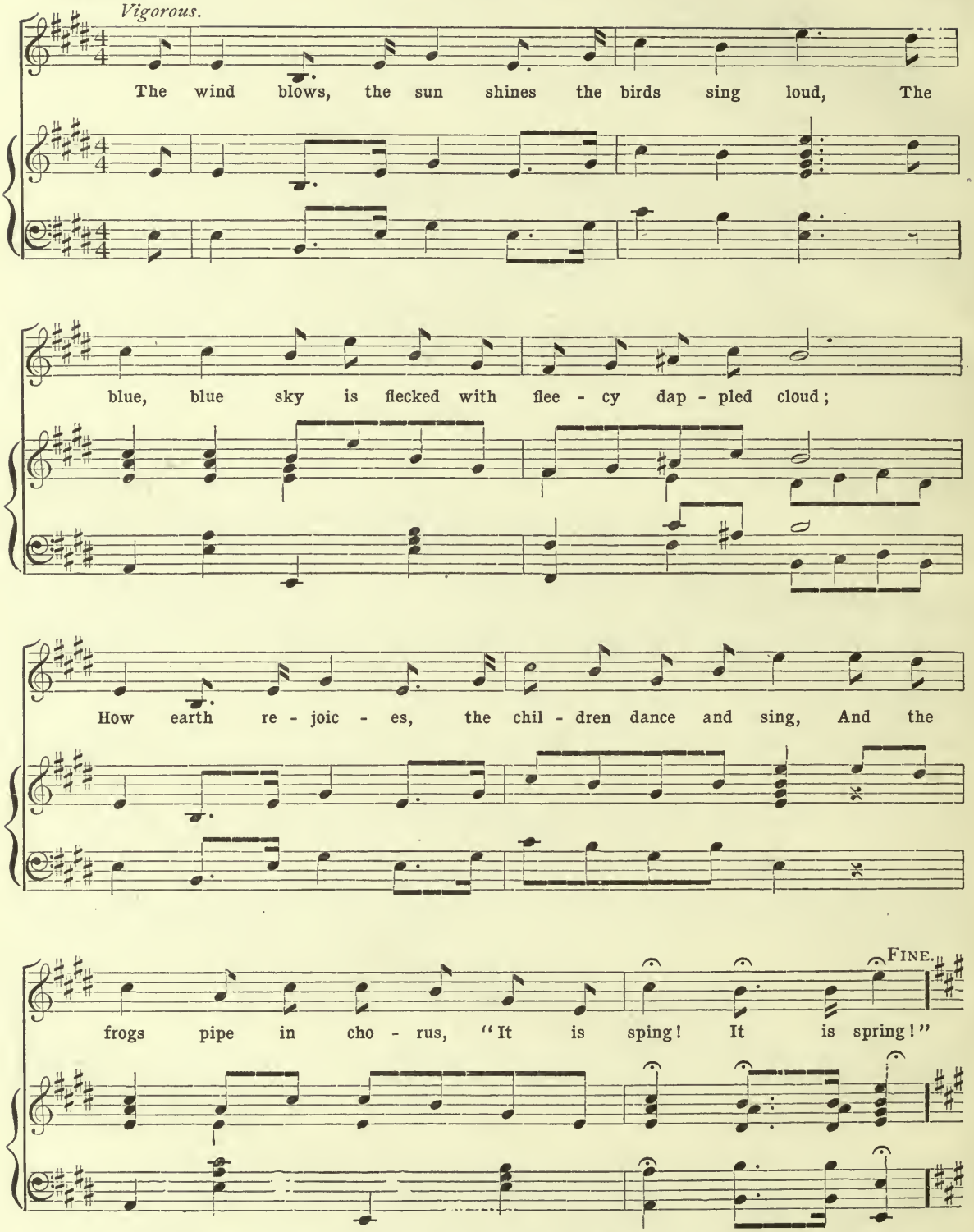

hills un-tied their bon-nets, The bob-o-links be-gun, Then
when they reach'd the oth-er side, A dom-i-ne in gray Put
said I soft-ly to my-self, "That must have been the
gen-tly up the eve-ning bars, And led the flock a-
sun, That must have been the sun."
way, And led the flock a-way.
rit.
a tempo.

IT IS SPRING.

(WILD GEESE.)

*Celia Thaxter.

Vigorous.



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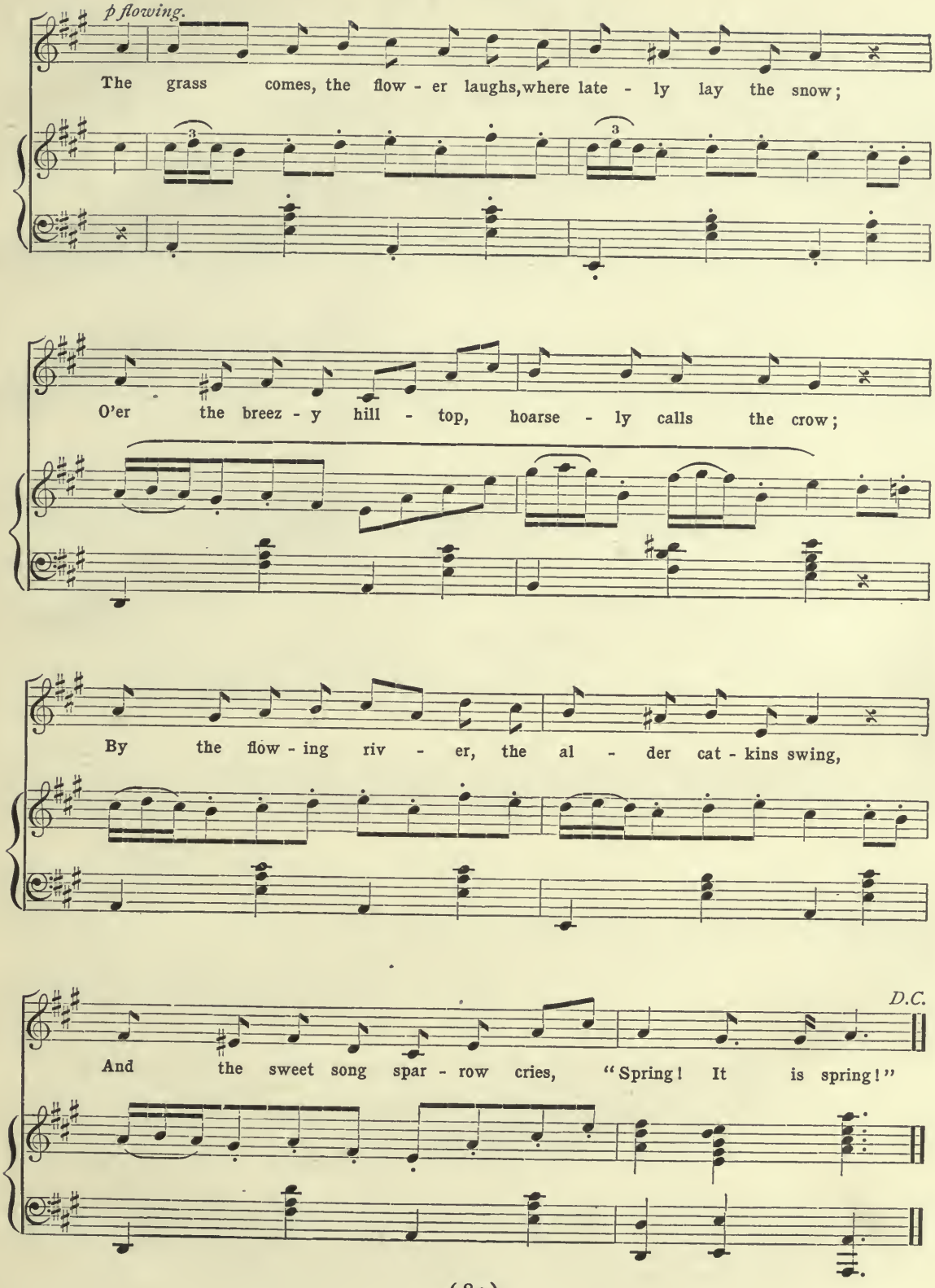
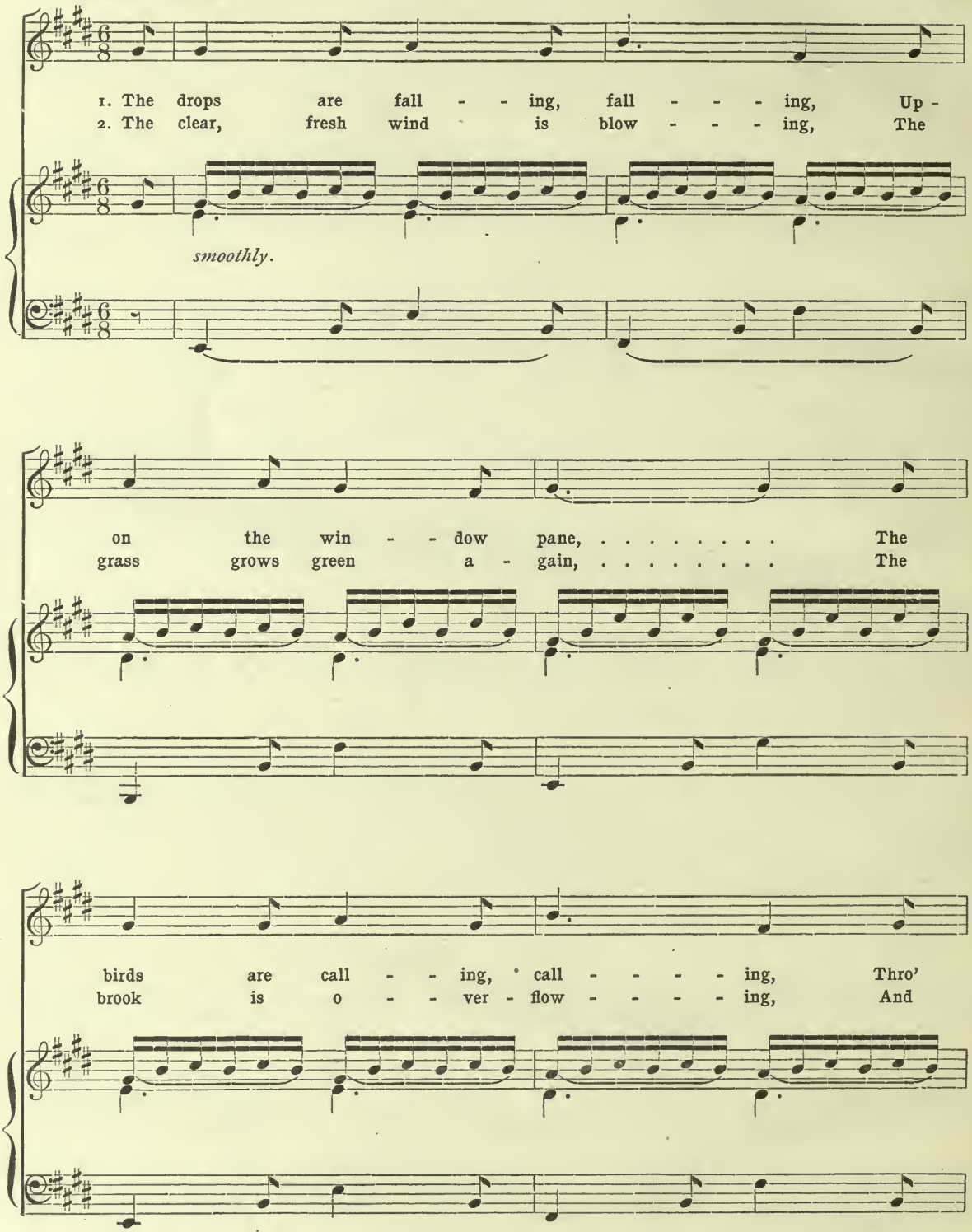
IT IS SPRING.


p flowing.
The grass comes, the flow - er laughs, where late - ly lay the snow;
O'er the breez - y hill - top, hoarse - ly calls the crow;
By the flow - ing riv - er, the al - der cat - kins swing,
D.C.
And the sweet song spar - row cries, "Spring! It is spring!"

AN APRIL RAIN.

*Dora Read Goodale.



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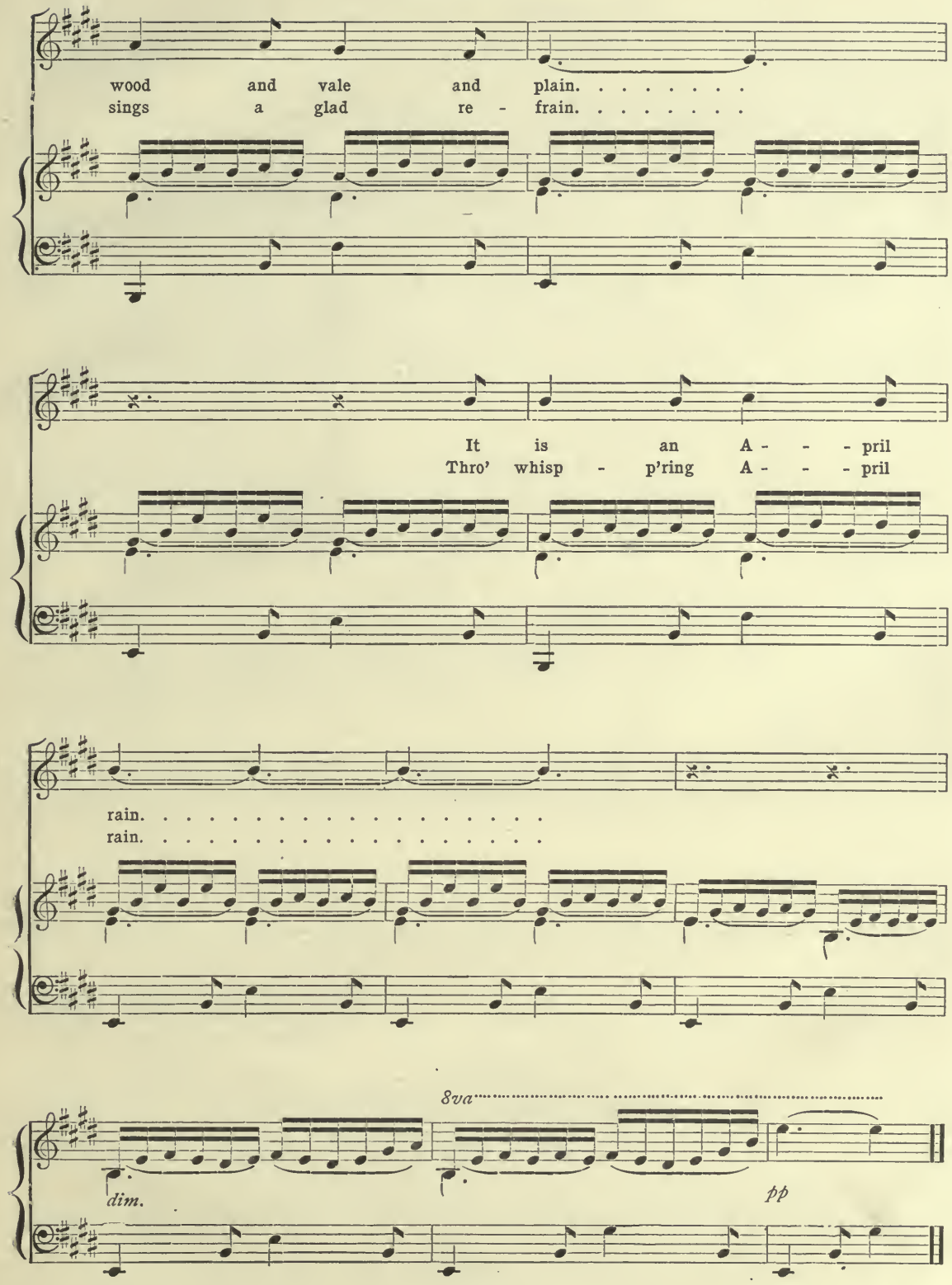
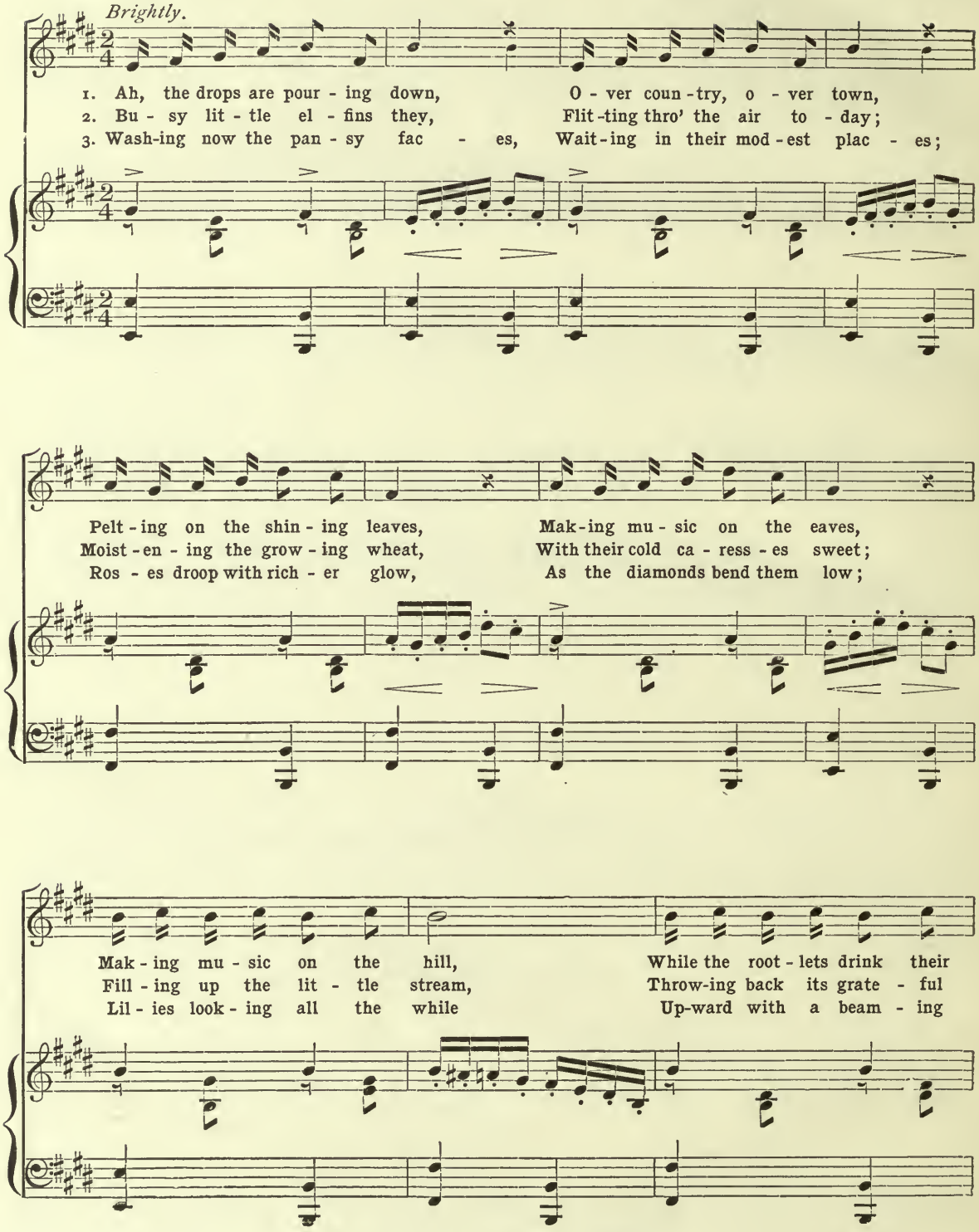

wood and vale and plain. . . . . .
sings a glad re - frain. . . . . .
It is an A - - - pril
Thro' whisp - p'ring A - - - pril
rain. . . . . .
rain. . . . . .
8va
dim.
pp

A SUMMER SHOWER.

* Sydney Dayre.

Brightly.



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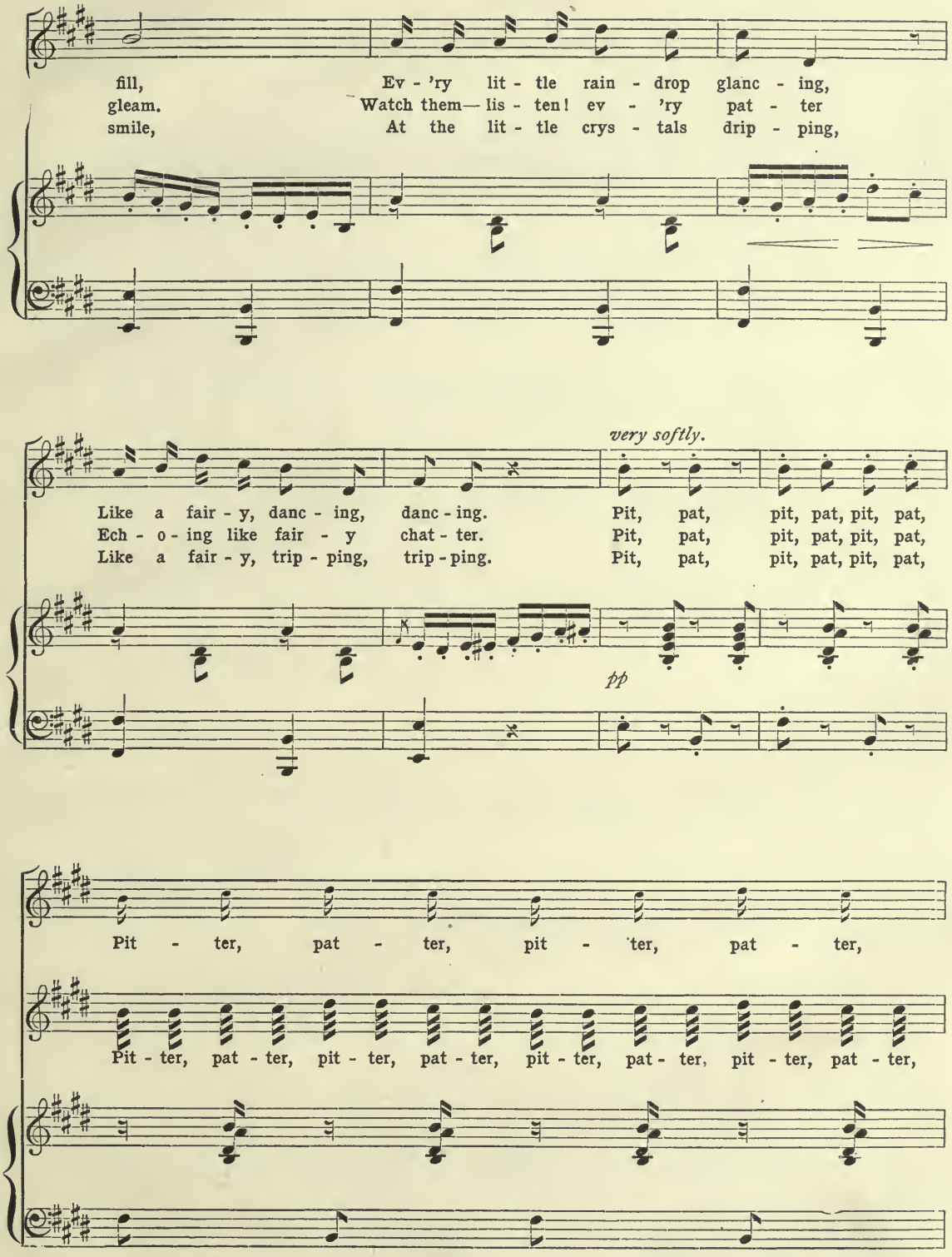
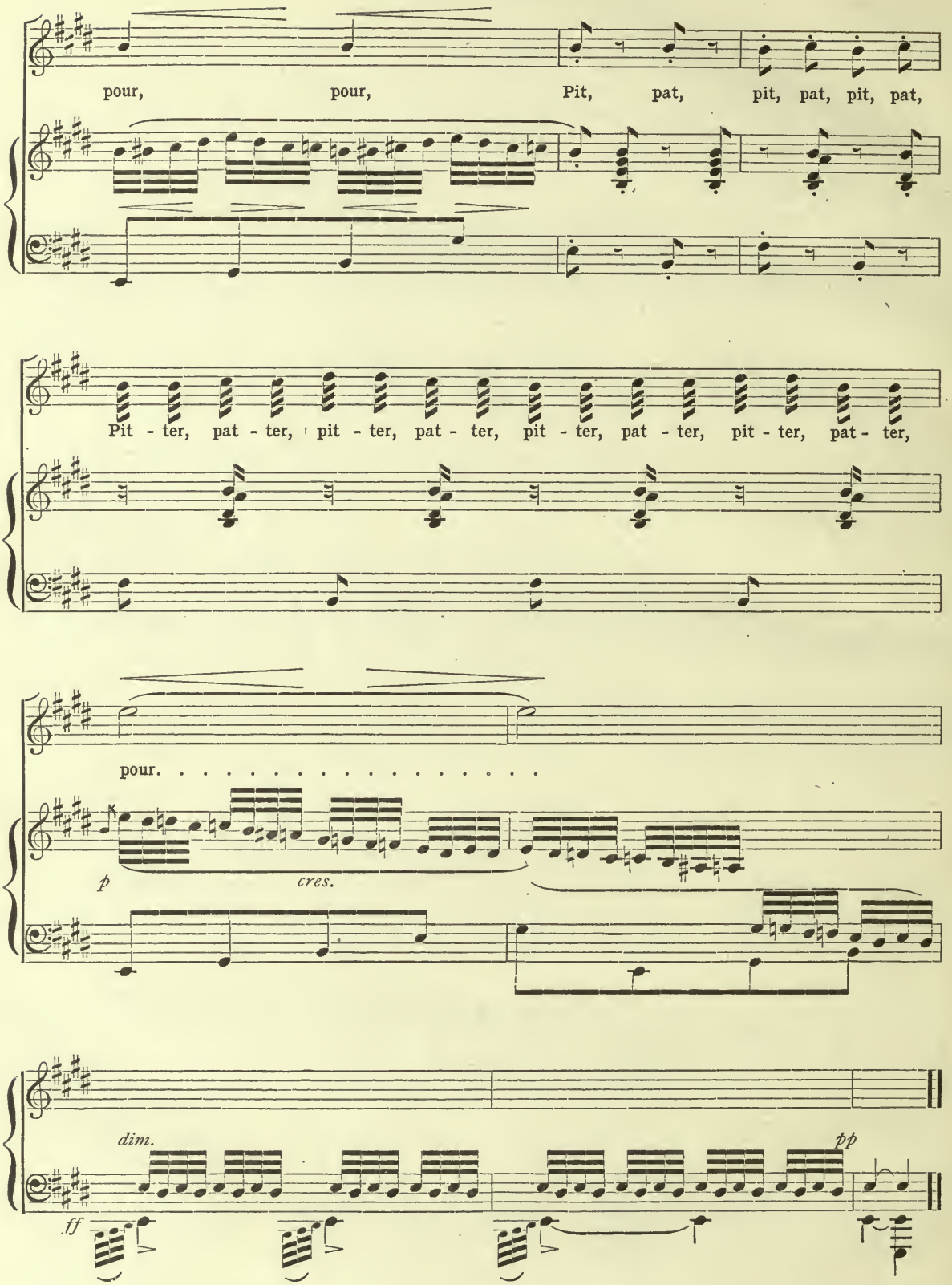

fill, Ev - 'ry lit - tle rain - drop glanc - ing,
gleam. Watch them— lis - ten! ev - 'ry pat - ter
smile, At the lit - tle crys - tals drip - ping,
very softly.
Like a fair - y, danc - ing, danc - ing. Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,
Ech - o - ing like fair - y chat - ter. Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,
Like a fair - y, trip - ping, trip - ping. Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,
pp
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,


pour, pour, Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
pour. . . . . .
p
cres.
dim.
pp
ff

JUNE ROSES.

Belle Willey Gue.

Waltz time.

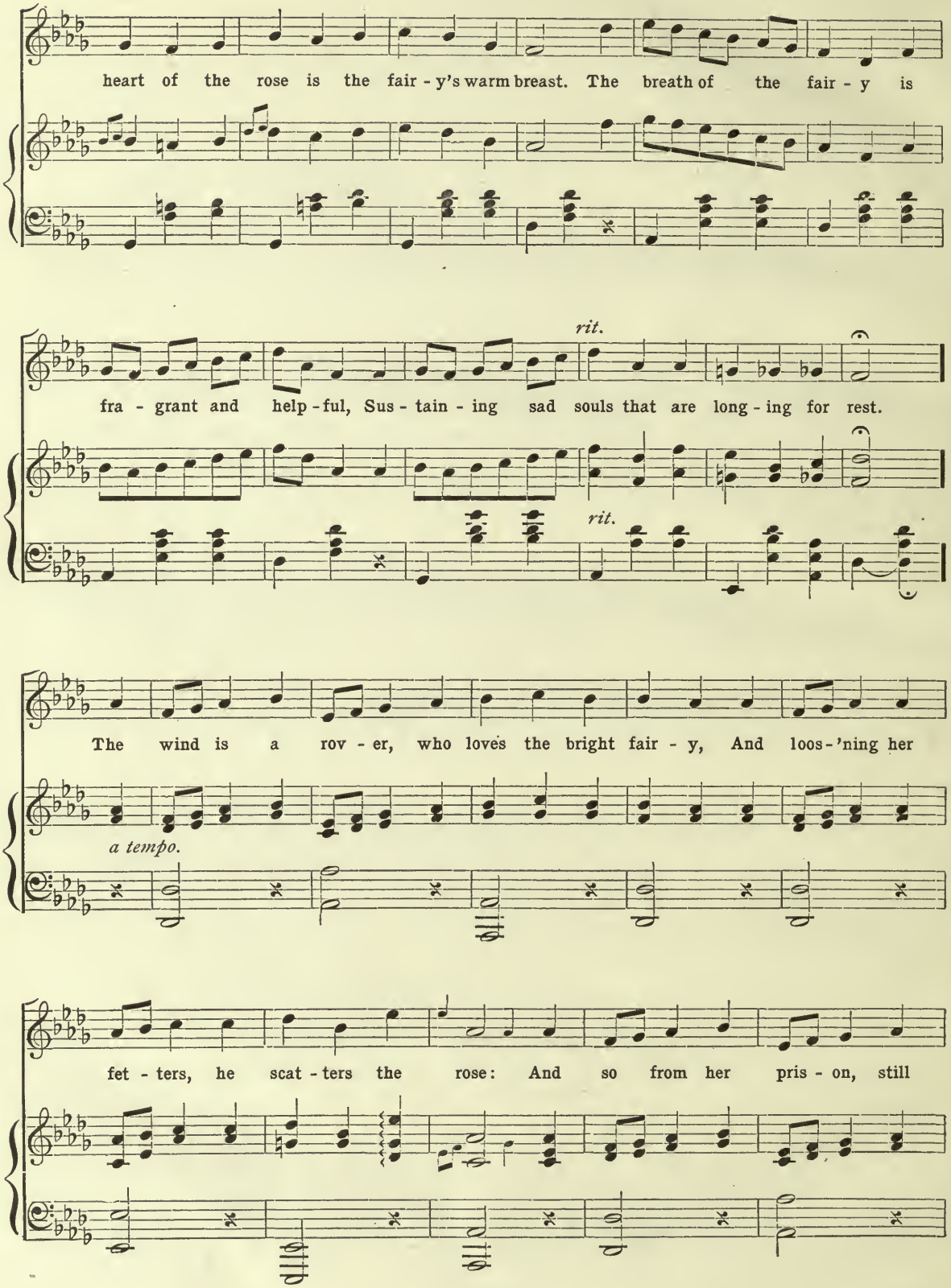
June ros - es are fair - ies, im - pris - oned but hap - py; They're blush - ing with

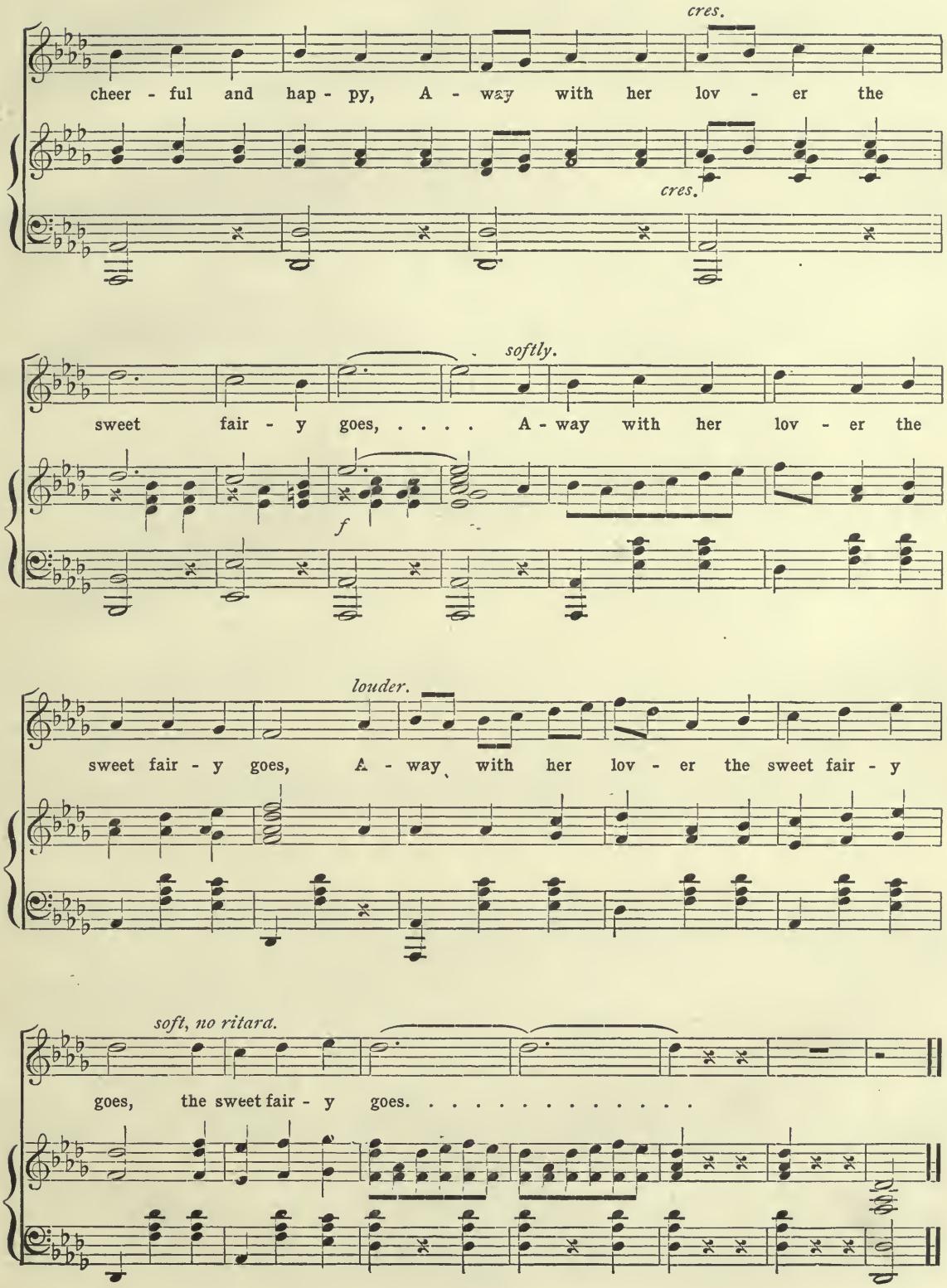
Brightly.

pleas - ure, or pale with de - light; June ros - es are fair in the fresh - ness of

morn-ing, But sweet-er and dear - er, are ros - es at night.

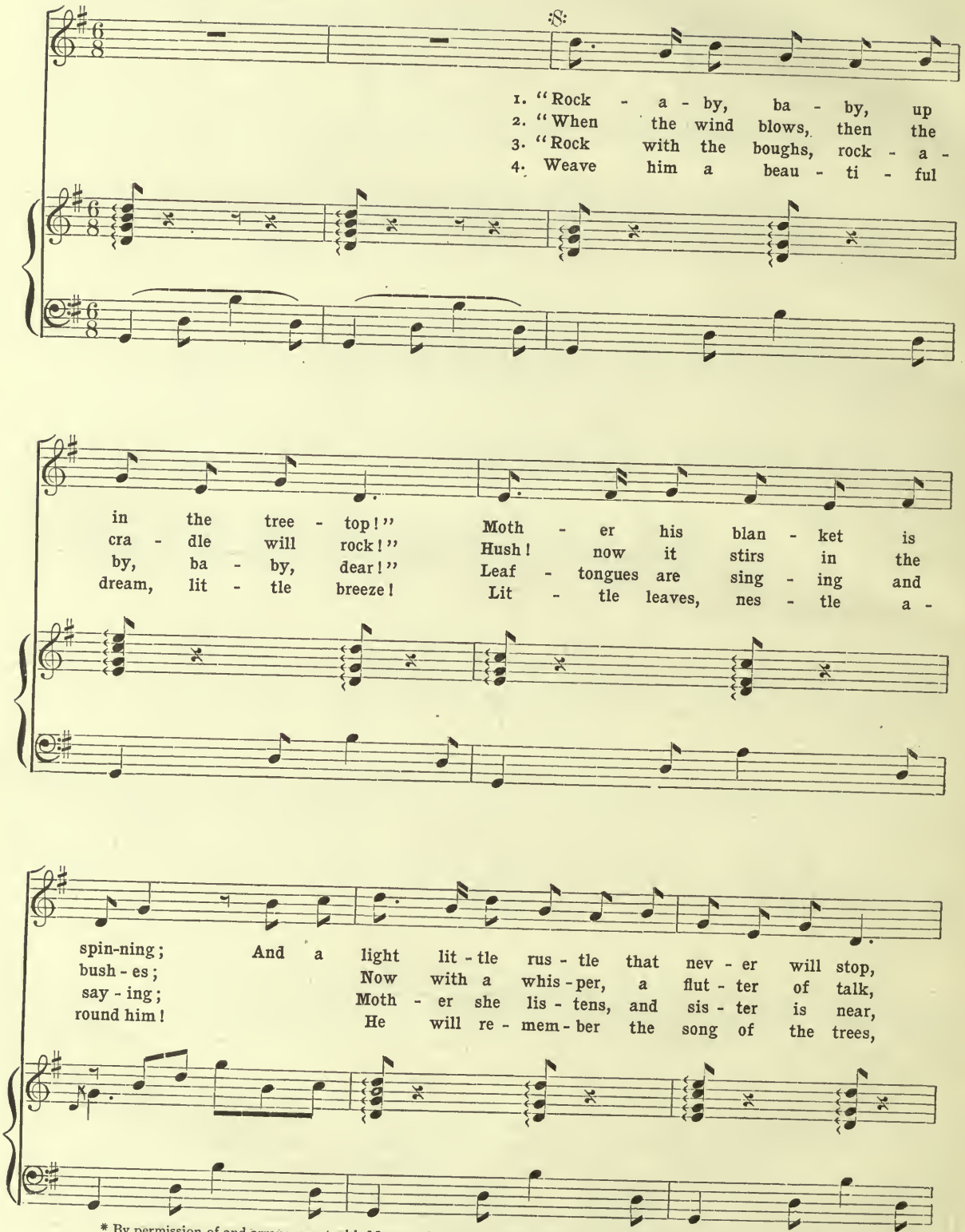
The bonds of the sprite are the soft silk - en pet - als, The


heart of the rose is the fair - y's warm breast. The breath of the fair - y is
rit.
fra - grant and help - ful, Sus - tain - ing sad souls that are long - ing for rest.
rit.
The wind is a rov - er, who loves the bright fair - y, And loos - 'ning her
a tempo.
fet - ters, he scat - ters the rose: And so from her pris - on, still


cres.
cheer - ful and hap - py, A - way with her lov - er the
cres.
softly.
sweet fair - y goes, ... A - way with her lov - er the
f
louder.
sweet fair - y goes, A - way with her lov - er the sweet fair - y
soft, no ritard.
goes, the sweet fair - y goes. . . . . .

IN THE TREE-TOP.

* Lucy Larcom.



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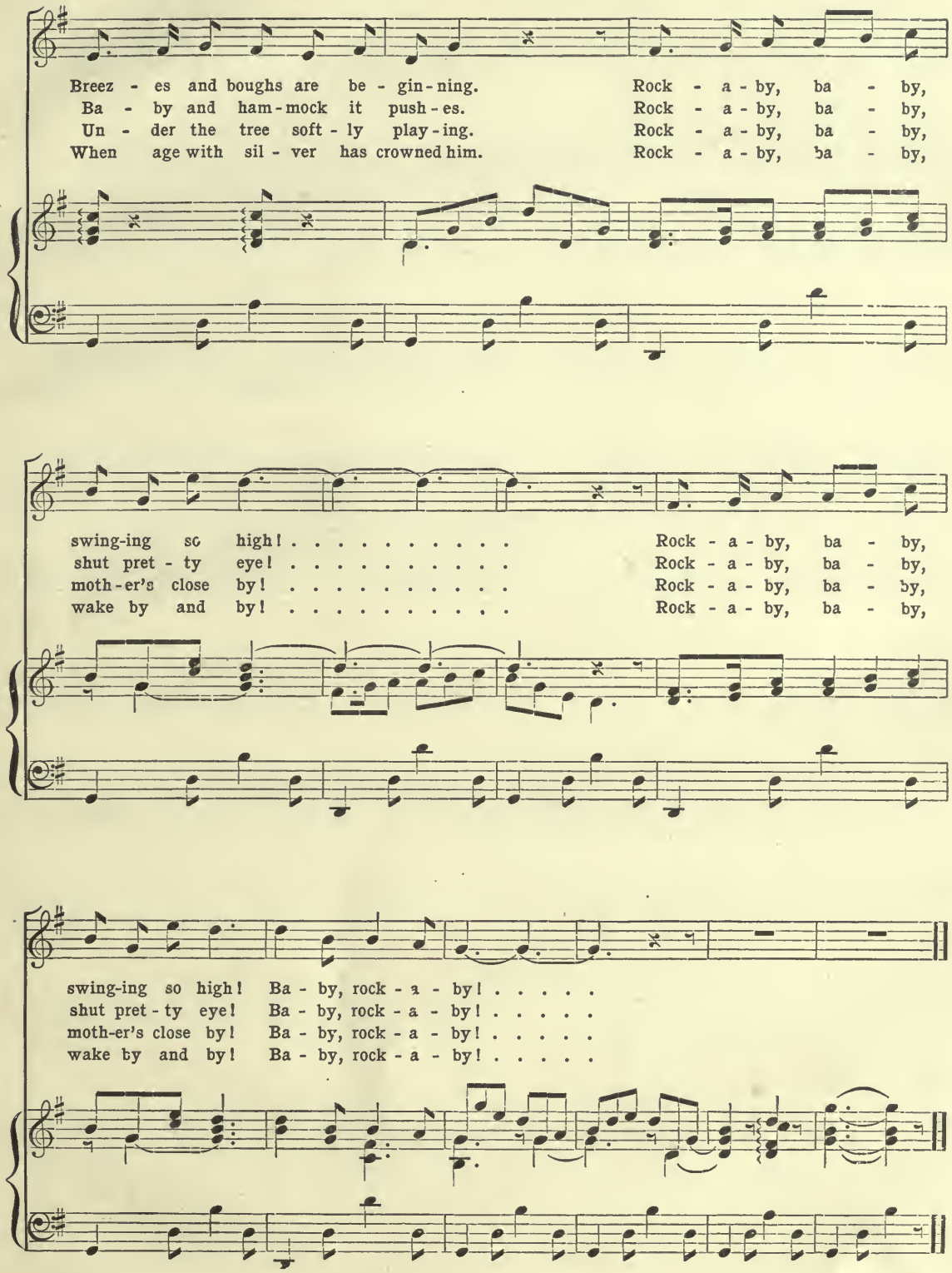
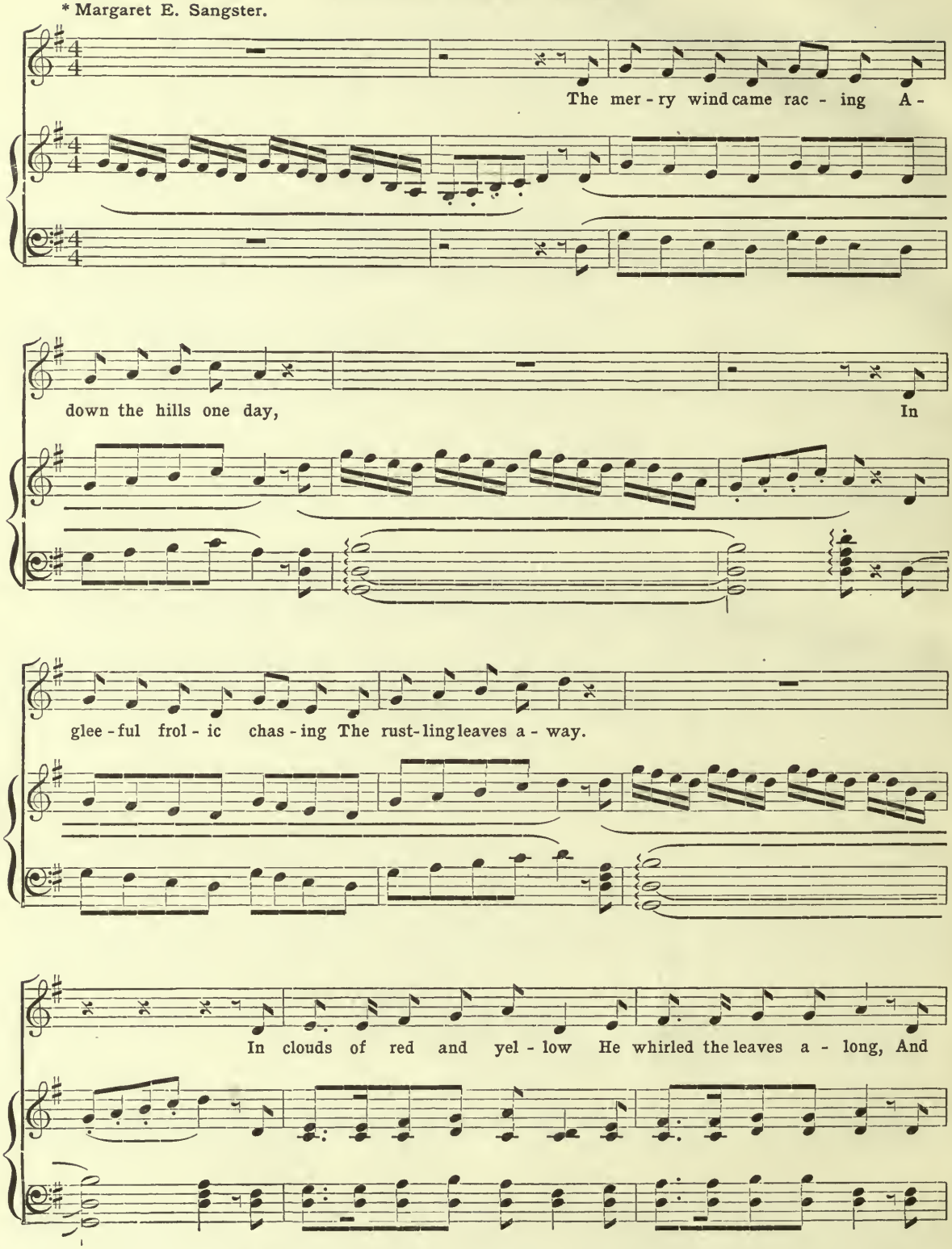
IN THE TREE-TOP.



THE MERRY WIND.

* Margaret E. Sangster.



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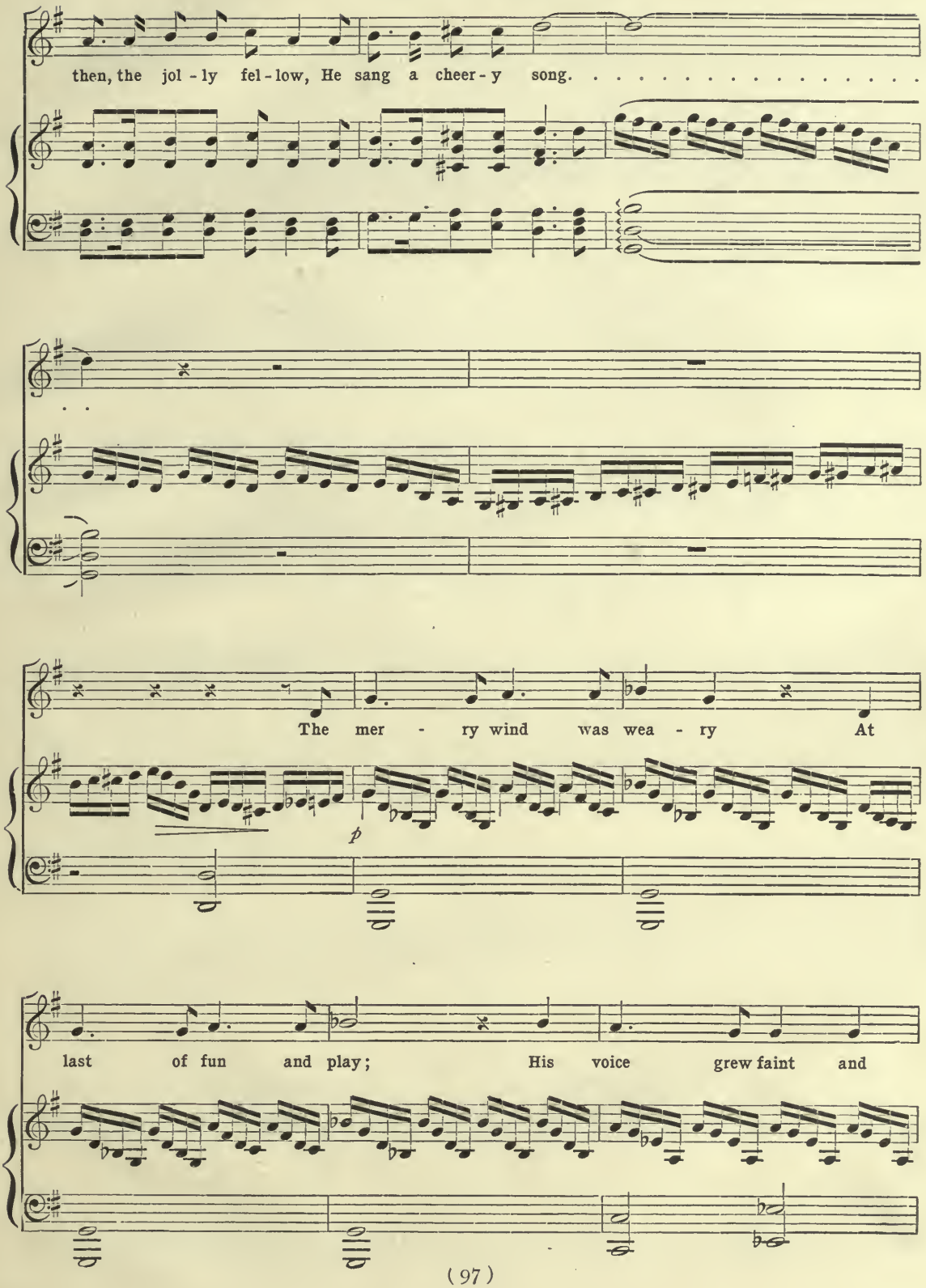
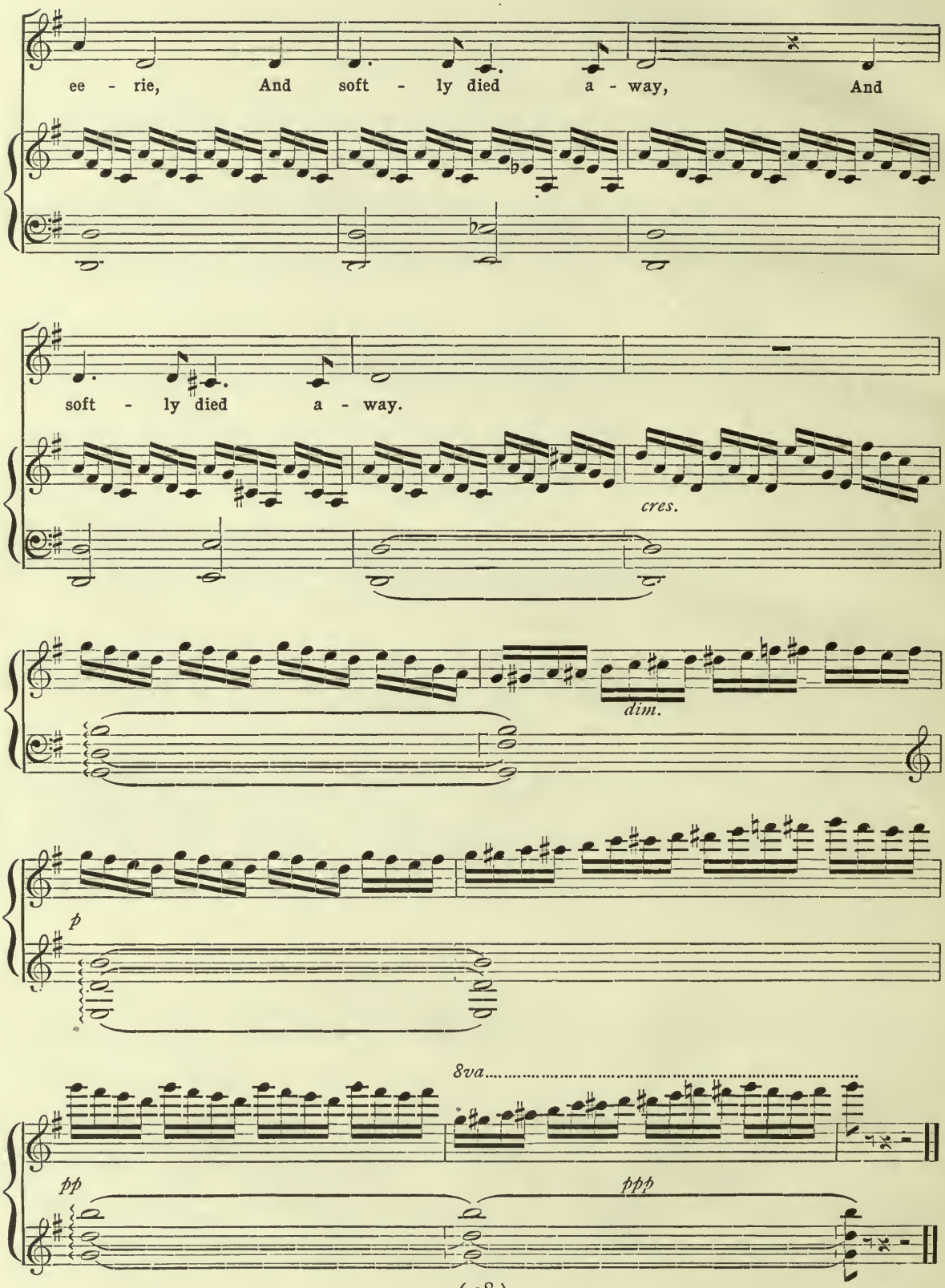

then, the jol - ly fel - low, He sang a cheer - y song. . . . . .
The mer - ry wind was wea - ry At
p
last of fun and play; His voice grew faint and

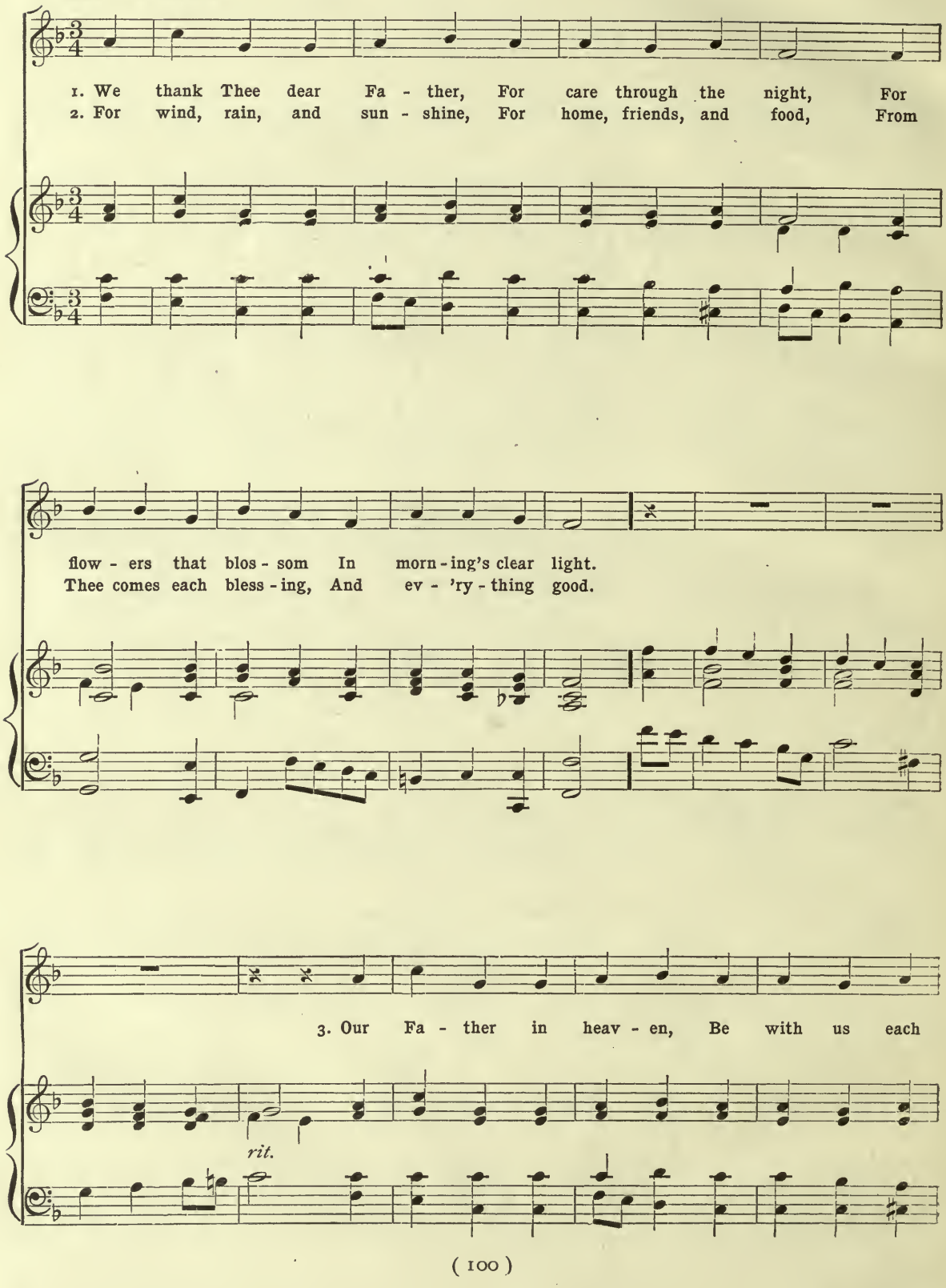

ee - rie, And soft - ly died a - way, And
soft - ly died a - way.
cres.
dim.
p
8va
pp
ppp

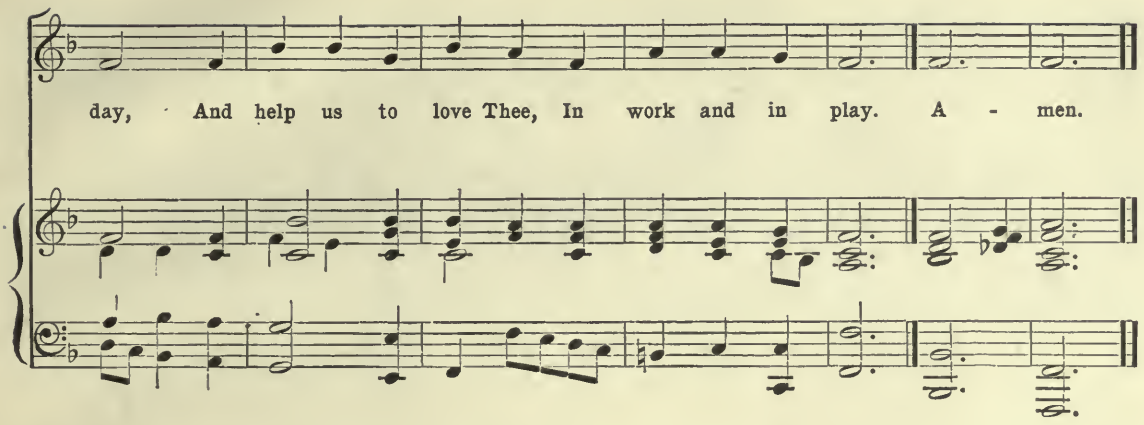
SACRED SONGS.

"Suffer little children
To come unto me."

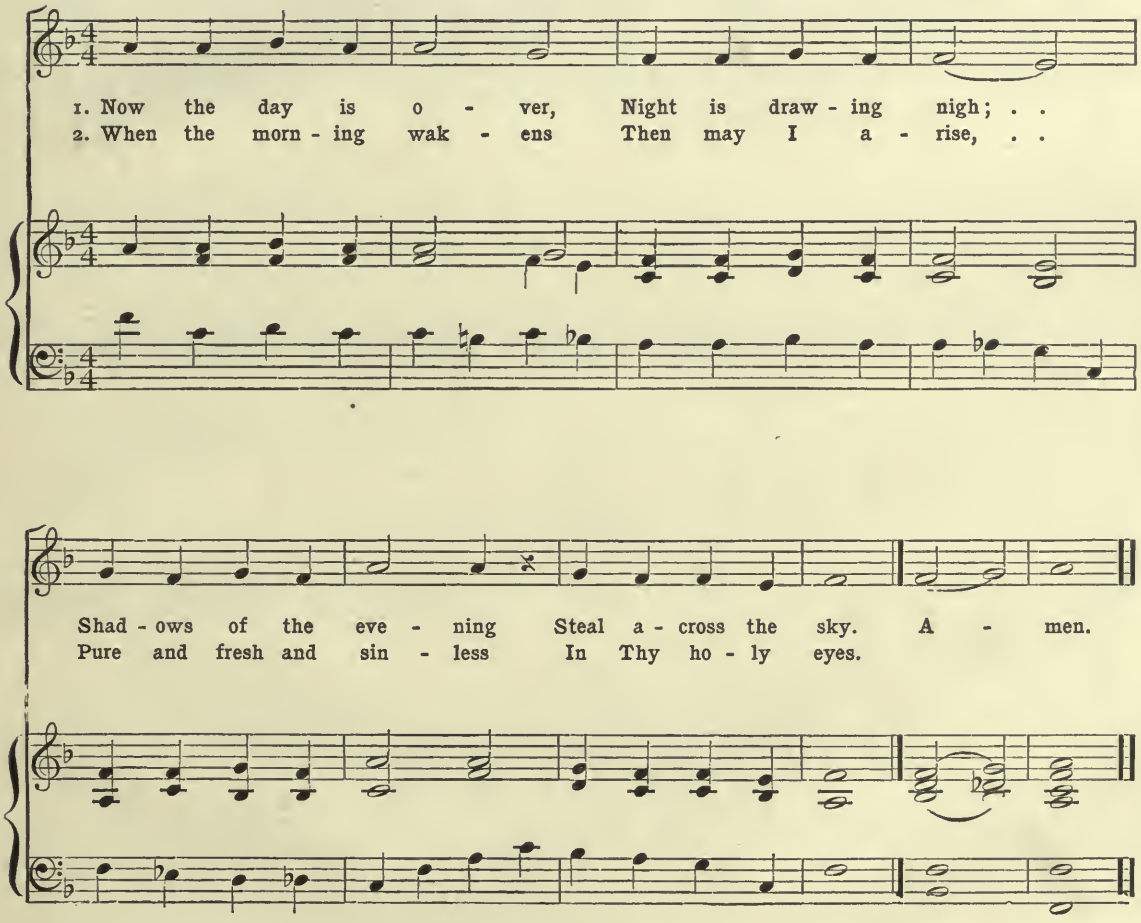
MORNING PRAYER.

Malana A. Harris.



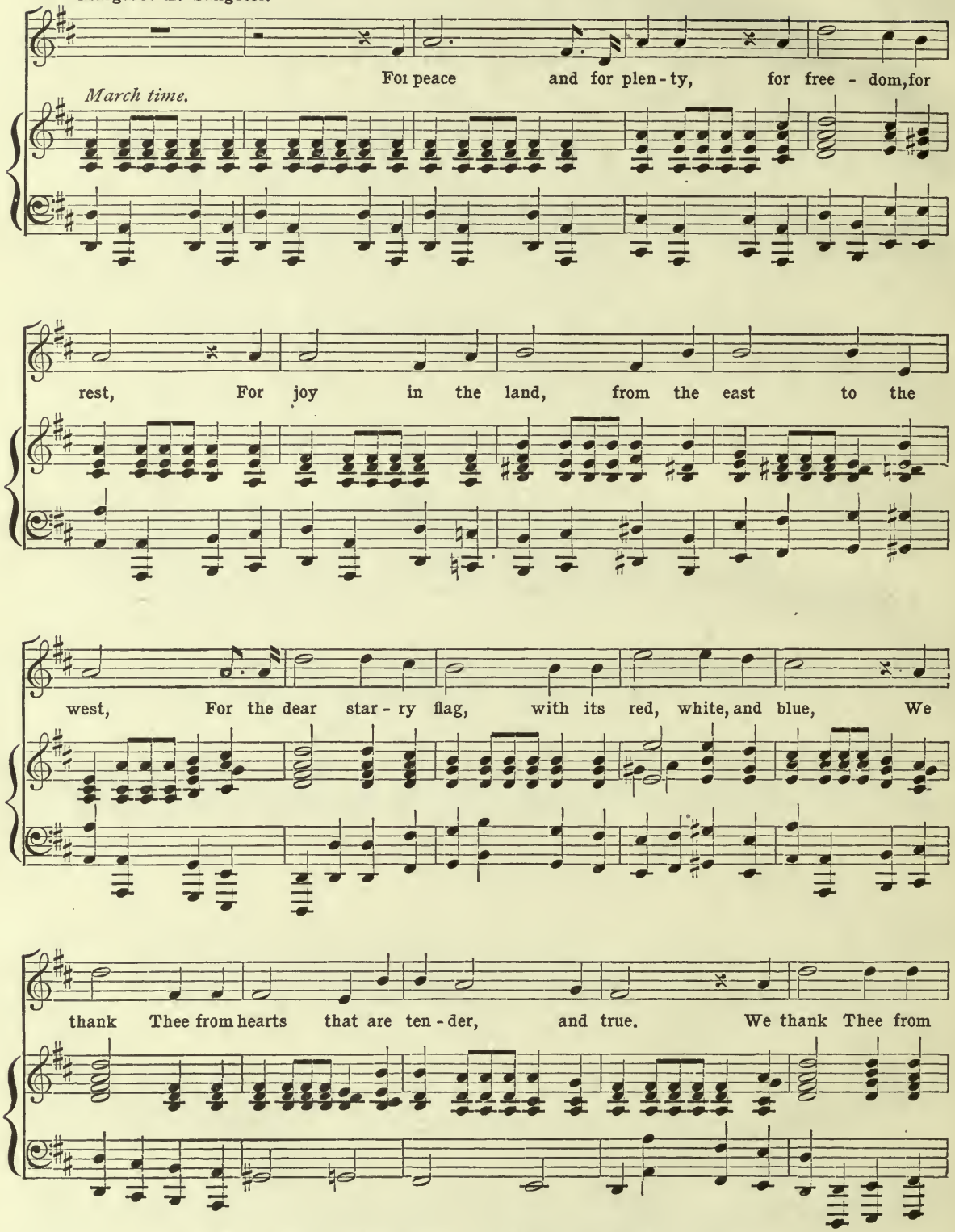


NOW THE DAY IS OVER.



PATRIOTIC HYMN.

* Margaret E. Sangster.



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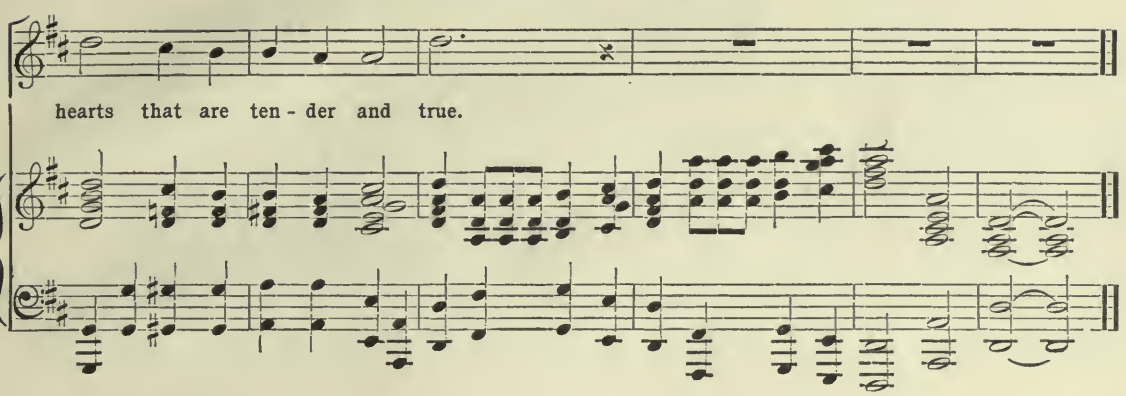
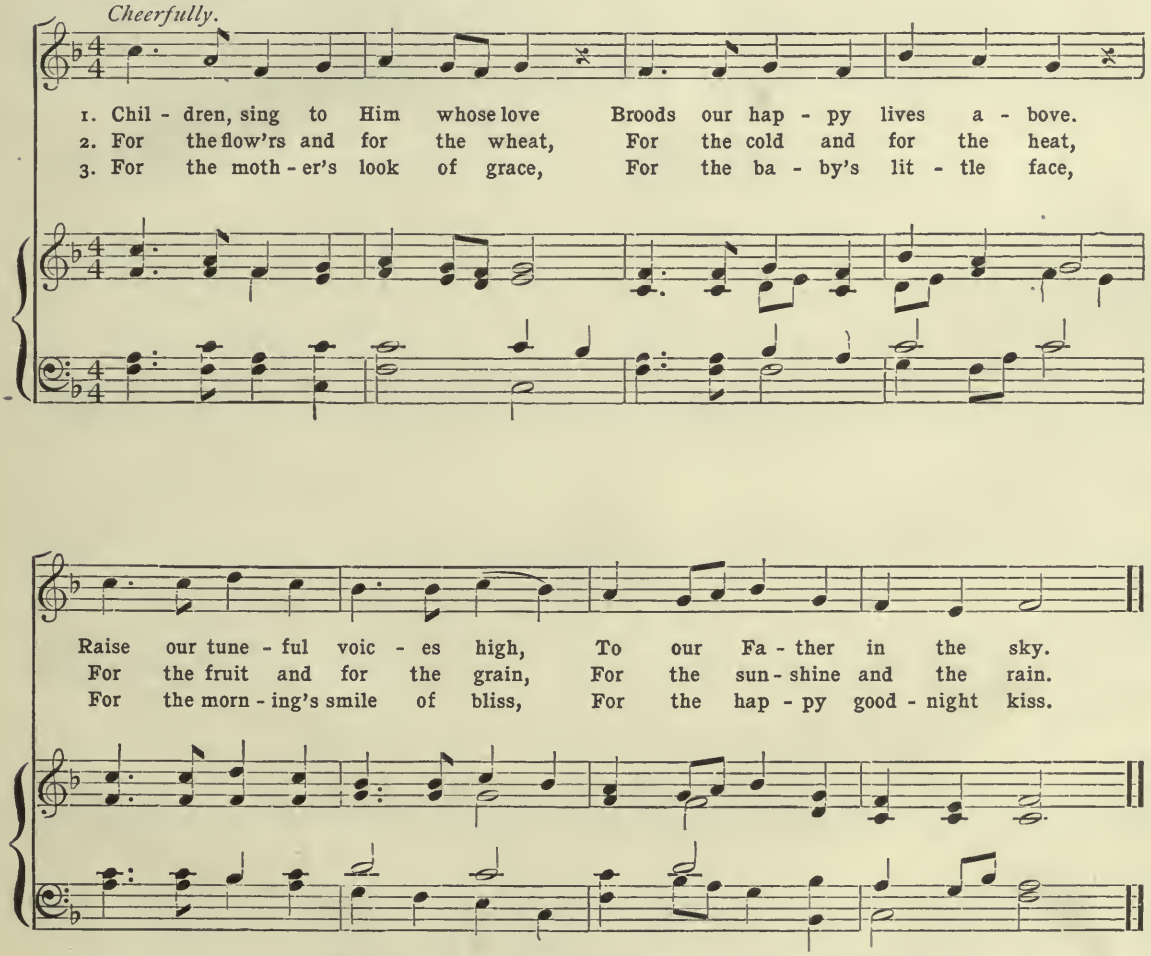


LITANY.

* Margaret E. Sangster.

Cheerfully.



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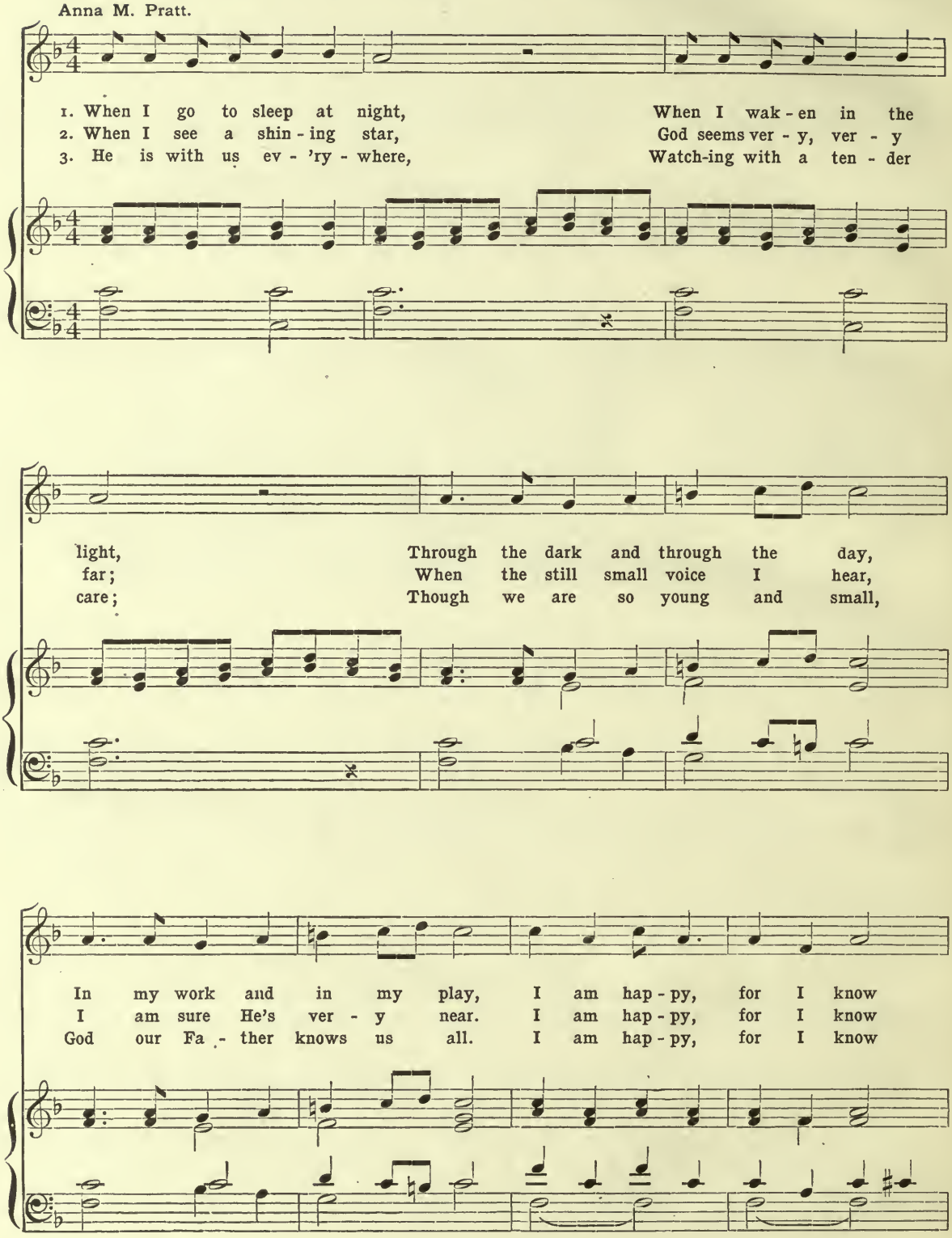
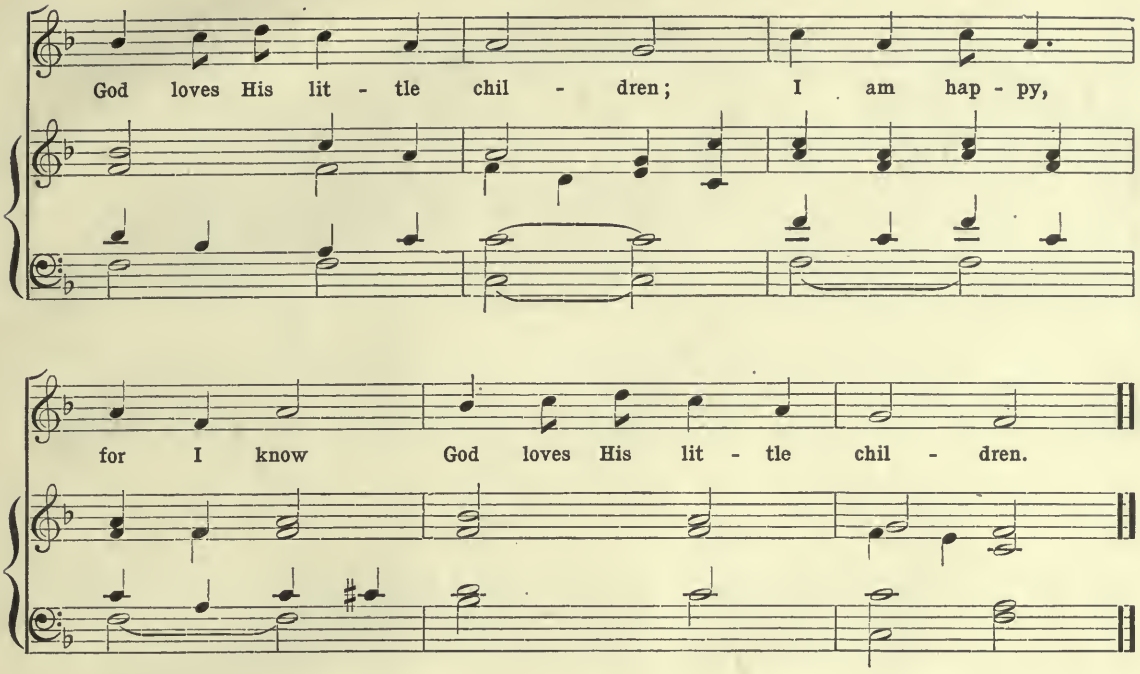
GOD LOVES HIS LITTLE CHILDREN.

Anna M. Pratt.

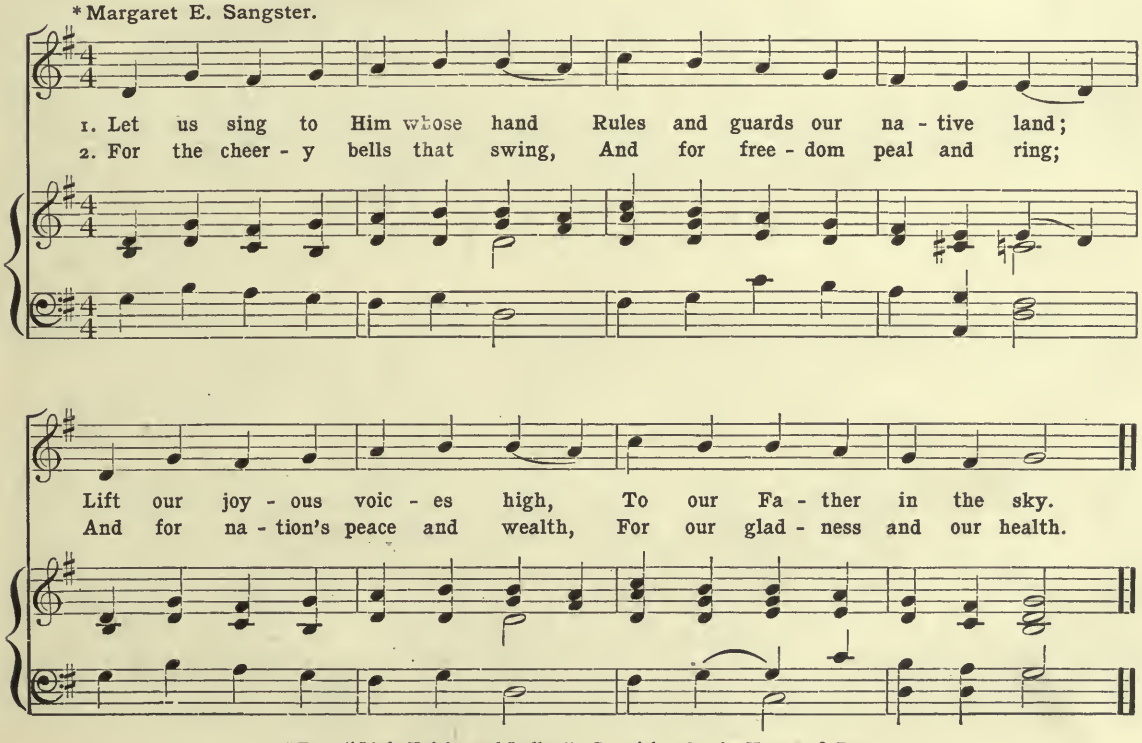


GOD LOVES HIS LITTLE CHILDREN.



HYMN FOR NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

*Margaret E. Sangster.



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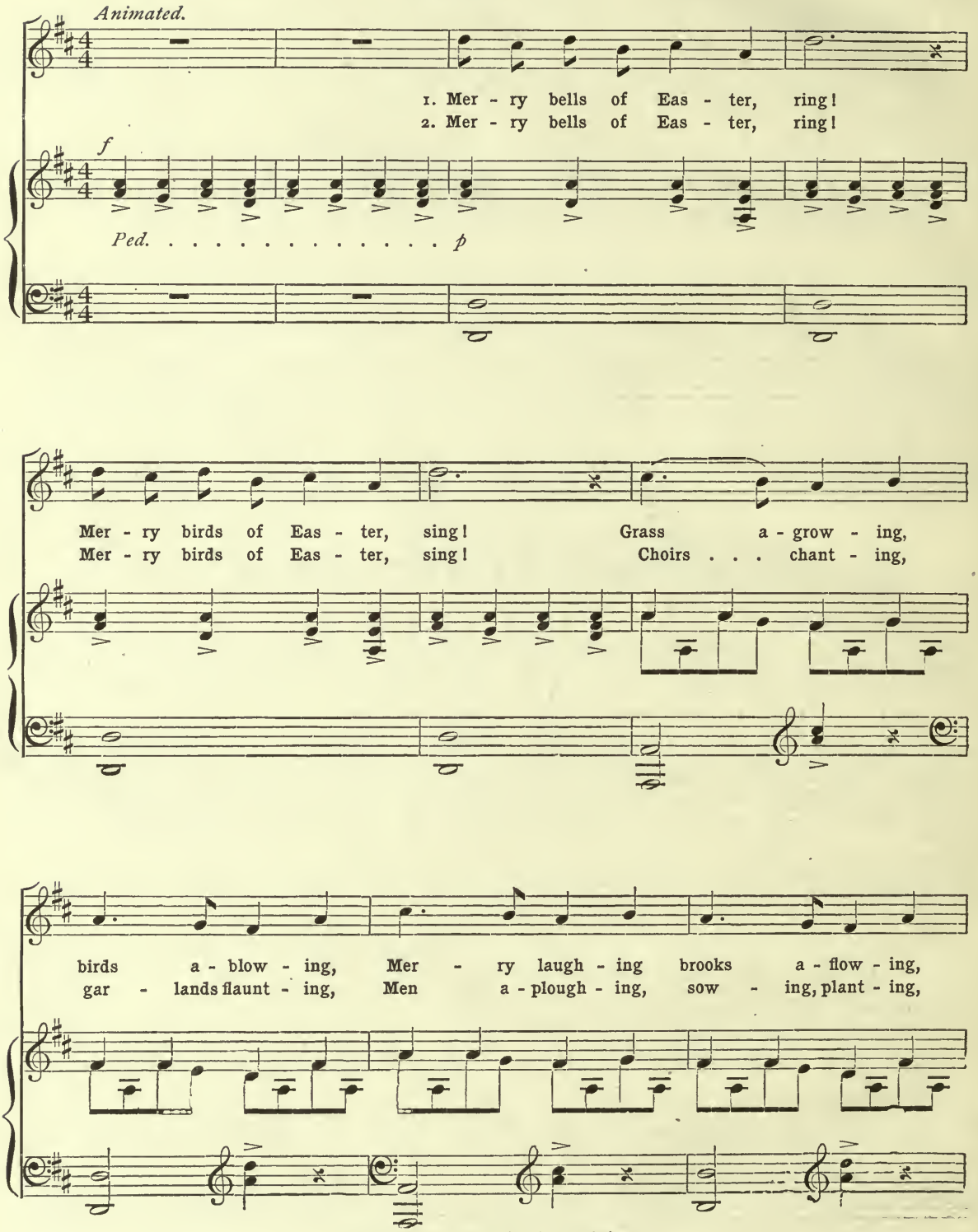
MERRY BELLS OF EASTER.

(SPRING LIFE.)



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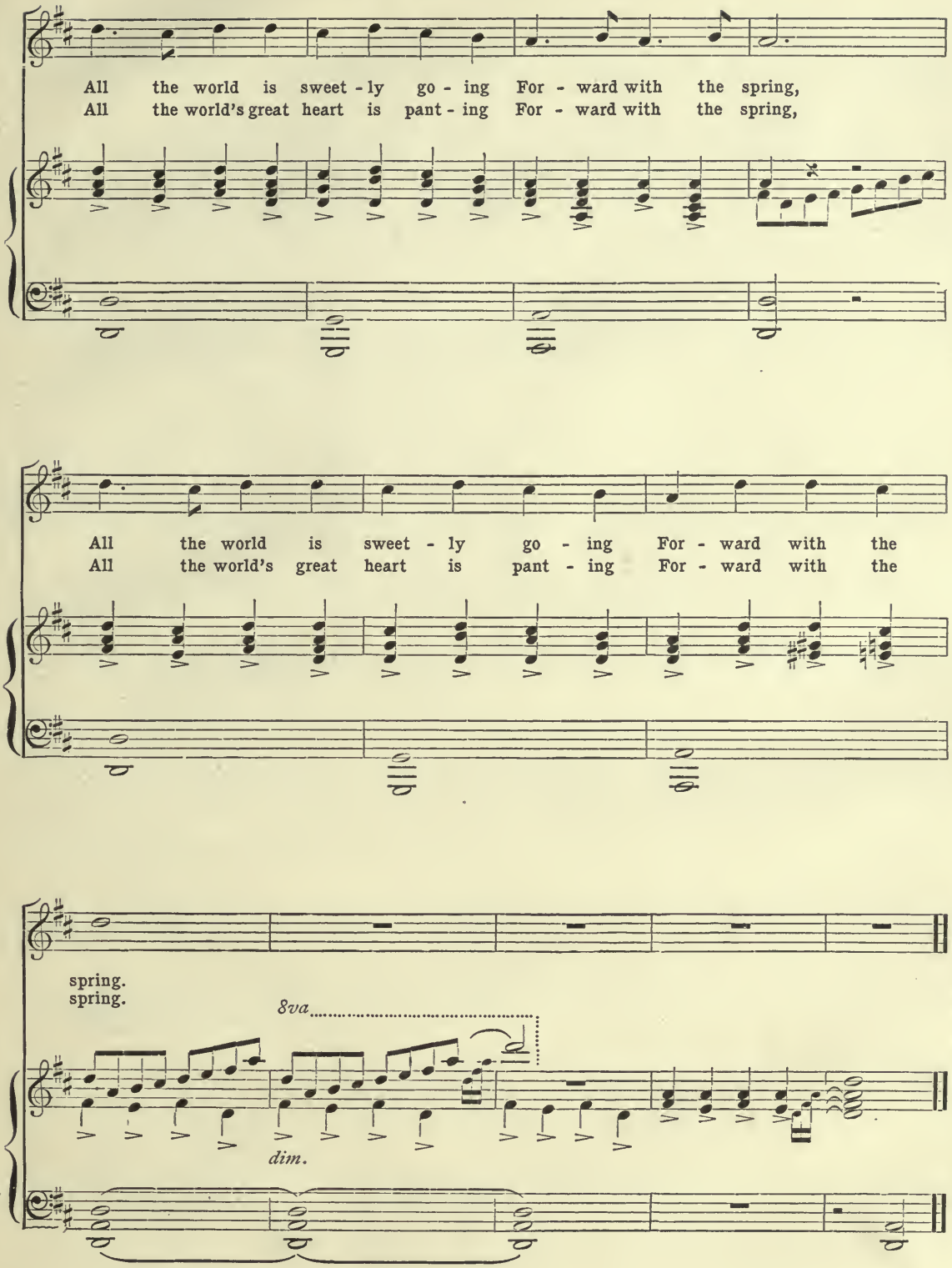
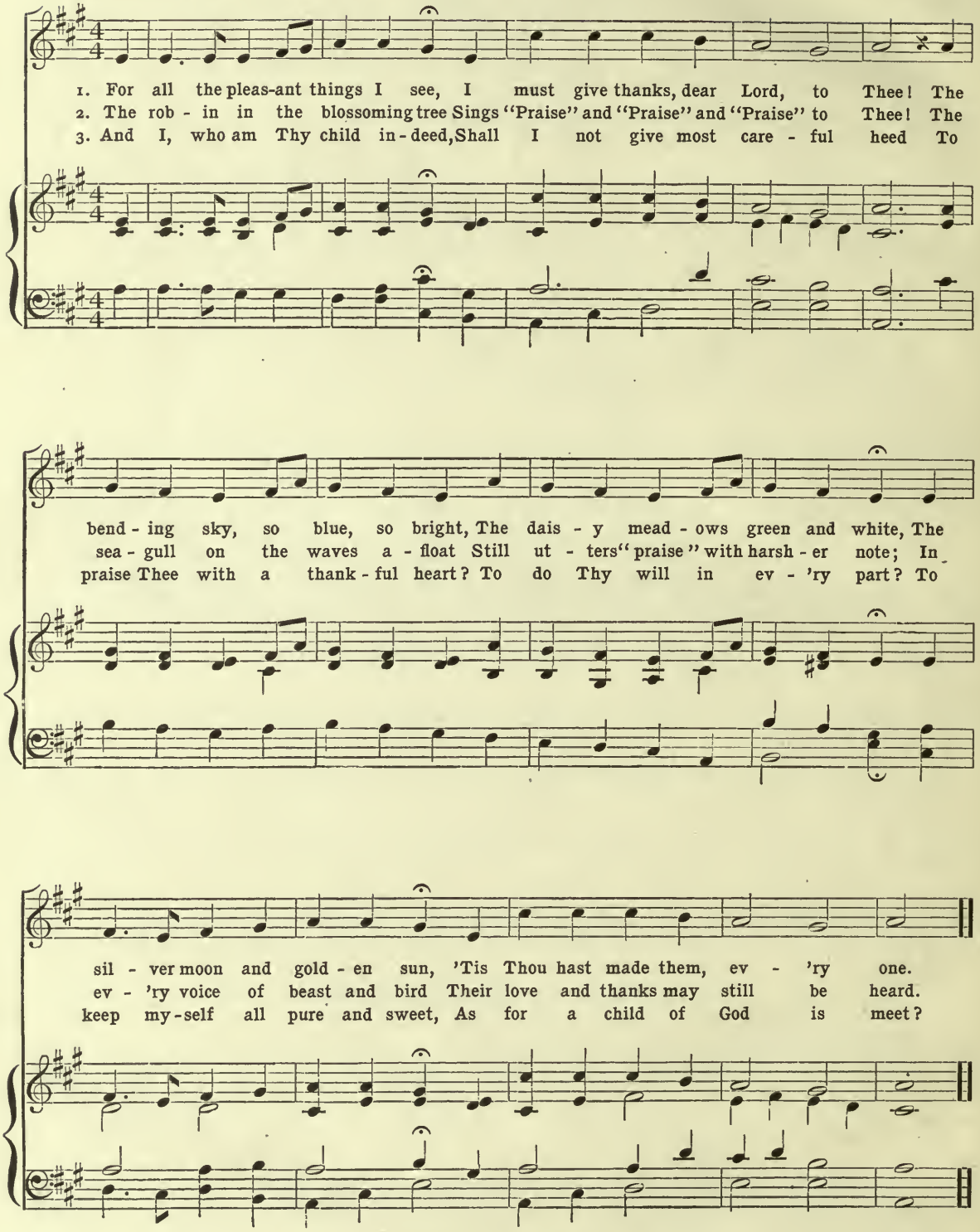

All the world is sweet - ly go - ing For - ward with the spring,
All the world's great heart is pant - ing For - ward with the spring,
All the world is sweet - ly go - ing For - ward with the
All the world's great heart is pant - ing For - ward with the
spring.
spring.
8va
dim.

A HYMN FOR A CHILD.

Laura E. Richards.



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